May 17, 1993

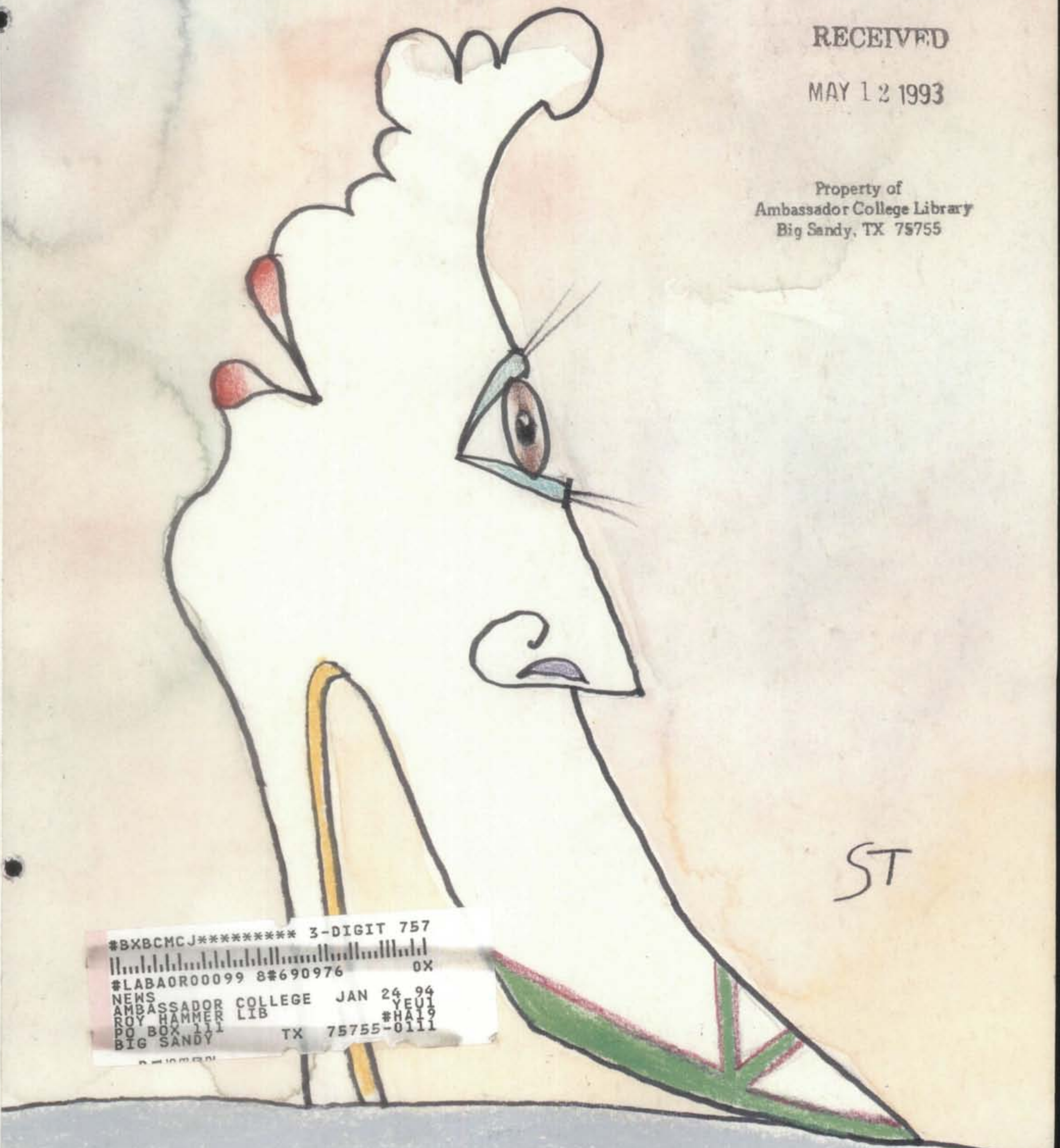
THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.95

RECEIVED

MAY 12 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

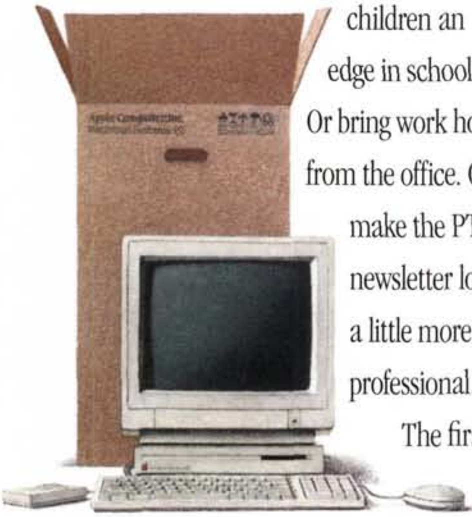


#BXBCMCJ********** 3-DIGIT 757
#LABA0R00099 8#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 24 94
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #HA19
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

How to buy your first personal computer.

This year, millions of families just like yours will decide to take home their very first personal computer.

You might be looking to give your children an edge in school. Or bring work home from the office. Or make the PTA newsletter look a little more professional.



A computer should be easy to buy. So Macintosh Performa puts everything your family needs in one box.

The first step in finding the right computer is to ask a few simple questions.

What do you really need in a computer?

You can plunge into books thicker than the Peoria white pages to find the answer, immersing yourself in the megabytes and whosiwhatzits of computer terminology just to figure out your choices.

Or, you can look into a new kind of personal computer: Performa.™ The family Macintosh.®

We started by putting everything together in one box, so you wouldn't have to figure out what components to buy. Plug the monitor into the computer, plug the power cord into the wall, and you're ready to go.

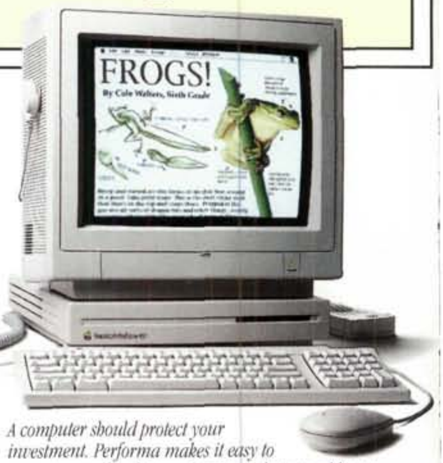
What software do you need?

The magic of a personal computer is that you can change what it does simply by changing the software.

You can turn the same computer from a powerful calculating tool into an artist's palette into an arcade game.

A Macintosh Performa arrives in your home with the most popular kinds of software already installed. So right out of the box, your family can do things like write a term paper, calculate the household budget, organize an entire scout troop or keep a mailing list of all your relatives. (Plug in an affordable Apple® StyleWriter® II printer, and all these projects take on the professional look of typeset documents.)

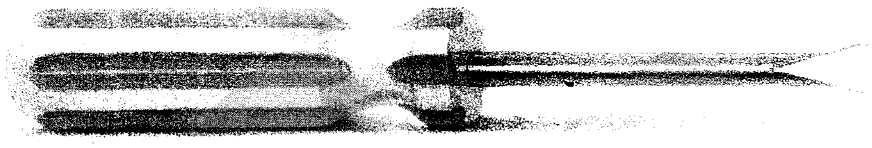
A computer should help your kids to learn. Of course, more schools use Apple computers – to teach everything from frogs to Flaubert.



A computer should protect your investment. Performa makes it easy to grow as your family's needs grow, to let you add new capabilities and take advantage of future innovations.

Of course, Performa also gives you the power to run thousands of other programs you can buy. If you use a computer at work, many of those same programs are available for the Macintosh Performa (from Lotus 1-2-3 to WordPerfect). And it lets your kids run many of the same software programs used in schools (more schools use Apple computers than any other brand).

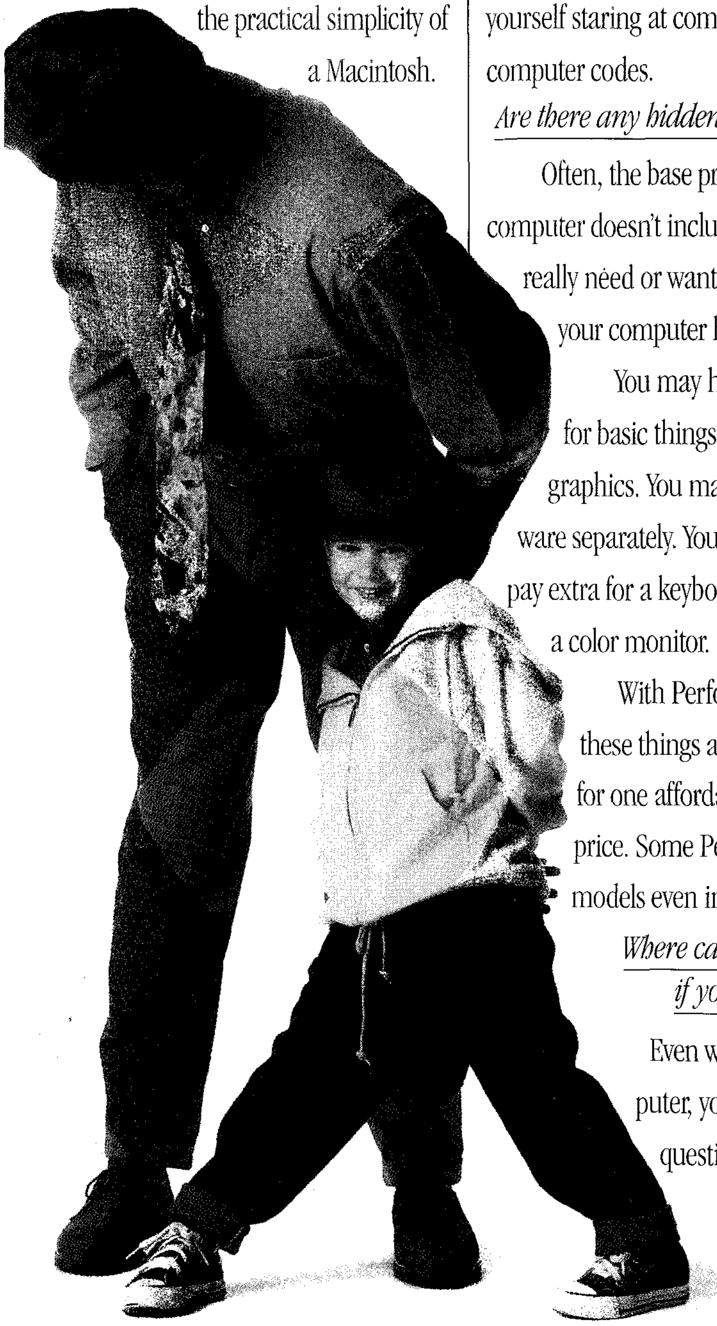
*Performa is available at BizMart, Circuit City, Dayton's and Hudson's, Incredible Universe, Lechmere, Office Depot, OfficeMax, Silo, Staples, Tops, WORKplace and selected Good Guys, Montgomery Ward and Sears locations. *Modem included with the new Performa 4*
2,255 business end users at 1,145 business sites. *©1993 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved. Apple, the Apple logo, Macintosh, StyleWriter and "The power to be your best" are registered trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. At Ease and Performa are trademarks*



A computer should be easy to set up. So a Macintosh Performa requires no tools – not even one of these.

Will everybody in the family be able to use it?

It doesn't matter how powerful a computer is if your family can't figure out how it works. Fortunately, Performa combines enough power to run a whole business with the practical simplicity of a Macintosh.



Performa even includes special software called At Ease™ that makes it easy for very young children to use.

Other computers may look simple in the store. But if you click the wrong button, you could find yourself staring at complex computer codes.

Are there any hidden costs?

Often, the base price of a computer doesn't include things you really need or want as soon as you get your computer home.

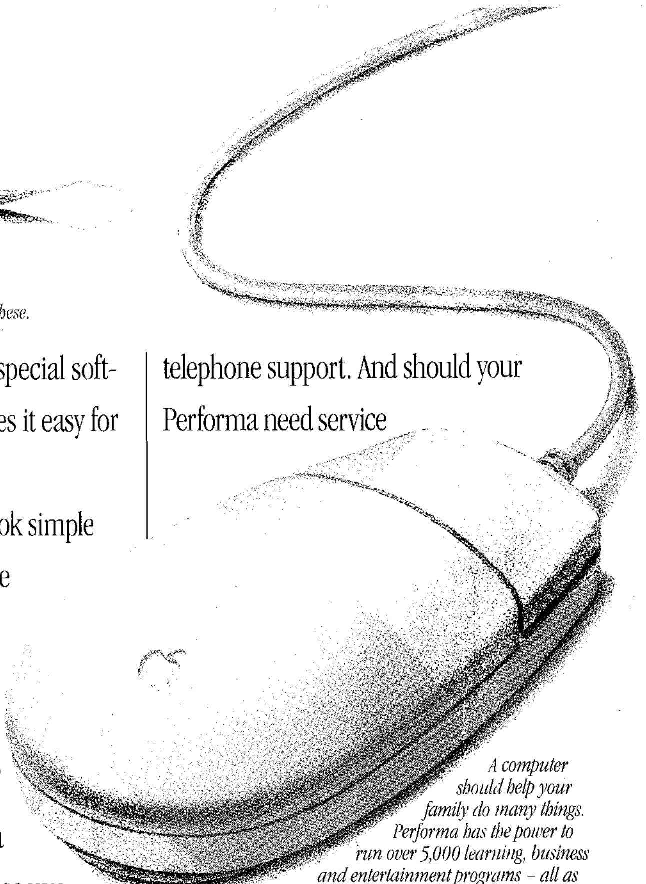
You may have to pay extra for basic things like sound and graphics. You may have to buy software separately. You may even have to pay extra for a keyboard, a mouse and a color monitor.

With Performa, all of these things are included for one affordable price. Some Performa models even include a modem.*

Where can you get help if you need it?

Even with the easiest computer, you may have a few questions now and then.

So every Performa includes unlimited toll-free telephone support. And should your Performa need service in the first year, we'll even come to you.**



A computer should help your family do many things. Performa has the power to run over 5,000 learning, business and entertainment programs – all as easy to use as a Macintosh.

The whole idea is to make owning a computer an incredibly satisfying experience. (We know a few things about satisfying customers. For two years in a row, J.D. Power and Associates has ranked Apple highest in Overall Customer Satisfaction Among Personal Computer Companies.†)

A computer should give you confidence. So Macintosh Performa includes a year of in-home service and unlimited toll-free telephone help.

For the number of your local Performa retailer, call us at 800-538-9696, ext. 215.

And discover the most important power a personal computer can bring your whole family. The power to be your best.®

Performa

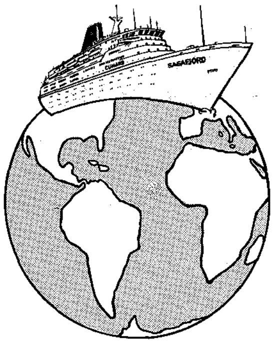
The Family Macintosh

---

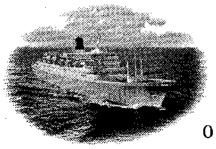
30 and 450 models. **Support and limited warranty apply to Apple Macintosh CPUs and peripherals only. Support does not apply to third-party software. †J.D. Power and Associates' 1991 and 1992 Computer End User Satisfaction Studies. 1992 study conducted among
ple Computer, Inc. Lotus and 1-2-3 are registered trademarks of Lotus Development Corporation. WordPerfect is a registered trademark of WordPerfect Corporation. This ad was created using Macintosh personal computers.

SAGAFJORD
1994 WORLD CRUISE

WE GO TO THE ENDS
OF THE EARTH FOR
OUR PASSENGERS.



NOT TO MENTION
SOME INCREDIBLE
DESTINATIONS.



Explore the natural wonders of the world in unsurpassed luxury. Visit enchanting Rio. Make a rare and unique visit to amazing Antarctica. See the wonders of Kenya. Take in fascinating Ho Chi Minh City. As you visit 6 continents and 32 ports, you'll be pampered in classic luxury aboard the Five Plus Star Sagafjord, one of the world's finest vessels. Sail round-trip on January 4, 1994, from Ft. Lauderdale for 108 days. As a full World Cruise passenger, you'll receive special privileges, including a $2,000 per couple shipboard credit and "VIP" tours ashore. Fares range from $34,780 to $85,950 and include First Class air. Get up to 20 days free when you book early. If you don't have 108 days, winter vacations as short as 14 days are available. For a free brochure or $8.95 video, call 1-800-221-8200. And see what it's like to discover the world.

Rates are per person, double occupancy, subject to availability and dependent on departure date. Port and handling charges are $220 per person extra. Complete World Cruise fares include free First Class air transportation from 79 U.S. and Canadian cities. Sagafjord is registered in the Bahamas. Full details and restrictions are in the 1994 World Cruise deluxe brochure. © 1993 Cunard.

CUNARD

P59

THE NEW YORKER

MAY 17, 1993

COMMENT Irving Howe. 4
He was the most authentic of the New York intellectuals.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 35
Sony's maestro, Garry Wills's "Macbeth," Bibi and Ingmar, etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Reflections Blacklash? . . . . *Henry Louis Gates, Jr.* 42
Some civil-rights veterans complain that gays are trying to filch the black movement's legitimacy. They're wrong.

Annals of Communications What Won't They Do? . . . . *Ken Auletta* 45
Hollywood's power brokers weigh the pros and cons of America's fixation on ultraviolent entertainment.

Between the Acts In Mr. B.'s Steps . . . . *David Daniel* 56
Why has the New York City Ballet's Balanchine retrospective slighted Suzanne Farrell, his quintessential interpreter?

A REPORTER AT LARGE Remembering Satan—Part I. . . . . . . *Lawrence Wright* 60
Increasingly bizarre allegations of sexual abuse and satanic rites shattered one Washington-state family and became a test case in the nationwide controversy over "recovered" memory.

ARTIST AT LARGE HoJo Hits One for Miró. . . . . *Al Ross* 67

FIFTY YEARS AGO In the Swim. . . . . *Peter Arno* 75

POSTSCRIPT Cesar Chavez . . . . *Peter Matthiessen, Richard Avedon* 82

PERSONAL HISTORY "Field of Battle" . . . . *William Trevor* 84

FICTION "A Riverine Tale" . . . . *Daniel Licardo* 88

THE CRITICS

Books Sinclair Lewis. . . . . *John Updike* 91
Musical Events "Shining Brow" . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 98
The Current Cinema "Dave," "Dragon" . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 101
On Television "Wild Palms" . . . . *James Wolcott* 104
Books Briefly Noted 107

POEMS

"Coats" . . . . *Jane Kenyon* 64
"My Mother's Pears" . . . . *Stanley Kunitz* 78

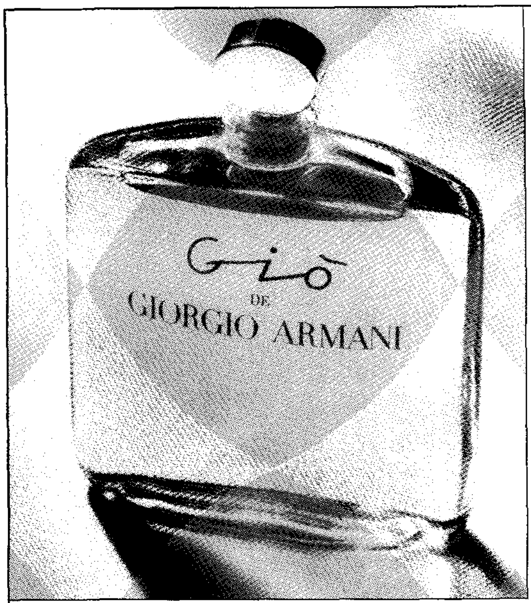
SHOUTS AND MURMURS Swish! . . . . *Roger Angell* 108

COVER *The Shoe, by Saul Steinberg*

DRAWINGS *Charles Barsotti, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, Donald Reilly, Peter Steiner, Bernard Schoenbaum, Danny Shanahan, J.B. Handelsman, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, Michael Crawford, Mischa Richter, Richard Cline, Robert Mankoff, Mike Twohy, Warren Miller, Jack Ziegler, Sam Gross, Bruce Eric Kaplan*

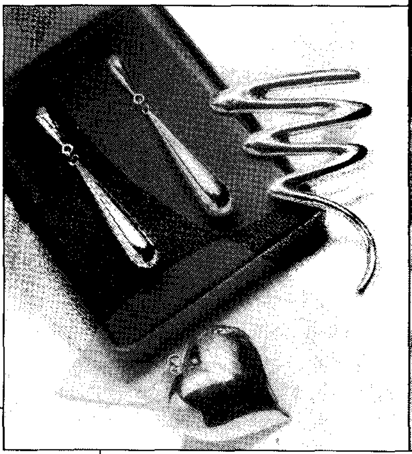
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for two combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXIX, No. 13, May 17, 1993. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.191589. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

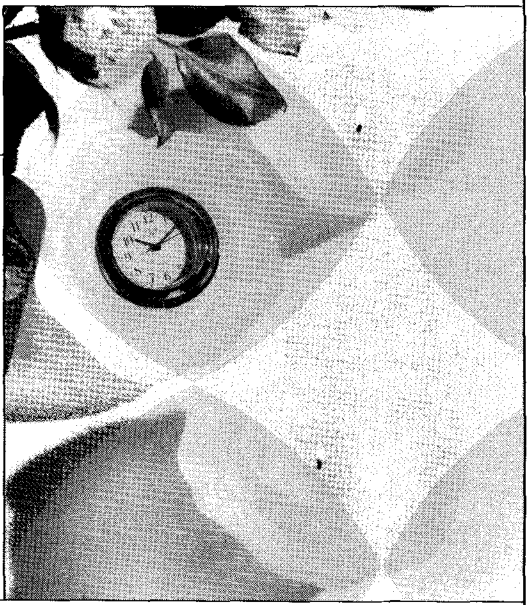
Be devoted. Even nostalgic. Wax *mother's day* poetic. Say you'll always be hers. *mother love* Express your love. And give your Mom the perfect gift from *sunday, may ninth* Bloomingdales.

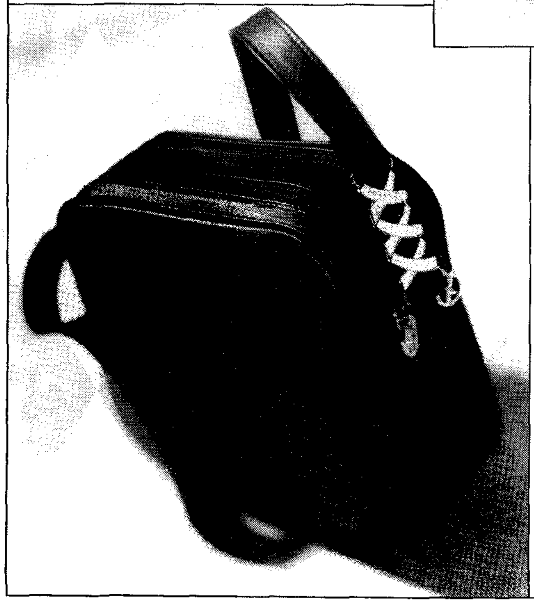


Gio de Giorgio Armani
Parfum,
.25oz., 90.00, .5oz., 150.00;
Eau de Parfum Pour,
1.7oz., 47.00, 3.4oz., 75.00;
Eau de Parfum Spray,
1.7oz., 50.00, 3.4oz., 80.00.
On B'way, New York.

Bloomingdale's Own
Our exclusive assortment
of sterling silver earrings,
pins, and bangles.
Priced from 16.00-20.00.
Boxed for giving.
Sorry, no mail or
phone orders.
On B'way, New York.







By Paloma Picasso
Double zip-top camera bag
with inside zipper pocket and
shoulder strap. Signature kiss
in goldtone. Black, navy,
white or ivory leather. 235.00.
On B'way, New York.

Christian Dior
For her bedside or desk,
full-lead crystal with a
designer's cachet.
Set of 2 rose votives, 35.00.
Clock, 70.00.
In Crystal on 6, New York.

Call 1-800-777-4999 toll free 24 hours a day/
7 days a week. Ref. No.M-463. For Customer Service
on orders already placed, please call 212-355-5900.

bloomingdale's

IT'S LIKE NO OTHER STORE IN THE WORLD

ULTIMATE GOLF:
THE GREENBRIER
AND SAM SNEAD

Imagine playing your favorite game on the same courses where golf's legend Sam Snead plays. As the golf professional emeritus at The Greenbrier, Slammin' Sam and our professional staff have a host of golf activities planned for your enjoyment. What's more, we offer a Deluxe Golf Package that includes unlimited play, preferred starting times, a golf clinic, daily cleaning and storage of your clubs, spacious accommodations, plus a hearty breakfast and sumptuous dinner daily. It's all more than you can imagine. The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, WV 24986. A CSX Resort. Call (800) 624-6070 or (304) 536-1110, or see your travel agent.

DELUXE GOLF PACKAGE $237

Rates are per person, per day, double occupancy. Tax and service charge additional.

The Greenbrier®
America's Resort
A member of The Leading Hotels of the World®

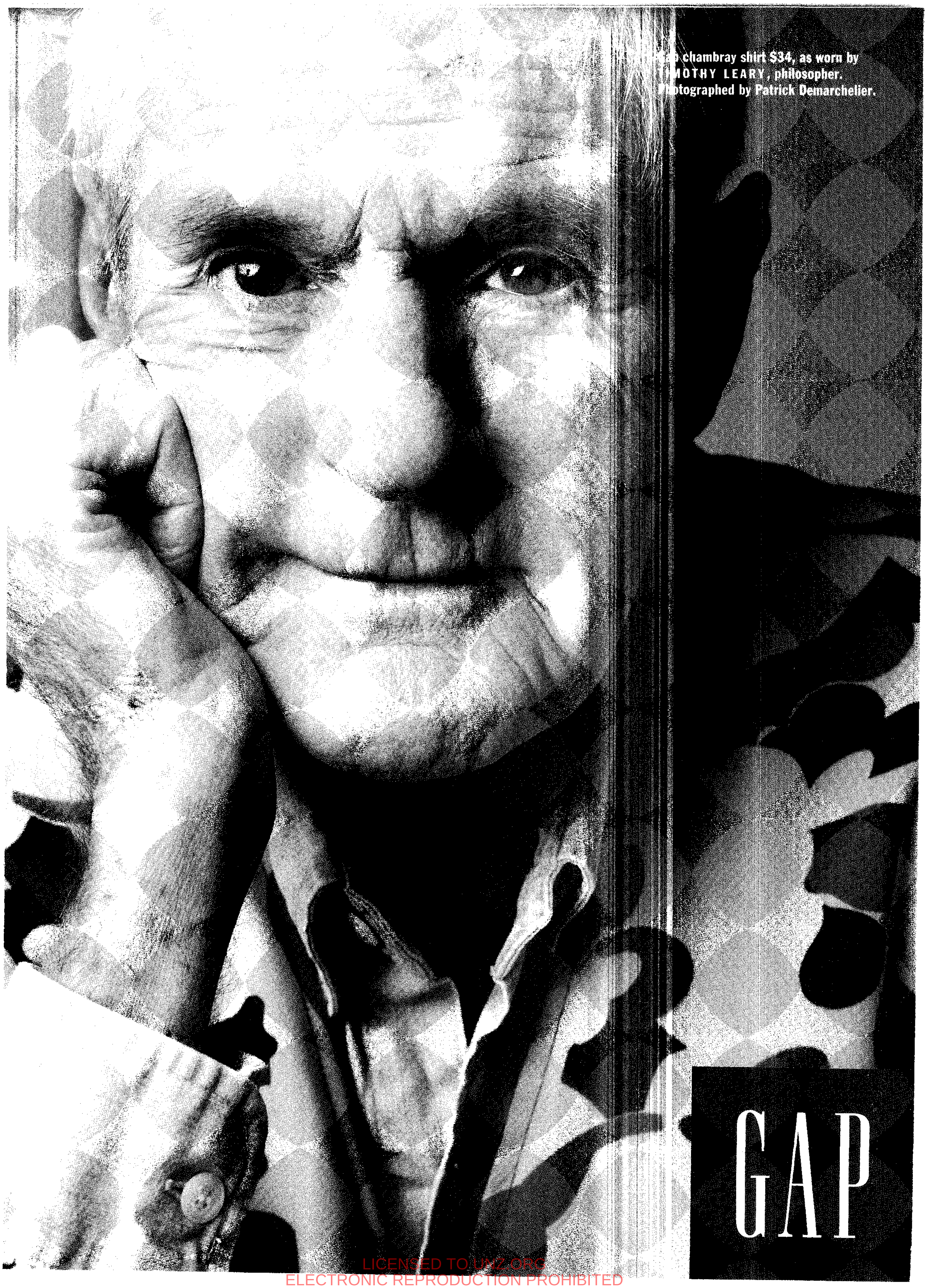
COMMENT

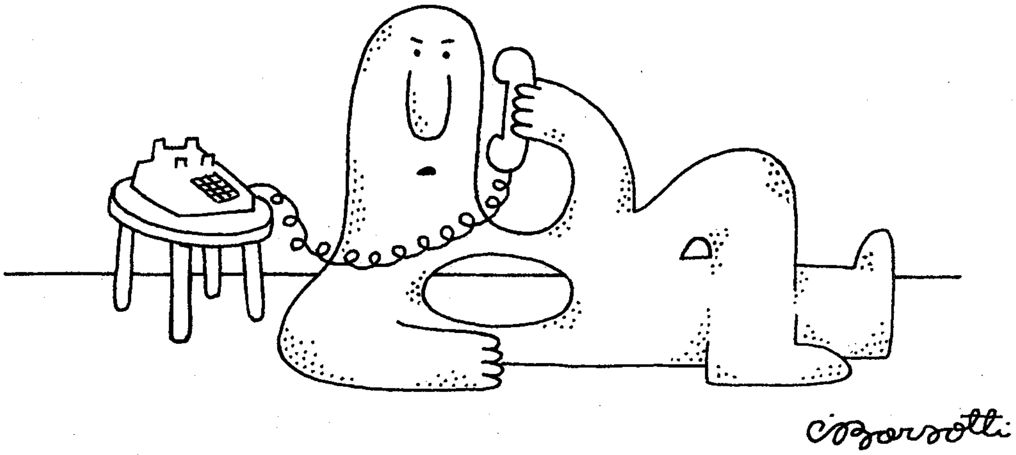
IRVING HOWE

THE phrase "New York intellectuals" was his own coinage—from an essay written in 1968—and of the people who counted as New York intellectuals he was the most energetic, the hardest-working, arguably the most independent and idealistic, certainly the most authentic. He grew up in the Bronx working class, which was a classic childhood for a New York intellectual; and the Bronx gave him drive. The language of his parents' home was Yiddish; and in later years he became Yiddish culture's greatest champion. At thirteen, he read the entire works of Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats; and in his sixties and seventies he was still battling for authors who today are fashionably derided as the dead white literary canon. At fourteen, he embraced socialism, in the style of Eugene V. Debs and Norman Thomas; and, though he was happy to modernize the old left-wing tradition, giving it up was never a possibility. Socialism was the name of his dreams. At City College in the nineteen-thirties, Alcove 1 in the student cafeteria was the hangout for the brainiest intellects and the fiercest opponents of Stalin, and, at eighteen or nineteen, he was among the brainiest and the fiercest; Stalin, together with Hitler, was the name of his nightmares.

It is said of Irving Howe, who died suddenly last week, at the age of seventy-two, that he kept his political views and his literary criticism chastely separate. He was always congratulated for that. When he wrote about novels or poems, he accepted them on their own terms and didn't look for political advantage; and, when he looked for political advantage, he didn't hide his purposes under a wrapping of Dickens or Tolstoy. As a critic, he was legendary for having "discovered" Isaac Bashevis Singer on behalf of the English-speaking world—and all the more so since Singer's own attitude toward socialists from the Bronx was one of disbelief and irritation. But then for Irving Howe literature and politics were both part of a project greater than either, which was to

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1993 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human-resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, vice-president and managing editor; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president and director of promotion; Gary Van Dis, vice-president and corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president and director of public relations. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Manager Media International, Ltd.,1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, Inc., 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #06-323 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies.


Gap chambray shirt $34, as worn by
TIMOTHY LEARY, philosopher.
Photographed by Patrick Demarchelier.
GAP



"Absolutely not. I don't give my provenance over the phone."

treat all things of the mind and of the artistic senses with perfect seriousness, and to be true to his own responses and thoughts, and to be no one but himself.

In this his success was total. He worked for four years as a book reviewer for *Time*, but he was never an organization man. He made his living afterward as a college professor of literature, but he was never an academic. He and his friends and colleagues founded *Dissent* as a quarterly journal of political analysis in 1954, but in all the years that followed he never let the magazine compromise its independence by being linked to a university or some other large institution. His book "World of Our Fathers," published in 1976, became a best-seller, but it never crossed his mind to court the public or to churn out books on the basis of commercial appeal.

In the mid-eighties, he gave some lectures at Harvard that became a slim volume called "The American Newness," about Ralph Waldo Emerson. Since Howe was a New York philosopher of socialism and Emerson was a New England philosopher of individualism, it might have seemed that never had an author been less suited to his topic. Yet "The American Newness" was one of Howe's finest books, and its author was himself a perfectly Emersonian personality, though in ways that belonged to him alone. Fidelity was his god. The very squeak of his shoes said "honesty." He had the flaws of truthfulness, too. Never was a man quicker to hang up a telephone or to close the door behind a departing visitor. He was busy, and deception takes time.

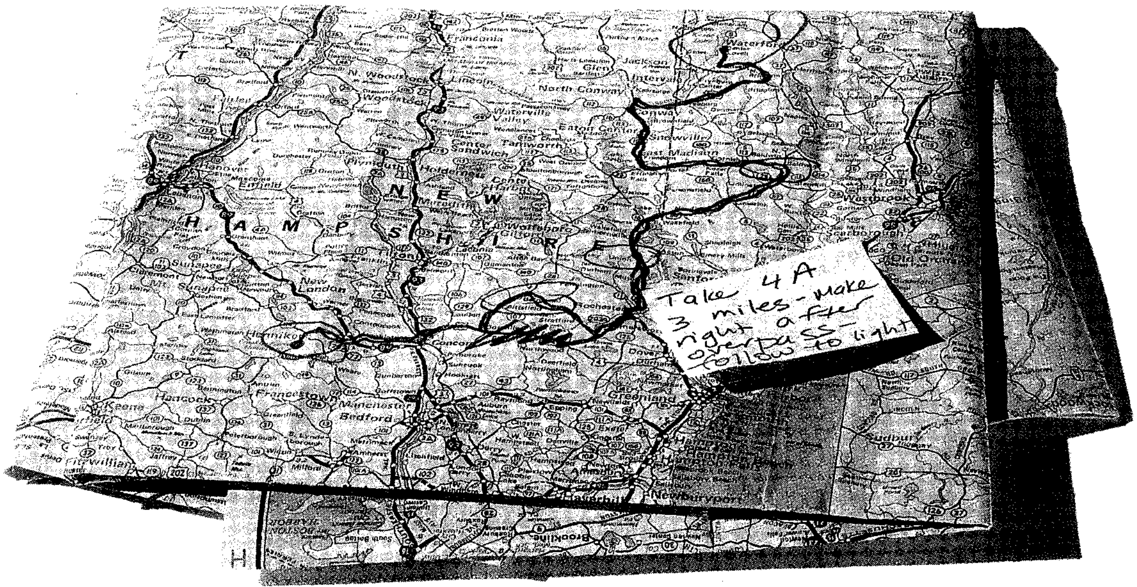
It was his destiny to rescue lost or endangered things. "World of Our Fathers," along with his several anthologies of stories and poems by Yiddish writers, rescued the memory and the literary achievements of an East European Jewish culture that, between murder in Europe and assimilation in America, was doomed to disappear. His own world—the world of independent, free-ranging, politically engaged writers for the quarterly magazines and the intellectual journals—has also tended to disappear. But his example helped keep some part of that world alive, too. Howe never wrote for this magazine, but he had an impact on it. The impact came not only through his influence on literature (I. B. Singer's stories mostly ended up appearing here), and not only through his association with writers such as Dwight Macdonald and Harold Rosenberg, who, sometimes a little uncomfortably, did write for these glossy pages. The impact also, and above all, came through younger writers and editors here, for whom Irving Howe was a model and a hero, and, in several cases, a mentor.

He helped rescue the democratic traditions of the American left. He had little patience—too little, perhaps—for the know-it-all self-righteousness of the student radicals of the sixties. But, unlike many of his generation, he never let the left-wing know-it-alls push him into right-wing versions of the same petulant errors. When some of the student radicals grew a little older and saw the value of a more tolerant, less dogmatic, more democratic approach to the remaking of society, he was still in business at *Dissent*, standing at the door to welcome his young critics back. And, having rescued so many things, he eventually came to embody all he had salvaged, and in the eyes of his fondest readers he was no longer a solitary author like other authors. He was a universe.

He had a style of writing that managed to be chipper and depressed at once. He was American literature's greatest, perhaps only, master of gloomy optimism. This was partly a personal trait, but mostly it was a sign of how accurately he managed to express the spirit of the century in which he lived. The last two essays that he was able to see in print (others will appear posthumously, and one already has, in Sunday's *Times Book Review*) showed this style in full glory, and showed its sources, too. The longer essay ran in *The New Republic* two weeks ago and described the doomed uprising of the Jewish partisans in the Warsaw ghetto in 1943. The essay was sober and sorrowful, yet he couldn't help passing along a sardonic wisecrack. One of the ghetto militants had friends in Switzerland who managed to smuggle into Warsaw a message of solidarity: "We are with you!" To which the militant replied, "Better I should be with you!" Howe never lost his humor.

The second essay that he lived to see in print appears in the still current issue of *Dissent*. It is a brief defense of utopian hopes for a better society. For it he chose the title "Two Cheers for Utopia," a phrase that raises the spirits and lowers them again in a single breath. The man who never lost his humor or his hope never lost his skepticism, either. Irving Howe was grief-struck by the horrors of his age, and he was determined to resist them, and he was filled with golden dreams, and he had no illusions. Only machines add up. Irving Howe was one of the splendors of American culture and intellect, and the splendor was impeccably human. ♦

©The National Survey, Chester, Vt.


Take 4 A
3 miles - make
right after
overpass -
follow to light

Getting from point A to point B

Traveling on business can be tough. So
we made it easy to get AT&T service.
First, check the sign on any public phone

isn't always easy.

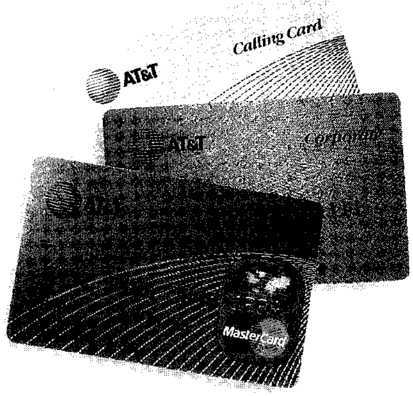
to make sure it's AT&T. If it's not AT&T,
or you dial and don't hear "AT&T" after
the bong, hang up. Then dial 10+ATT+0.

Getting AT&T is.

You'll get the service you depend on. At
the prices you expect. Getting around on
business should always be that easy.

Dial 10+ATT+0

plus the area code and number.


AT&T
Calling Card
AT&T
MasterCard

Can't complete your call?
Call 1 800 321-0288.
©1993 AT&T

AT&T

THE THEATRE

Brave Angel

At dinner, Danitra Vance is alternately hopscotching through her autobiography and channelling the characters who throng her solo shows. She had to do a Welsh accent at drama school in London in the late seventies: "I'm thinking, If they ever do 'The Shirley Bassey Story,' I'm it. I left after a year. They wanted a nigger in the woodpile, not a militant colored girl from Chicago." Then she's off describing her "starlet dress"—a faux-Chanel number "in buck-toothed houndstooth."

She performed in the early eighties at Second City, which fanned her ardor for comedy and for writing her own material. Then followed a gig on "Saturday Night Live" ("frustrating") in 1985-86 and, later, roles in "The Colored Museum" and "Spunk" ("thrilling"). Throughout the decade, she mounted solo evenings—part show-biz extravaganza, part personal diary, all grounded in spontaneous comedy and fearlessness. On May 20, she opens at the Public Theatre in "Marisol," José Rivera's parable of urban apocalypse, playing a street-smart, leather-cloaked angel ("nothing like the one in 'Angels in America'") who joins a rebellion against a raging, senile God.

She's well again, after her second bout with cancer. The first time, three years ago, she had a breast removed. She jokes about writing "The Radical Girl's Guide to Radical Mastectomy," but last year what she actually did in a solo piece was gutsier. Playing Harriet Hetero the Feminist Stripper, she whipped off her shirt and bared her torso, creating an erotic, shocking, cathartic moment. "This wasn't something I wanted to do. But I had to show, for other women, that this body is still O.K. I think my scar is beautiful."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

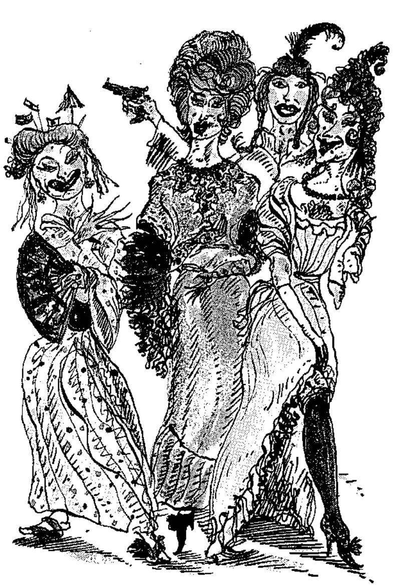
(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

La Gran Scena Opera Co.—Audiences have bidden farewell to the Metropolitan Opera's season in a "Götterdämmerung" frame of mind, but all has not been lost in the meltdown: the eight shameless parodists who constitute La Gran Scena are about to emerge from the murky depths to offer a recap of the Met's just-concluded season. The troupe—which includes two original, twelve-year members, plus several "divas" recently discovered in Europe (by Lord knows what audition process)—brings its daffy interpretative insights to bear on scenes from "Madama Butterfly," "Semiramide," and "La Fanciulla del West," as well as on that paean to middle age, the transcendent trio from "Der Rosenkavalier." The Met may have its exciting moments, but these fellows are more consistent. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 15-16 at 8.)

Later Life—In A. R. Gurney's new play, a man and woman who haven't seen each other in thirty years meet up again. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18				



La Gran Scena Opera Co.

EMMANUEL PIERRE

Marisol—A play by José Rivera, with Cordelia Gonzalez and Danitra Vance. Directed by Michael Greif. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Negro Ensemble Company—After a two-season hiatus, the troupe returns with **last night at ace high**, a play by Kenneth Franklin Hoke-Witherspoon. Douglas Turner Ward directed. Opens May 12 at 8. (LaGuardia Performing Arts Center, LaGuardia Community College, Queens. 1-718 482-5151.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—A benefit revival of the 1965 Alan Jay Lerner-Burton Lane musical. Mr. Lane has provided several songs for this production that were not in the original show. Preview on May 12. Opens May 13 at 8 and runs through May 29. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Sharon—A new musical, with a book, lyrics, and direction by Geraldine Fitzgerald and a score by Franklin Micare. Based on the play "Sharon's Grave," by John B. Keane. Opens May 12 at 6:45. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

She Loves Me—A revival of the 1963 musical by Joe Masteroff, Jerry Bock, and Sheldon Harnick. The cast features Jonathan Freeman, Boyd Gaines, Brad Kane, Judy Kuhn, Sally Mayes, Howard McGillin, Lee Wilkof, and Louis Zorich. Previews begin May 15. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Time on Fire—Actor Evan Handler's comic account of his successful fight against leukemia. Preview on May 12. Opens May 13 at 7. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Totie—A musical based on the life of the comedienne Totie Fields. Book by Bobby Pearce and Nancy Timpanaro and score and lyrics by Robert Bendorff. Directed by Richard Sabellico. Ms. Timpanaro has the title role. Previews begin May 15. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

OPENED RECENTLY

And Baby Makes Seven—Cherry Jones, Peter Frechette, and Mary Mara head the cast of a play by Paula Vogel. Presented by Circle Rep. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counterrevolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decay. Not to be missed. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Back to Bacharach and David—A fizzy, perfectly pitched new musical revue. (Club 53, at the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. 261-5853.)

Blood Brothers—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. (Their mother, a cleaning woman, gives one of them to her employer.) The boys become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell, whose credentials are good, wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. With Con O'Neill, Stephanie Lawrence, Jan Graveson, and Mark Michael Hutchinson, among other worthy actors. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/10/93.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Breaks—A play by Deb Margolin and Rae C. Wright. (Interart Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Closes May 23.)

A Couple of Blaguards—The actors Frank and Malachy McCourt reminisce about their Irish childhood. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes May 23.)

A Doll House—The Pan Asian Repertory Theatre offers John R. Briggs' adaptation of the Ibsen play. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes May 22.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The 1993 marathon of one-acts kicks off with a series of plays by Richard Dresser, David Ives, James Ryan, and David Rasche. Through May 16. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. The marathon continues until June 13.)

Fool Moon—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as witty as most of its predecessors. Among the newer shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos." (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Goodbye Girl—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. The dances by Graciela Daniele are more than helpful, as is the comic support by John Christopher Jones. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame—A musical by Byron Janis (score), Hal Hackady (lyrics), and Anthony Scully (book). (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes May 15.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical by John Kander (score), Fred Ebb (lyrics), and

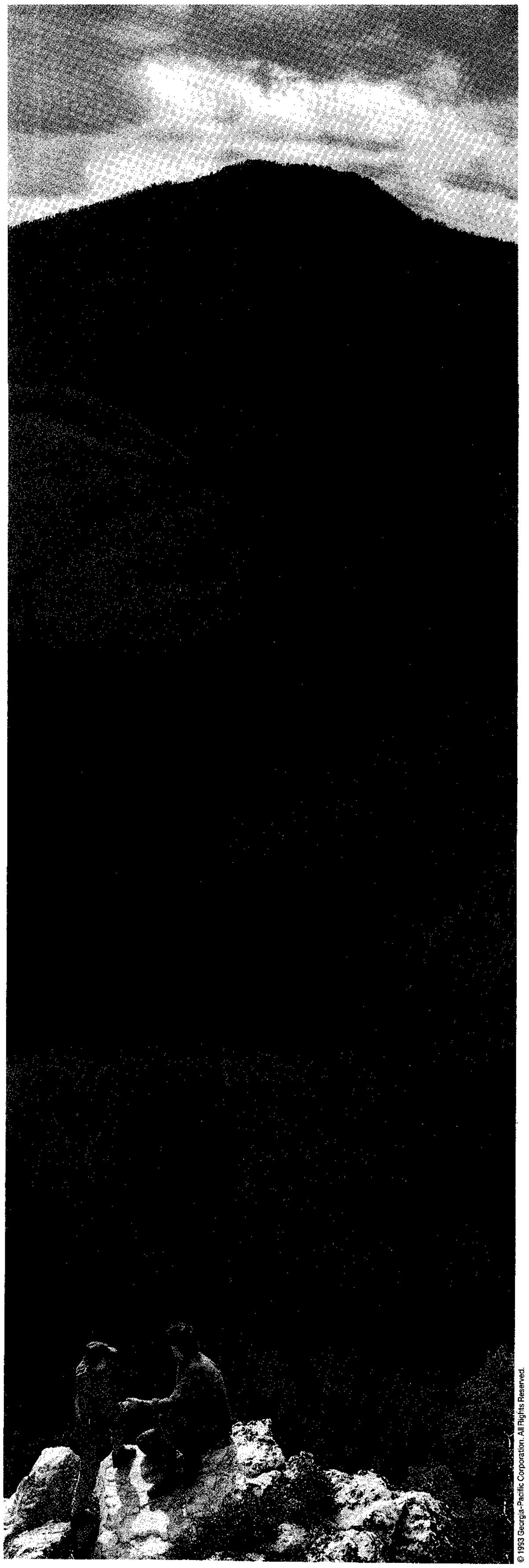
"Who's going to make sure the trees will be here tomorrow?"

"Not an easy question. But that's what my son asked the other day. He's thinking about it. Just like everybody. He wants to know if the trees will still be around when he grows up. Well, working for Georgia-Pacific like I do, I can tell him we're doing our part. Planting new trees by the millions. Setting aside land. Making sure the forests will always be here. For everybody. Of course, I can't speak for other companies out there. But I know we're doing what's right."

Stephen A. Delfs

Steve Delfs
Forester

Georgia-Pacific



© 1993 Georgia-Pacific Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

Creme makeup enters the light age.

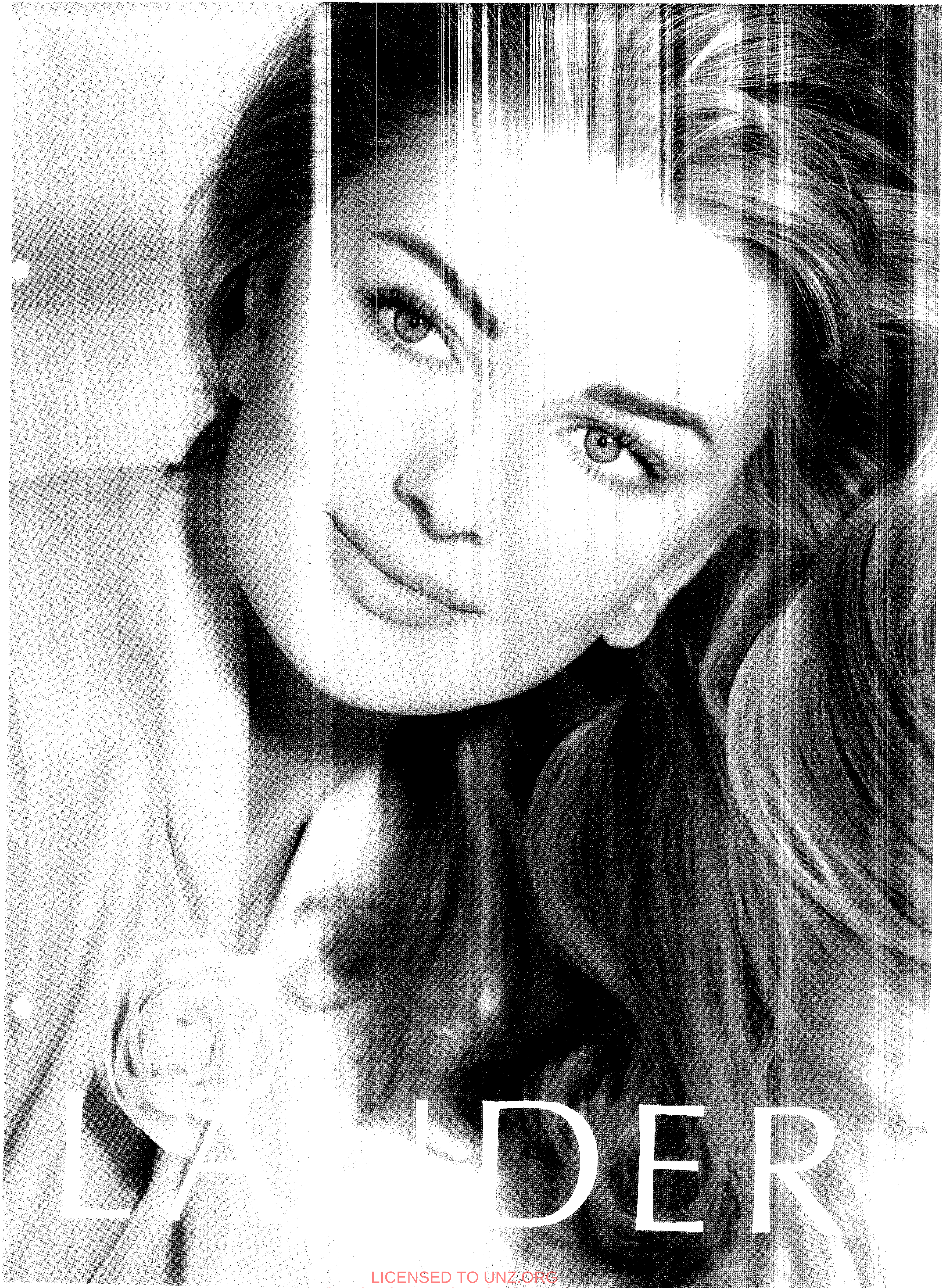
Introducing

Just Perfect

Light-Diffusing Creme Makeup

Finally, a creme makeup with superb coverage—yet it's almost weightless. This exclusive air-whipped formula softly diffuses light to hide every little imperfection, yet still looks natural. What's more, it drenches skin with precious moisture. In shades to match every skin. The coverage...perfect. The lightness...perfect. The finish...perfect. Just Perfect. You'll see.

© 1993 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Rico Puhlmann Earrings: Mark Sperlo


LAUDER

Terrence McNally (book), directed by Harold Prince. With Chita Rivera, Brent Carver, and Anthony Crivello. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Linda—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company goes West in this farcical melodrama about gays and the religious right. The book, despite occasional clunkiness, includes some great lines, and the songs are inspired and tremendously funny. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Lypsinka! A Day in the Life—John Epperson brings his fabulous lip-synching alter ego to Off Broadway. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Treat Williams and Mary McCann make up the cast. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

Playboy of the West Indies—Mustapha Matura's 1984 adaptation of the J. M. Synge play. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Putting It Together—This celebration of Stephen Sondheim's music features Julie Andrews, Stephen Collins, Christopher Durang, Michael Rupert, and Rachel York. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes May 23.)

Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden—Presenting two plays directed by Ingmar Bergman: Ibsen's **peer gynt** (through May 15) and Yukio Mishima's **madame de sade** (May 20-22). Both are performed in Swedish; simultaneous English translation, via headsets, is available. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare, which she delivers with eloquence and emotion. This essentially serious evening is often as amusing as it is sad. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Michael York (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and Chuck Cooper (American) portray hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—A new play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Christine Lahti and Ron Rifkin. Joe Mantello directed. Starting May 18, Mercedes Ruehl replaces Ms. Lahti. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Three Men on a Horse—A revival, in not quite mint condition, of a comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, which is just as funny now as it must have been when it first opened, in 1935. The performance is far too busy and campy, and the casting of Tony Randall as the hero, a young greeting-card writer with the gift of doping out winning horses at local races, is not exactly inevitable. Nevertheless, the play is impregnable, and the presence of Jerry Stiller, as a tout, helps immeasurably. (5/3/93) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma, which no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, unknowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Wilder, Wilder, Wilder—Three one-acters by the invaluable Thornton—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Pullman Car Hiawatha," and, best of all, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." The actors, though most of them are comparatively inexperienced, do a very good job, but the real star of the occasion is Edward Berkeley, the director. (12/21/92) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Wild Men!—George Wendt stars in a musical comedy that makes outrageous mockery of the men's movement, its primal yearnings, and its guru, Robert Bly. Written by Peter Burns, Mark Nutter, Tom Wolfe, and Rob Riley. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre. With Garry Marshall, Tony Danza, and Jami Gertz. Starting May 18, a new cast, including Michael E. Knight (of "All My Children"), takes over. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

TOM BACHTELL

LONG RUNS

beau jest: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **blue man group/tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **crazy for you:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **falsettos:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **the fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **forever plaid:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **guys and dolls:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **jelly's last jam:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **les misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **miss saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **the night larry kramer kissed me:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038. . . . **nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **perfect crime:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **the phantom of the opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **tony n' tina's wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **the will rogers follies:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

In Practice

American Ballet Theatre has just opened its six-week season at the Met, and the company's rehearsal studios, at 890 Broadway, have been humming. On recent afternoons, David Richardson has been busy rehearsing four casts of ballerinas in the principal roles of "Symphonie Concertante," and Georgina Parkinson has been coaching fairies from several casts of "The Sleeping Beauty." A visitor could also have found Irina Kolpakova coaching three of the company's most valued young dancers, Julie Kent, Parrish Maynard, and Paloma Herrera, in the pas de trois from "Swan Lake."

Young really means young here. Ms. Herrera, the youngest, is only seventeen. Since she joined Ballet Theatre, two years ago, she has had the opportunity to perform an assortment of Petipa roles. New Yorkers will be able to see her in some of these, and also in the pas de trois from Glen Tetley's "Voluntaries." "Paloma has a big potential," Ms. Kolpakova said after the rehearsal. "She has a big jump and natural turning ability. Offstage, she worries all the time—'Irina, I want to be better, stronger, dance with more expression.' But when she comes onstage she's an artist."

New York City Ballet—The Balanchine Celebration. May 12 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ May 13 at 8: "La Sonnambula," "The Four Temperaments," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ May 14 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Haieff Divertimento," "Minkus Pas de Trois," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ May 15 at 2: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," the 1953 "Valse-Fantaisie," "Glinka Pas de Trois," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony.". . . ¶ May 15 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Minkus Pas de Trois," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ May 16 at 1: Act II of "The Nutcracker," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ May 16 at 7: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 27.)

American Ballet Theatre—May 12 at 2 and 8 and May 13 at 8: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," duet from "Concerto Six Twenty-two," "Voluntaries," and "Serious Pleasures.". . . ¶ May 14 at 8 and May 15 at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ May 17 at 7:30: A Kenneth MacMillan celebration, featuring excerpts from "Romeo and Juliet," "Manon," "Concerto," and other works. . . . ¶ May 18 at 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "The Informer," and "The Rite of Spring." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 12.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—The opening performance of a one-week engagement consists of two American premières, "Paukenschlag" and "Désir," plus the New York première of "Na Floresta." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. May 18 at 7:30. Through May 23.)

Meredith Monk—Presenting a restaging of "Education of the Girlchild," her 1973 music-theatre-dance work, with almost all of the original cast. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 12-14 at 8; May 15 at 2 and 8; and May 16 at 2 and 7:30.)

GIORGIO ARMANI
OCCHIALI

© GIORGIO ARMANI SPA PHOTOGRAPH: PETER LINDBERGH PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED BY LUXOTTICA

Hip-hop and jazz at Giant Step.

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

NIGHT LIFE

Chill Meets Cool

If you think that jazz and hip-hop collided at the first Digable Planets rehearsal, then you are probably not familiar with Giant Step, a club that for the past three years has been arranging blind dates between rappers, d.j.s, and jazz musicians. The club, which convenes every Thursday night in the small, tidy, marble-pillared basement of Metropolis (31 Union Square West, at 16th Street), was founded by Maurice Bernstein, a twenty-eight-year-old Brit, and Jonathan Rudnick, a thirty-four-year-old South African. "The idea was to do a jazz club where people could dance, and to freshen up the whole image of jazz," Bernstein says. The club has been a sort of informal workshop, where artists like Branford Marsalis and Ice T can discover common ground. "We had Roy Hargrove coming down for a long time, and he was amazed that he was finally playing to young cats his own age," Rudnick says.

Rudnick and Bernstein describe the evenings as "controlled anarchy." As d.j.s Smash and Jazzy Nice spin jazz, funk, and hip-hop records, a loose collective of musicians and rappers take turns improvising. There are some unwritten ground rules; no one gets up and starts doing gangsta-style rapping, for instance. "It's not about that vibe at all," Rudnick says, "and that's why we've been able to keep a really mixed crowd." That crowd has been growing steadily, but the success of Digable Planets, who débuted their hit single "Rebirth of Slick" at the club last year, has turned up the heat. Some of the new faces are record-company types. "Suddenly, people got a lot more serious about us," Bernstein says, "because they saw it was a potentially money-making venture, whereas before they thought it was a cool, kooky, off-the-wall thing."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**TOVAH FELDSHUH** is currently at work in the Oak Room. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and John Parker, Fridays to the George Stubbs trio and the Freddy Francis trio (who also appear on Saturdays, with Mabel Godwin), and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **CHARLES BUSCH** begins an engagement here this week.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **DIANE SCHUUR** performs through May 16. A remarkably versatile singer-pianist, Shuur is equally at home with forties standards and gospel-R. & B. rave-ups. With her bluesy multi-octave voice, she can switch styles from Broadway to Aretha in a heartbeat. Paradoxically, her range can blunt her vocal effects. Especially when performing with a big band, Schuur has a tendency to oversing and to wail with an excess of zeal. However, in a club, with a small combo, she can concentrate on the sultry torch singing she does best. It is in the quieter moments—as on much of her fine upcoming release, "Love Songs"—that she shines. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. Despite the cramped quarters, though, the Bottom Line is a pleasant place to take in a folk or rock show. On May 15, **VIN SCELSA** will conduct one of his periodic songwriter sessions, titled "In Their Own Words." This one features **DAVID BAERWALD, JOHNNY CLEGG, LISA GERMANO,** and **FREEDY JOHNSTON.**

Bradley's, *70 University Pl., at 11th St.* (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's worst nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Steinway each night are usually more harmonious. The **JOHN HICKS** trio with Donald Harrison and Essiet Essiet will be here through May 15. On May 16, the **STEVE TURRE** trio will be in. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, for the next couple of months, **BOBBY SHORT.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery downstairs bar has French windows giving onto the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly. The improvisational group **DADDY,** with Noah Baumbach, Melanie Hoopes, Carlos Jacott, Jason Kassin, Lauren Katz, and Chris Reed, will be here May 12 and May 14.

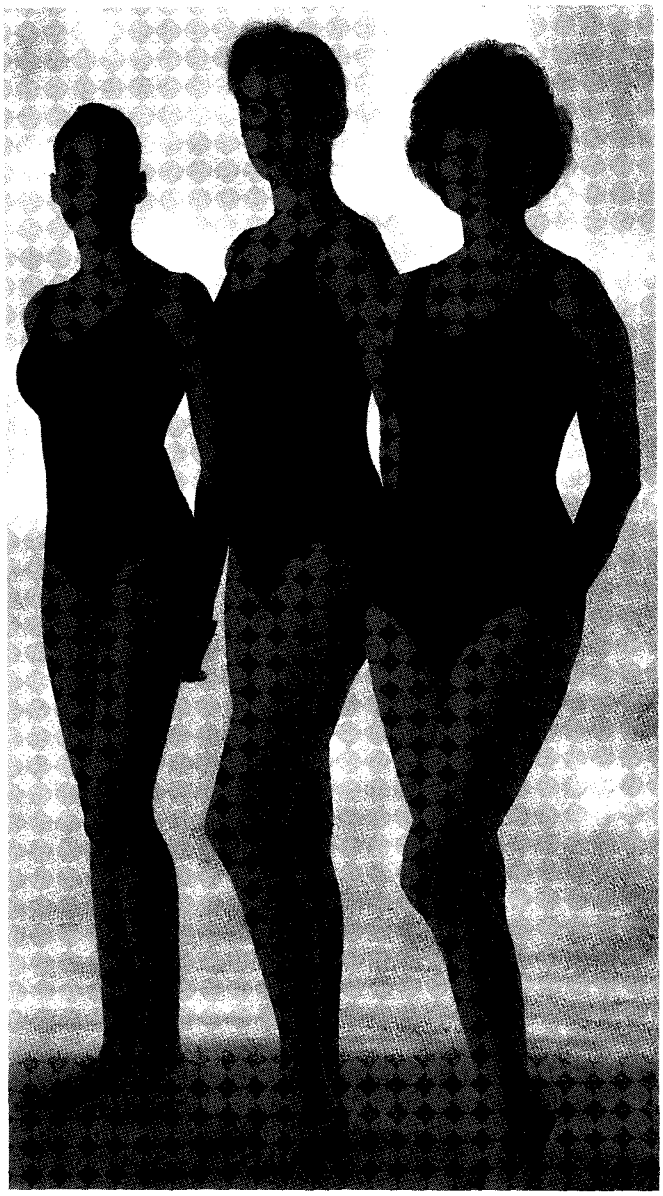
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. The **JAY LEONHART** all-star quintet works out through May 16. Guests will join Leonhart throughout the week, including: **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** and **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** (May 13) and the **BRECKER BROTHERS** (May 14). On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. **MICHEL CAMILO** is here through May 16. Dining.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—The former home of the gone and forgotten Cat Club. The new owners have given the space a much-needed face-lift—more bars, a paint job, a new stage, and a thumping sound system. Only the velvet rope out front remains. On May 13, the **TRAGICALLY HIP** is here with **CRASH VEGAS.** The Tragically Hip is a Canadian band that's making inroads in America through constant touring and crackling live shows. Gangly, hirsute singer

No matter what shape your body is in, Lands' End makes it easy for you to find swimwear that fits and flatters.

(Swimwear certain to provide you with "The Kindest Cut")



After a frustrated, empty-handed go at swimwear shopping, more than one woman we know has lifted her eyes heavenward and wailed . . .

"Doesn't anyone make swimsuits for women over 18?"

If this sounds like you, and you await an answer, we offer one here. Lands' End makes such suits–suits that flatter you, even as they invite you to swim in them without being afraid you'll swim out of them. Suits you need not pull at or tug at, and that do not pull at or tug at you. Suits that accentuate the positive, and do their utmost to eliminate the negative.

In short, suits with the Kindest cut in America.

It's taken us some eight years to develop and improve on this amiable cut through constant recutting and fit-testing, using customer letters, comments, and returns to guide us.

As a result, you'll find that today our suits are more generous in the bust and seat areas. Our legs are lower. Our necklines, more modest. Even the nylon/spandex fabric we use gives you an extra margin of fit. It stretches in all directions to accommodate long and short torsos. Wide and slim hips. Large and small busts.

Believe us, if ever there was a miracle fabric, this is it!

We have a few more tricks up our sleeves, too.

As you shop the swimwear pages of our catalogs, you'll find we also offer a profusion of styles in fool-the-eye stripes and patterns and textures. Tanks in long and petite torso sizes. A surplice in B, C, or D cup sizes with slimming power net panels. Even three new figure-enhancing chlorine-resistant suits.

We'll even fit you over the phone!

Simply call 1-800-356-4444 for one of our knowledgeable operators. She'll write down your measurements, listen to your personal concerns, and give you sage, learned advice on the swimwear that's best suited to you or she will transfer you to one of our expert Specialty Shoppers.

And of course, with Lands' End, you can try on our suits away from prying eyes, in the privacy and serenity of your own home.

Armed with all this new knowledge, why not start on the easiest and most rewarding swimwear shopping trip of your life. You needn't head for the mall. You needn't even check your make-up. Just leaf through the pages of our latest Lands' End catalog–or request one, if not by phone, with the coupon below! And remember, your satisfaction is GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS

© 1993, Lands' End, Inc.

UL

If you'd like a **free** copy of our catalog, mail in this coupon or call us free on:
1-800-356-4444

Name____________________
Address__________________
__________Apt.__________
City____________________
State______ Zip__________
Phone (   ) ______________

Send to:
Lands' End Direct Merchants
Dept. #UL
1 Lands' End Lane,
Dodgeville, WI 53595

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Gordon Downie's smiling presence is as sly as his sense of humor; it infects the band's no-nonsense Stones-rock with a wicked energy. **ZAP MAMA,** which is here on May 18, is a sort of younger, interracial Sweet Honey in the Rock. Band members hail from Belgium, although leader Marie Daulne's inspiration comes from her Zairian mother. Their début release on Luaka-Bop, "Adventures in Afropea," reveals an a-cappella group with an intriguing and textured vocal approach, though the arrangements occasionally lack focus. They take on Pygmy chants and Zairian songs, and promise, at the very least, an interesting show.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has a dingy charm. **WIDESPREAD PANIC** and **WEBB WILDER** are here on May 14; the **JUDYBATS, KING MISSILE,** and **RIVERSIDE** perform on May 15. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. On May 16, Al Cobbs and the C & J band take the stage. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **KRISTIN HERSH** is here on May 15.

La Cave on First, 1125 First Ave., at 62nd St. (759-4011)—An airy, red-walled restaurant-bar whose décor is a cross between a jazz club's (posters of Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong) and a French bistro's (gilt-framed mirrors and other antique-shop stuff). There's nothing trendy, or even distinguishing, about it, and that may be the secret to its appeal. The entertainment varies, from tap dancing one night to gospel the next. On Tuesdays, the wonderful blues singer and pianist **BOB GADDY** has the stage.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but lately a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. But the club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. May 14-15 belong to **CARL PERKINS.** Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. May 12: **BÉLA FLECK** and **TONY TRISCHKA.** May 15: **PETER BLEGVAD, JIM CARROLL,** and **TINY LIGHTS.**

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **BILLY STRITCH** begins a monthlong run this week. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. May 13-15: **AMANDA MC BROOM.** May 16: **NANCY LA MOTT.** May 17: **JULIE BUDD,** in a tribute to Dorothy Fields. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This brown-toned ski chalet of a club is a fine place to study jazz-group dynamics. **YOSUKE YAMASHITA, CECIL MC BEE,** and **PHEEROAN AKLAFF** are here through May 16. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—In the heart of the heart of this legendary indoor-outdoor eatery is one of Manhattan's newer jazz spots, the Chestnut Room. **HELEN MERRILL** is here May 12-13 and May 15-16.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner. May 13: the **JAYHAWKS,** a Dylanesque rock quartet that has been drinking the same decaf that the Cowboy Junkies use to slow things down. May 14-15: the mighty **METERS,** Louisiana's finest, with **JOE LOUIS WALKER** the first night and the **AUTHORITY** the second.

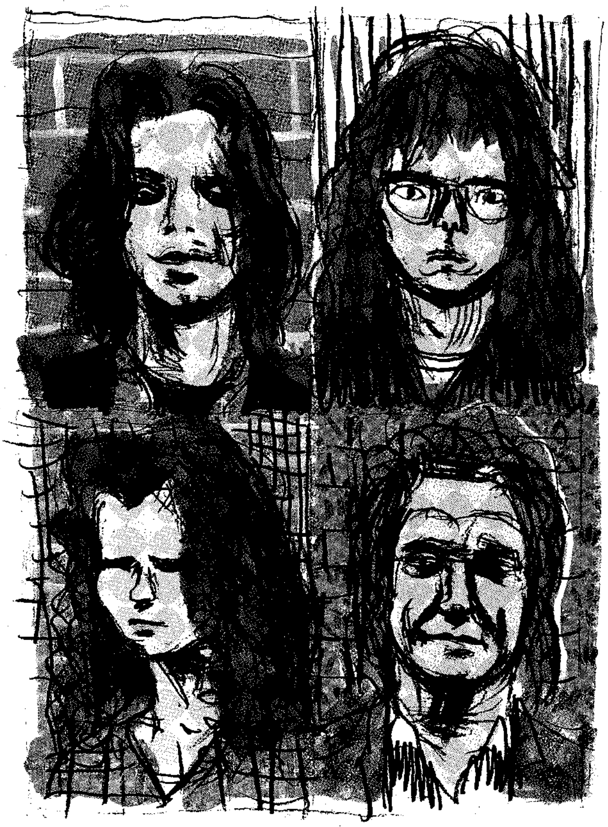
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town which still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Some of the sight lines are impossible; if seeing the whole band is part of your agenda, come early and head for the left of the stage. Through May 16: the **TERENCE BLANCHARD** quintet. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—This locus of grooviness is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Since Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band no longer tour, perhaps the next best thing is **COL. BRUCE HAMPTON & THE AQUARIUM RESCUE UNIT** (May 13). Besides having oddly nicknamed band members (such as drummer Apartment Q258), Hampton also shares Beefheart's gravelly howl and gruff charisma, and his very tight band recalls the blues-jazz-rock gumbo of the Magic Band while adding its own sidewinding strangeness to this latter-day swamp psychedelia. **JOAN OSBORNE** is here on May 15.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"Is the Vault near here?" asked the handsome young man dressed too *Details* for the door people at the Palace (204 Fifth Avenue, at 25th Street) to compute. "Dunno," one of the gatekeepers replied. None of the rabble waiting outside offered any help, either. It's possible that none of them knew that the Palace is the Vault on Wednesday, the club's designated gay night. The young man stood blank-faced, as if he'd forgotten his locker combination. Then the truth dawned on him. "Can I look inside?" he asked. "You won't recognize it," a velvet-border-patrol guard answered.

Yes, he would. The bar may have moved to the center of the floor, and the dance floor may now be on the former upper dining level, but even the restaurant, with its own teensy dance floor and teensy circle of overhead lights adding an Imelda's-private-disco aura, couldn't obscure the fact that this used to be the mythical living quarters of the mythical party-giver M.K., and the club of the same name. As for the young man, maybe they just didn't want him in there. Sexual-preference discrimination? Nope. Because two minutes later a pair of Woody Allen and Mia Farrow look-alikes, with appropriate fade-into-the-wainscoting garb, approached and asked if the club was open. "Private party," they were told, as they were brushed aside by a man who intoned "Palace-right-I'm-on-Robert-Shalom's-list" without breaking stride. What's in a name? The promise of admission.



The Jayhawks at Tramps.

GARY PANTER

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Cirque du Soleil—This intimate one-ring circus from Montreal is presenting a new show, "Saltimbanco," through May 30. (The blue-and-yellow tent at Battery Park City. For information about show times and tickets, call 809-6969.)

"Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!"—Penny Arcade presides over a foxy gang of male and female erotic dancers and the most heterogeneous audiences this side of Jones Beach, and she tells her own coming-of-age story with bawdy humor and sisterly warmth. There's nudity and bad language—and that title, of course—but it's all dazzlingly benign. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundaysat 7:30.)

"Mississippi Freedom"—A new performance-theatre work, by Robbie McCauley, about the civil-rights movement in the sixties. The seven-member cast includes Ms. McCauley. The piece features slides by Tom Rankin and video by the Mississippi Department of Archives and History. (Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. May 12 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Everyday Newt Burman (The Trilogy of Cyclic Existence)"—A reprise of John Moran's latest work, performed by the Ridge Theatre. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. May 13-16 at 7:30.)

John Kelly—Appearing as his alter ego, Dagmar Onassis, the Greek-American contralto. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 16 at 8:30 and May 17 at 8.)

ART

Second Look

The Whitney Biennial deserves a lot of the abuse being heaped on it. The writings that go with the art are particularly awful. The exhibition is replete with vacuous labels and bogus, bullying, or farcically abstruse statements of intent. Verbiage like the curatorial meditation on Simon Leung's chaste, blandly tasteful installation of pierced sheets of paper—"The pinprick is the phallus that creates the orifice which defines the prick in its void"—is pretty sophomoric stuff. If this Biennial is anything to go by, soon we'll need to expand that old chestnut—that one should never pay attention to what artists say about their own work—to include curators, too.

As pedantic and pretentious as some of the art—and much of the writing—is, though, the Biennial is worth seeing. In its deeply problematic way, it has tremendous diversity, at least aesthetically. (And, after all the pans, a second wind of calmer critical assessment now under way indicates that there is more here than meets the dismissive eye.) Most of the artists represented are in their thirties and live in New York, so they'll be around for a while. But the Biennial won't—it closes June 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Greek Miracle: Classical Sculpture from the Dawn of Democracy, the Fifth Century B.C." This show is a must, especially for anyone who has not been to Athens, since it includes a number of the most important and gorgeous works of Western art, many of which have never before travelled abroad: the Kritios Boy, the relief carving "The Contemplative Athena," a metope from the temple of Zeus at Olympia, a fragment from the temple of Athena Nike, even a fragment from the Parthenon frieze. The classical period of Greece ended with the Peloponnesian Wars, and this exhibition ends, appropriately, with about half a dozen beautifully carved grave markers. Through May 23. . . . ¶ "Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection." Through June 20. . . . ¶ "Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection" features more than sixty drawings and paintings, by De Kooning, Motherwell, Rothko, and many others. . . . ¶ "Persian Tiles" presents more than fifty examples from the museum's collection, most of them from the mid-thirteenth century. . . . ¶ "The Art of Pre-Columbian Gold: The Jan Mitchell Collection." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Thresholds/Santiago Calatrava: Structure and Expression." Through May 18. . . . ¶ Dadaist photomontages by John Heartfield and photographs by Philip-Lorca diCorcia. . . . ¶ Drypoints by Braque and Picasso, Pop art that incorporates commercial signs, and computer-assisted photolithographs are among the more than ninety works in "Reading Prints," an installation tracing the role of language in art. . . . ¶ Seventeen photographs, by William Wegman, depicting the story of Cinderella. . . . ¶ The curators have achieved even-Stephen gender distribution in the current Projects show, "Readymade Identities," but the gals beat the guys hands down as far as inventiveness goes. The three women in the show (Sonia Balassanian, Suzan Etkin, Ann Hamilton) have produced lively and unexpected work. All three men represented (John Armleder, Maurizio Pellegrin, Fred Wilson) have chosen to base their installations on one or another of the bleakest, most homogenizing clothing options available to males—Brooks Brothers suits, ordinary neckties, and guards' outfits—with predictably static results. Through May 18. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Picasso and the Age of Iron," a breathtaking installation of some of this century's most engaging sculpture. The show also includes work by Alexander Calder, Alberto Giacometti, Julio González, and David Smith. Through June 13. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Seventy-five paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee (1879-1940), dating from 1903 to 1939 and all from the museum's permanent collection. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1993 Biennial Exhibition. Through June 13. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—To the Japanese, the umbrella has always appealed to the senses—with its smell, if it has been freshly oiled; with its thunk as it's opened; and with its translucent indigo or red paper, which filters light to create a kind of private sky. This delight in the mundane, when translated into art, knew no bounds, as is demonstrated in "Rain and Snow: The Umbrella in Japanese Art," an exhibition of a hundred and forty objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth, that includes not only umbrellas but paintings, illustrated books, period photographs, textiles, netsuke, sword fittings, ceramics, export silver, and prints (one of the most beguiling of which, Ippitsusai Bunchô's circa-1770 color wood-block print, depicts an elegant courtesan moving through a powdery snowfall to her next assignation). The show also reveals how Western artists have latched on to the umbrella as a symbol of all things Japanese, notably in a project by Christo in which more than three thousand gigantic umbrellas were opened simultaneously north of Tokyo and Los Angeles on October 9, 1991—an event documented here by two collages. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"The Final Frontier" is a group show of painting, photography, sculpture, and electronic media exploring culture and technology. . . . ¶ Sculpture made from wood, paper, and bamboo by Japanese-American artist Kazumi Tanaka. . . . ¶ "Carpet Angel," an installation, by Nari Ward, made with carpet remnants, plastic, and other "urban waste material." (Open Wednesday through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Barbara Ess: Photography Installation, and Books: 1978-91." A retrospective of work by an artist whose mediums include audio-cassettes, handmade books, and, above all, pinhole-camera photography. Ess's photographic works are intentionally primitive; she built her first pinhole camera in 1983, after seeing a diagram of one in the *Times*.

This year
Georgia-Pacific
will plant
50 million trees.
Help us make it
50 million
and one.

Join us in
planting trees for
America.
Call today and
we'll send you a
seedling
of your own.
We believe
everyone has
a part to play
in caring for our
environment.
Our company.
You. All of us.
Together
we can make
a difference.
For generations
to come.

Receive your free
seedling by calling
1-800-447-6553,
ext.30215.

Georgia-Pacific

Sound Travels At Over 700 Miles Per Hour.
But We Find It Stops Rather
Quickly When Hit With Steel Asphalt.

©1993 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear

It's not that scientific, really. Sound waves travel, depending on the altitude, anywhere from 700 to 1,200 miles per hour. But they slow down considerably when hit with a hard object. Makes sense, doesn't it?

That's why the Lexus ES 300 comes with layer upon layer of sound-dampening materials built into the inner panels of the cabin – to help keep outside sounds precisely where they belong. Outside.

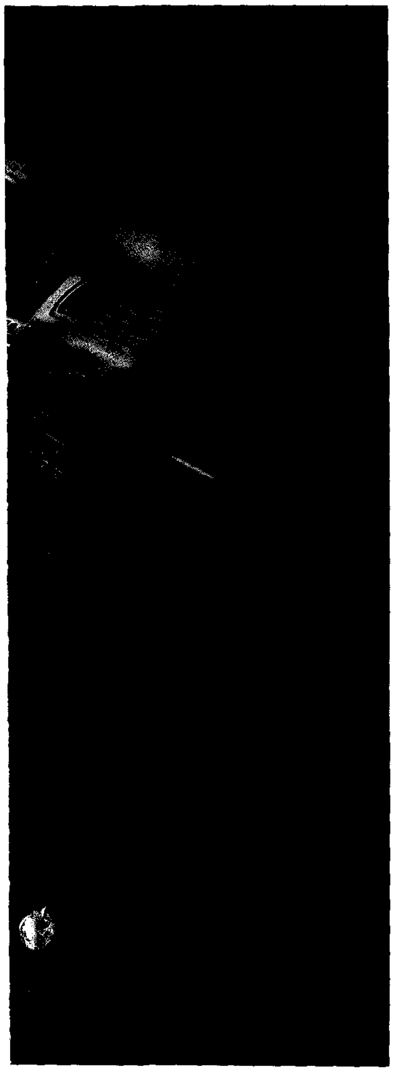
More specifically, we designed a unique steel-asphalt-carbon-resin sandwich that works to absorb sound vibration. The type of vibration that enjoys traveling extremely long distances just to interrupt an otherwise peaceful drive. You know the type.

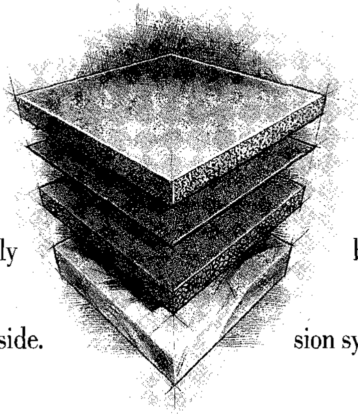
We also added large amounts of sound-insulating materials in the roof, center pillar and hood – as well as in the dashboard and floor panels.

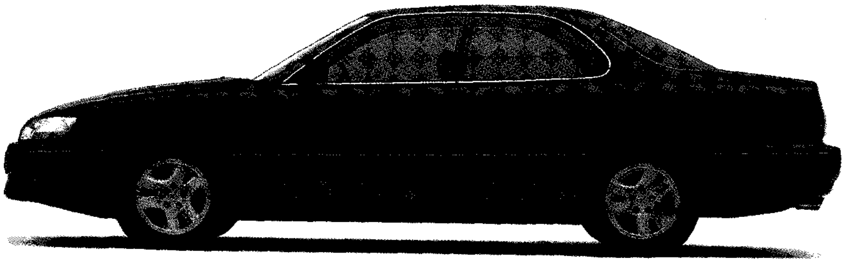
There are even innovative liquid-filled bushings in the suspension system, and double door seals to help keep the quiet cabin of the ES 300 very, very quiet.

Of course, from where you're sitting, this will undoubtedly sound excessive. But from behind the wheel, it will sound quite nice.

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.







and obey all speed laws. For more information, call 800-872-5398 (800-USA-LEXUS).

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART—Cont'd

Though lacking in optical clarity—fogs, shadows, blurs, and scratches obscure the images—her pictures have a subjective precision. The pearliness of Paradise and the thrall of dread coexist in her best work; they evoke extreme experiences with an eerie economy. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Mark di Suvero—"Aurora," a massive steel sculpture, is an impressive work made of steel plates and I-beams and comprising circles and lines, spheres and angles—a freestanding sculpture-in-the-round on a megascale, which changes in form from angle to angle. From one vantage point it reveals a huge "O" superimposed on an equally big "K," the whole pierced at a right angle by a huge triangle. Unfortunately, this work's pierced I-beams, which rise to the top of the piece, compete with the gallery's own architecture. Through June 12. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Hanne Darboven—Art defines every passing day for this underrated Conceptual artist. The main work here consists of one framed page for every day of the year 1989, with the pages recording a succession of scrolling markings and mathematical equations that generate various systems of crossed-out texts and musical notation. The pages also feature repeated images of a statue of a Nubian holding a Lincoln doll on a tray, and of African-American jazz musicians. The work—a kind of visual equivalent of the music of Philip Glass in its hypnotic repetition—is titled "For Abraham Lincoln." A homage to freedom that seems unaware of its own stereotyping, the project is wholly ingenuous. Through May 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Self-portrait by Barbara Ess (Queens Museum).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—Few artists have taken the abstract, geometrical idealism of modern art and politicized it as expressively as Gonzalez-Torres does. All his work is about the transience of life, and all of it for some time has been motivated by the AIDS crisis. This is perhaps his starkest show yet. Two contiguous walls are covered with a photomural of a pair of birds flying through a darkening sky. The birds are tilting at a menacing angle that makes it unclear whether they are rushing for cover or dive-bombing. In the opposite corner, two strings of white light bulbs are strung loosely from floor to ceiling. It is a frantic image of healing that is about as decorative as Gonzalez-Torres's work gets. Through May 29. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Group Show—A show of three young abstract painters, two of whom are doing an admirable job of reinvigorating minimalist and postminimalist vocabularies. Rudolf Stingel's deliberately programmatic paintings, which were made by applying paint through gauze, have a dappled surface with an industrial sexiness. They seem to be a neo-Conceptualist's version of Donald Judd's minimalism, executed by an artist with a lust for wet paint. Dan Walsh paints lines and grids that suggest nets, goal posts, and coaching diagrams. Two studenty paintings by the newly ubiquitous Suzanne McClelland are proof that New York's appetite for gestural abstraction never dies, and also proof that the genre suffers from chronic anemia. Through May 20. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

Short List—**SIAH ARMAJANI:** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Through June 12.... **ILAN AVERBUCH:** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through May 17.... **JOHN BEERMAN:** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. Through May 29.... **DANIEL BUREN** and **NANCY HOLT:** Weber, 142 Greene St. Through May 22.... **ELIZABETH CATLETT:** Kelly, 591 Broadway. Through June 8.... **CONSTANCE DODGE:** Eno, 594 Broadway. Through May 27.... **LAWRENCE FANE:** Bace, 2 Bond St. Through May 29.... **MANNY FARBER:** Esman, 575 Broadway. Through May 15.... **KATHARINA FRITSCH:** Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Through June 22.... **TSIBI GEVA:** Nosei, 100 Prince St. Through May 15.... **MARY HAMBLETON:** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway. Through May 19.... **MARY HEILMANN:** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. Through May 22.... **Y. Z. KAMI:** Toll, 146 Greene St. Through June 12.... **CARLO MARIA MARIANI:** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway. Through May 28.... **JOHN MONTI** and **BILL WEISS:** Ledisflam, 584 Broadway. Through May 22.... **REE MORTON:** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Through June 5.... **RICHARD PETTIBONE:** Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through June 5.... **ODILON REDON:** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Through May 28.... **PETER SHELTON:** Louver, 130 Prince St. Through May 29.... **TONY SMITH:** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through May 29.... **HAIM STEINBACH:** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through June 26.... **ROBERT VAN VRANKEN** and **JAY KELLY:** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through May 22.... **JAMES WELLING** and **MICHAEL JENKINS:** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through May 29.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Valerie Gelber—A series of eleven small, meticulously executed watercolors depicting interiors that are simultaneously ultra-logical and extra-logical—bare-bones stage sets for anybody's dreams. They are all permutations of more or less the same set of elements—schematic chairs, tables, windows, garments, plants—and so suggest an infinite sequence of similar scenes, yet each of them has a distinct personality. Gelber's draftsmanship is precise without looking mechanical, thanks partly to her fine color sense and partly to her practice of inflicting one messy spot—a smudge, a splash—on almost every painting. Through May 28. (Jadite Annex, 413 W. 50th St.)

I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art—"Master European Paintings from the National Gallery of Ireland." A show of many great paintings, including a delicate Titian of the tortured Christ, a Mantegna grisaille of Judith with the head of Holofernes, an early and beautifully composed Velázquez of the Supper at Emmaus, a luscious de Heem still-life of grapes and bursting pomegranates, important Ruisdael and Claude landscapes, Poussin's exquisite "Lamentation," and a dynamic oil sketch by David for a Funeral of Patroclus. Through June 26.... ¶ "Georgia O'Keeffe and Alfred Stieglitz, Two Lives." Through June 26. (590 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

Ten Dynasties of Chinese Ceramics—This show of pieces from the Chang Foundation, in Taiwan, displayed in the tranquil white rooms of the underground Taipei Gallery, reminds us why china the substance took its name from China the country. A graceful, sophisticated interplay of form and pattern is evident even in the earliest specimen, a neolithic Gansu jar. A deep-chartreuse-glazed dog from the Han dynasty is a sleekly stylized but wonderfully expressive beast, stretching its elongated neck and pricking up its ears, which echo the shape of its tail, caught in mid-wag. Song-dynasty celadons are ethereally pale, Yuan-dynasty celadons are intense and vibrant. A Jin-dynasty dish in glowing blue, purple, and green looks astonishingly modern. A Qing-dynasty dish is decorated with the kind of weird-looking rocks that were collected as avidly in China at this time as tulips had been in Holland a century before. The exotic allure of these objects is perhaps most intense in a ceramic pillow, from the Jin dynasty, in the form of a tiger. His long fangs protrude, but, like any curled-up cat, he invites repose. Through June 18. (Taipei, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St.)

Short List—**MAGDALENA ABAKANOWICZ:** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Through June 5. (Open Mondays).... **FRITZ BULTMAN:** Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. Through May 15.... **CHARLES BURCHFIELD:** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Through May 15.... **ELIZABETH BUTTERWORTH:** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through June 12.... **ALEXANDER CALDER:** O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 29.... **JOHN CONSTABLE** and **DAVID LUCAS:** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Through June 5. (Open Mondays).... **PATERSON EWEN:** Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 5.... **MARY FRANK:** Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 4.... **ALBERTO GIACOMETTI:** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Through June 19.... **CHILDE HASSAM:** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Through June 26. (Open Mondays).... **CHARLES HOWARD:** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Through June 18.... **GWEN JOHN** and **ADDIE HERDER:** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. The former through May 28, the latter through June 4.... **JOHN KEANE** and **FRANCES HYNES:** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Through May 21.... **ANSELM KIEFER:** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Through June 19. (Open Mondays).... **DAVID LIGARE:** Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St. Through June 5.... **BRICE MARDEN:** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through June 26.... **JAN MÜLLER** and **BOB THOMPSON:** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. Through May 29.... **DENNIS OPPENHEIM:** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 12.... **BILL PANGBURN:** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through May 29.... **BEVERLY PEPPER:** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 28.... **MACHA POYNDER:** La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. Through May 28.... **MATTHEW RADFORD:** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through May 15.... **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG:** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through June 4.... **GEORGE SEGAL:** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through May 15. (Open Mondays).... **BURTON SILVERMAN:** Keiffer, 28 E. 72 St. Through June 5.... **JOEL SHAPIRO:** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through June 18.... **RICHARD SMITH:** Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. Through June 25.... **XUL SOLAR:** Adler, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 30.... **JOHN STOCKDALE** and **PIA SCHUTZMANN:** Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. Through May 22.... **PAVEL TCHELITCHEW:** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. Through May 29.... **JOYCE TREIMAN:** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 28.

It's the last word in word games!

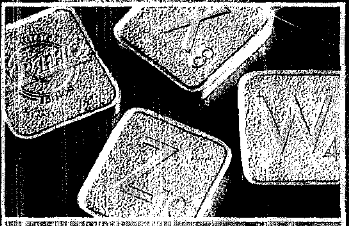
THE CLASSIC COLLECTOR'S EDITION
SCRABBLE®

The playing board, atop its turntable base. Shown smaller than actual size of 18¼" L x 18¼" W x 2¾" H.

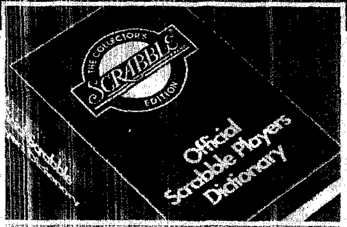
MB® It's letter perfect!
A world premiere offering, authorized and fully authenticated by Milton Bradley Company.

It's the last word in luxury—and pleasure. The world premiere of the ultimate edition of SCRABBLE® Brand Crossword Game. And it's got *everything!*

All 100 individual letters, *minted* into ingots and accented with *24 karat gold*. Hardwood tile racks with golden end caps. A velvet drawstring bag for mixing letters! Twice as many scoring sheets! And a hardwood-framed playing board with exclusive new graphics, plus a drawer to hold all components!



Richly polished letters and point values stand out boldly against frosted backgrounds of 24 karat gold.



The [illegible] Edition of *The Official SCRABBLE® Player's Dictionary* is [illegible] at no additional charge.

The word is out—it's letter perfect! Yours in a single fabulous shipment. Just $555, payable in convenient monthly installments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

ORDER FORM

Please mail by June 30, 1993.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

YES! Please enter my order for *SCRABBLE® The Classic Collector's Edition*, authorized and authenticated by Milton Bradley Company and dramatically accented with 24 karat gold.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. The complete set will be specially imported and sent to me in a single shipment. I will be billed for my deposit of $37.* prior to shipment, and for the balance in 14 equal monthly installments of $37.* each, after shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax.*

SIGNATURE ____________________
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

MR/MRS/MISS ____________________
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

ADDRESS ____________________ APT. # ________

CITY/STATE ____________________ ZIP ________

TELEPHONE # (________) ____________________

© 1948, 1990 Milton Bradley Company, a division of Hasbro, Inc. All Rights Reserved. SCRABBLE® is a registered trademark of Milton Bradley Company, a division of Hasbro, Inc. Used with permission.

11525-6ZCN-119

All 100 letter tiles individually [illegible] and lavishly embellished with 24 karat gold.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Inside Out

NAN GOLDIN'S work has been gathering respect and admiration these past few years the same way a storm gathers its power from what's happening in the air. Authenticity suffuses her current show (Pace McGill, 32 East 57th Street; through June 12). This is work that captures a reality—the lives of cross-dressers, transsexuals, and their friends—that many other photographers have tried to get into their pictures. But without Goldin's kind of understanding, their work makes them seem like voyeurs, or slummers, in a world they can't help trivializing. These days, gender-crossing is such a ubiquitous theme that it's being trivialized wholesale by the media. But not by Goldin. Her interest and involvement in the lives of transsexuals and drag queens goes back more than twenty years, and her representations come from the inside of "the other side," to quote the title of her latest book.

This exhibition contains black-and-white work from the early seventies and a broad selection of more recent pictures in color. It's hard not to think of the late Diane Arbus when one sees an image like "Ivy in the Boston Garden" (1973). In fact, it appears to *be* an Arbus until you look at it carefully. But Arbus was looking for something beyond herself when she photographed the outsiders of society, or those who lived at the edges of it—and her quest often imposed a kind of sensationalism on her subjects. With Goldin's work, on the other hand, one feels that from the start she found herself, and her art.

"Malcolm X, A Photo History"—More than ninety images, including work by Bob Adelman, Eve Arnold, and Robert Haggins, Malcolm's personal photographer, all taken between 1959 and 1965. Through June 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—BOBBY NEEL ADAMS: Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway. Through May 22. . . . **CHRISTIAN BOLTANSKI:** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Through May 15. . . . **JAMES CASEBERE:** Klein, 594 Broadway. Through May 29. . . . **WILLIAM CLAXTON:** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through May 22. . . . **WILLIAM CLIFT:** Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. Through June 12. . . . **PHILIP-LORCA DI CORCIA:** Wooster Gardens, 40 Wooster St. Through May 15. . . . **ALEXANDRA EDWARDS** and **MICHAEL HOWELLS:** Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Through May 29. . . . **ROBERT FRANK:** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through June 26. . . . **JOSEF KOUDELKA:** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through June 12. . . . **ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE:** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **RICHARD MISRACH:** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 5. . . . **ANDREA MODICA:** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **DOROTHY NORMAN:** Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.; through May 15. And International Center of Photography; through June 27. . . . **RICHARD PRINCE:** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Through June 12. . . . **ELAINE STURTEVANT:** Stux, 163 Mercer St. Through May 29. . . . **JOYCE TENNESON:** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through May 15.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the New York Public Library, and the Queens Museum.)

MUSIC

Sweet Tempered

CONNOISSEURS of operatic temperament now have Sharon Sweet's name pencilled in as the next potential object of fascination. Ms. Sweet is an American soprano who, well into her thirties, was discovered—or discovered herself—as a singer who can handle the big uncastable roles (Aida, Norma, maybe even some Wagner parts) with beauty and security, on a level commensurate with the best of surroundings. When she came for her New York début (in oratorio) a few years back, she got herself fired in a very public fashion over arguments with the conductor. And just the other week the *Times* reported that she had been released from the Houston production of "Aida" after giving the management "a litany" of things she would not let the stage director tell her to do. Is this a dedicated artist using her clout to take a stand against the indignities singers have suffered as conductors and directors have gained power? Or is she one more nervous newcomer caught between the fading memories of diva grandeur and the uncertain realities of an operatic present?

There is no question that she has a voice. Purchasers of the Deutsche Grammophon recording of Verdi's Requiem know that; Met audiences who caught the performances the house managed to fit her into last year know it, too. The opera house will present her in a more visible way when she sings the new production of Verdi's "Stiffelio" next season. In the meantime, Ms. Sweet is to take the soprano lead in Weber's "Der Freischütz" this week at the New York Philharmonic. This marvellous and rich old German fairy tale will be conducted by no less an eminence than Sir Colin Davis, and, since there is no staging to fret over, one may reasonably hope to hear the new soprano happy and at her best.

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

L'Opéra Français de New York—When operalovers draw up lists of lesser-known works they would dearly love to see produced—as they are wont to do—they often cite "L'Étoile," an 1877 comic masterpiece by Emmanuel Chabrier. Indeed, Chabrier is something of a "connoisseur's composer": though Verlaine celebrated him in a sonnet and Manet painted his portrait (twice), the musical public remembers him almost exclusively for his colorful symphonic sketch "España." "L'Étoile" is reminiscent of Offenbach, but with subtler wit and a touch of Wagnerian seasoning. New York enjoyed its first taste of the piece in 1890 through an English version (adapted by John Philip Sousa) called "The Merry Monarch." Here it is again, in its original French, conducted by Yves Abel and staged by Christopher Alden. The cast includes tenor Paul D. Moore as King Ouf I (who entertains his subjects with an annual public execution), mezzo-soprano Kimberly Barber as Lazuli (a peddler scheduled to be so executed), soprano Gianna Corbisiero as Princesse Laoula (the object of everyone's affections), and tenor Marcel Quillévéré as the pompous ambassador Hérisson de Porc-Épic. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. May 14-15 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Colin Davis conducts a concert performance of Weber's "Der Freischütz," with the New York Choral Artists, and a cast that includes sopranos Sharon Sweet and Gillian Webster, tenor Thomas Moser, baritone Ekkehard Wlaschiha, and narrator Werner Klemperer. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 13, May 15, and May 18, all at 7.)

Musicians Emergency Fund Showcase—The M.E.F. has a knack for spotting worthy vocal talent early on. This year, they'll present the three sopranos who are this year's prizewinners: Cristina Gallardo-Domâs, Theresa Cincione, and Olga Makarina. Assisting in this concert of opera excerpts will be tenor John Horton Murray (who won an M.E.F. award in 1990) and the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Richard Woitach. (Alice Tully Hall. May 13 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 986-8205.)

American Composers Orchestra—James DePreist conducts works by Michael Colgrass, David Dzubay, and Piston (his Symphony No. 2), as well as John Duffy's "Time for Remembrance" (commemorating the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and here featuring mezzo-soprano Cynthia Clarey and narrator Walter Cronkite). (Carnegie Hall. May 16 at 3.)

New York Pops—The orchestra celebrates its tenth birthday, and its conductor, Skitch Henderson, celebrates his seventy-fifth. Mike Wallace hosts the festivities, which will include appearances by an eclectic bunch, including Bill Beutel, Richard Hayman, Maurice Hines, Dolores Hope, Mike Lupica, Susan Osborn, George Steinbrenner, and Roger Williams. By the way, attendees should look skyward and rejoice; the hall's upper reaches will be filled with eight hundred of the "Kids in the Balcony" who, thanks to the foresight of beneficent donors, regularly attend the orchestra's concerts—and may continue to do so when the group's tenth anniversary is a distant memory. A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. May 17 at 7:30.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Schuller (a distinguished Manhattan School alumnus) conducts Berlioz's "Le Corsaire" Overture, Rachmaninoff's "Symphonic Dances," and two concerted works: the Second Clarinet Concerto by the early-nineteenth-century composer Bernhard Heinrich Crusell (with Igor Begelman as soloist) and Lars-Erik Larsson's Concertino for Trombone and String Orchestra (featuring David Perkel). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. May 14 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 749-2802, ext. 504.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directs works by Monteverdi and Schütz. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. May 15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 935-2551.)

Pomerium—Upon reaching its majority (it was founded in 1972), the a-cappella early-music ensemble known as Pomerium Musices has decided to change its name, reducing it to a single word. Alexander Blachly will lead the group in a four-hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday tribute to William Byrd (including a performance of his Mass for Three Voices), and in songs and sacred works by Orlando di Lasso. (Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, 164 W. 100th St. May 16 at 5. Admission by contribution.)

Horizon Concerts—Presenting chamber cantatas by Schütz, Charpentier, Telemann (his

"Canary" Cantata), and C. P. E. Bach, as well as a Salve Regina by Domenico Scarlatti, a chamber Mass by Jehan Alain, and Ave Maria settings by Gounod, Bruckner, and Fauré; featuring soprano Barbara Shirvis, mezzo-soprano Mary Ann Hart, and an instrumental ensemble. (Church of the Epiphany, Second Ave. at 22nd St. 475-1966. May 16 at 5.)

Sine Nomine Singers—This chorus's reports of its own death (a year ago) have proved to be exaggerated. Director Harry Saltzman will reassemble the old gang for a wide-ranging concert of choral works, from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century, as a kickoff for their impending tour of Italy. (St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. May 16 at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-8796.)

RECITALS

Alfred Brendel—The pianist concludes his symposium on Beethoven's piano sonatas by performing the three Sonatas that make up Op. 31, as well as the A-Major Sonata, Op. 101. (Carnegie Hall. May 12 at 8.)

Music Today—Presenting works by Stockhausen, one of which involves a seven-and-a-half-foot-tall "man-bird" mannequin (of course). (Merkin Concert Hall. May 12 at 8.)

1924—It was an action-packed year. Lenin died, and King Tut's coffin was opened in Luxor. In the United States, Native Americans were granted citizenship, Anna Pavlova pirouetted through a farewell tour, and President Coolidge won reëlection in November. The music world lost Puccini, Busoni, Fauré, and Victor Herbert, but gained a drawerful of memorable scores, including Berg's Chamber Concerto, Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, Schoenberg's "Erwartung," Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen," and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." In this concert, student musicians will present fifteen smaller-scale pieces penned in 1924, including piano sonatas by Stravinsky and Prokofiev (his Fifth); songs by Bartók, Poulenc, and Lord Berners; and chamber music by Hindemith, Tcherepnin, and Varèse (his "Octandre"). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. May 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Joseph Villa performs Chopin's "Polonaise-Fantaisie" (Op. 61); violinist Ik-Hwan Bae, violist Steven Tenenbom, and cellist Jian Wang play Beethoven's G-Major String Trio; and all join forces to perform Brahms' A-Major Piano Quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. May 13 at 7:30 and May 16 at 4.)

Pierre d'Archambeau—Performing works for unaccompanied violin: Bach's D-Minor Partita, Ysaÿe's Sonata No. 3, and a selection from Paganini's Caprices. Fiddle fanciers should note that Mr. d'Archambeau (whose father, the late Iwan d'Archambeau, was the cellist of the Flonzaley String Quartet for nearly three decades) performs on a Daniel Parker violin built in 1715, which was passed on to him (as a gift) by its previous owner, Fritz Kreisler. (Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. May 15 at 2. For information about tickets, call 866-2086.)

Emanuel Ax—In a recital rescheduled from October 31, the pianist will perform Debussy's "Pour le Piano," Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," Chopin's "Berceuse" and Scherzo No. 2, and Schumann's "Carnaval." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. May 15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Richard Tauber Tribute—The celebration of the much-loved Austrian tenor's birthday is becoming an annual affair, thanks to the persistent devotion of the American Landmarks Festival. This year's installment (noting his hundred-and-second birthday), will feature soprano Rosemary Musoleno and tenor Vittorio de Grossi (singing arias and duets from the Tauber repertoire), assisted by pianist Francis Heilbut. The afternoon will also include reminiscences from Jarmila Novotna and Alfred Hubay. (Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. May 16 at 2. For information about tickets, call 866-2086.)

Lark String Quartet—Performing Schoenberg's Quartet No. 1 and Brahms' Piano Quintet (with Gail Niwa). (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. May 16 at 2:45.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra play Karel Husa's "Evocations of Slovakia," Spohr's "Grand Nonetto," and Dvořák's "Dumky" Trio. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 16 at 3.)

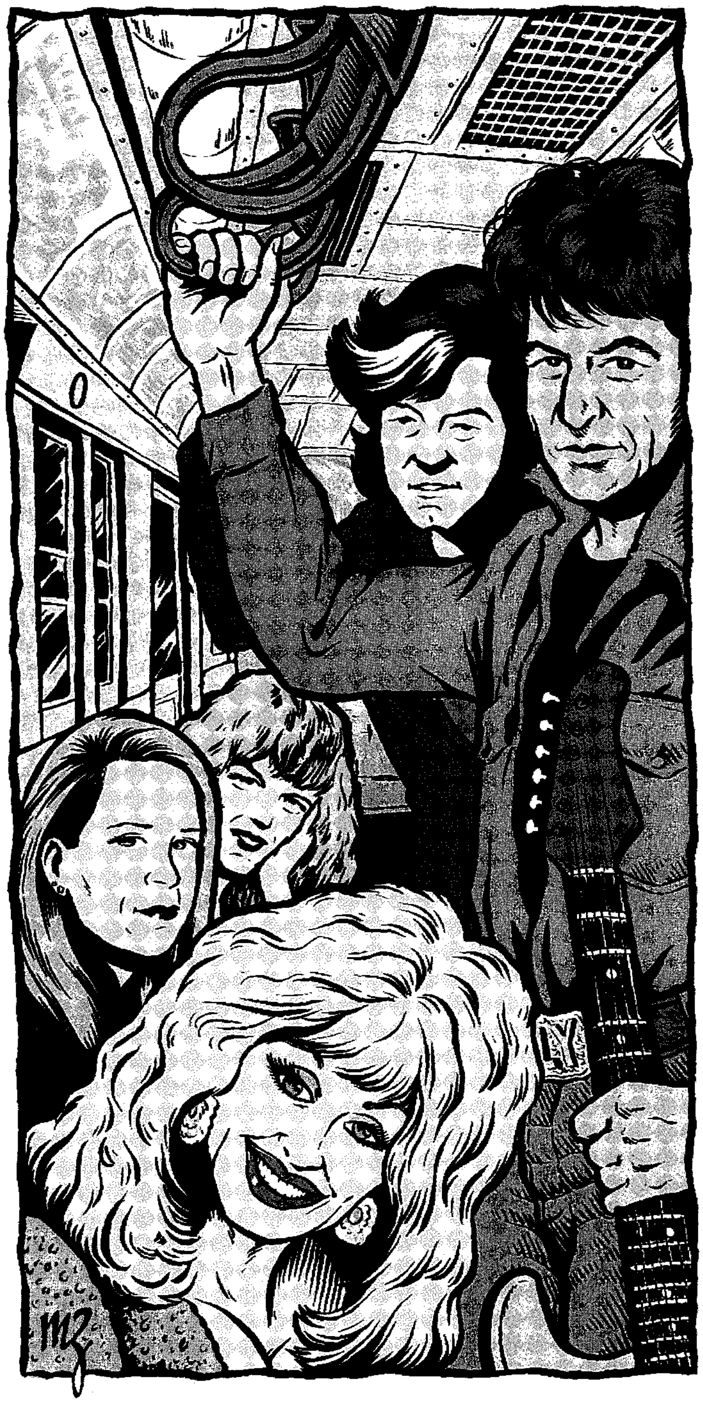
Awadagin Pratt—A terrifically serious program from the pianist who won the 1992 Naumburg Foundation award: Brahms' four Ballades (Op. 10) and Theme and Variations in D Minor (on a theme from his own Sextet, Op. 18); Franck's "Prélude, Choral et Fugue"; Busoni's transcription of Bach's D-Minor Chaconne; and Liszt's "Funérailles." Presented by the Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. May 16 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Eric Grossman and Ilan Rechtman—The violinist and the pianist continue their four-Sunday survey of Beethoven's violin sonatas by performing Sonatas No. 2, No. 3, and No. 8. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 16 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Peter Schickele—A group of musicians (including the Audubon String Quartet) will perform six of Mr. Schickele's chamber compositions. (Bargemusic, Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. May 17 at 8. . . . ¶ Merkin Concert Hall. May 18 at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—The violinist and the pianist perform Beethoven's Violin Sonatas No. 1, No. 5, and No. 10. A benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. May 17 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-5200, ext. 343.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Performing piano trios by Mozart (in C Major, K. 548), Beethoven (the "Archduke"), and Rebecca Clarke (a 1921 piece that is the violist-composer's most ambitious work), as well as a transcription by Arvo Pärt of the Adagio from Mozart's F-Major Piano Sonata (K. 280). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. May 18-19 at 8.)



"Country Takes Manhattan": Dolly Parton, Mary-Chapin Carpenter, Lucinda Williams, Rodney Crowell, and Joe Ely.

MARK ZINGARELLI

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

"Country Takes Manhattan"—More than two hundred country-music acts are touring the U.S. this summer, but New York is definitely an island when it comes to regular opportunities to see top-drawer Nashville performers. It's a rotten shame, because plenty of brilliant country talent is helping the world of twang forget the sins of the seventies and eighties, when the genuine soul of the music was often smothered by an embarrassment of rhinestones, pop homogenization, and factory-produced sentimentality. Something mysterious woke country up in the late eighties, and here, at least temporarily, is a chance to wallow in the stuff. Most of these performers are part of the current hip renaissance—and heck, everybody must be just a little curious about

MUSIC—Cont'd

Billy Ray Cyrus. Let's give them a big welcome, so they'll all come back with their friends. This week's lineup: Dolly Parton (Carnegie Hall, 247-7800, May 14 at 8); Mary-Chapin Carpenter, with Joe Ely, Lucinda Williams, and Rodney Crowell (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St., 247-4777, May 15 at 8); Billy Ray Cyrus, with the Kentucky Headhunters (Radio City *Music Hall, May 16 at 8); Marty Stuart and* Sammy Kershaw (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St., 496-7070, May 17 at 8); Clint Black and Wynonna Judd (Radio City Music Hall, May 18-19 at 8).

The Kinks—Ray Davies is rock's great poet of lassitude, but his brother, guitarist Dave Davies, is one of the great rabble-rousing noisemakers. They've been mixing sweet tranquillizer-and-caffeine cocktails for thirty years, and it's apparently too late to stop now. The new album, "Phobia," is as good an excuse as any to hit the stage and sing great songs like "Lola" and "Waterloo Sunset" and all the rest. (Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. May 13 at 8.)

Belly—Tanya Donelly's new band takes a bewitching, melodic detour on its way to a rock-and-roll bull's-eye. Their album, "Star," is one of the year's best so far, and their collegiate-minded fans will be hopping glad to see how many others get it. With Ultra Vivid Scene and Scrawl. (Academy. May 14 at 8.)

Gonzalo Rubalcaba—Jazz at Lincoln Center winds up its season with the United States début *of this thirty-year-old Cuban pianist.* Though he's known to some through his fine Blue Note recordings and overseas festival appearances, Rubalcaba did not receive a performance visa until just recently. Playing solo, with his quartet, and with bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Jack De Johnette, the fast-fingered Rubalcaba will get ample opportunity to demonstrate whether he's the new man in Havana to keep an eye on. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 14 at 8.)

Iris DeMent—This Arkansan songbird possesses a yearning, drawling, aching voice that sounds like a soul releasing its troubles and secrets. Her use of gliding portamento to reach the perfect note, her great taste in material, and a simplicity of manner that's as beguiling as any hip-shaker make DeMent a delight. (Picnic House, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. 3rd St. entrance. May 16 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

George Gee Big Band—Possibly the only Asian-American bandleader on the swing circuit, Gee is certainly the most hyperactively vigorous man on any bandstand. Count Basie *once said of him,* "*My man Georgie has a* bright future in the swing business"; Gee's band returns the compliment by keeping the Count's numbers piled high on their music stands. It doesn't hurt that several of the group's members graduated from Basie's orchestra; others learned the ropes under Hampton, Goodman, and Ellington. Expect knock-'em-dead brass playing, forties-redux big-band choreography, George Gee patter so corny you can hardly believe it—and expect to have a real swell time. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. May 16 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

"Folksongs U.S.A."—An almost-fifty-year-anniversary celebration of the 92nd Street Y's contribution to folk music history. With a few unavoidable gaps, this is Folk Music 101: The Traditionalists—a survey of folkies who were pals with Woody Guthrie, who paved the way for the Kingston Trio, who made folk a popular commodity. But it's bound to be more than just an educational experience. The lineup, which includes Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Burl Ives, Odetta, and Tom Paxton, is formidable. The range in voices is also tremendous, from gospel resonance (Odetta) to avuncular cheeriness (Ives). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave at 92nd St. 996-1100. May 17 at 8.)

INXS—Revolving lineups are de rigueur for rock bands. The creative differences, the egos, the inevitable solo records—it's all part of that complicated, crazy life. But in addition to all their other virtues, INXS is a testament to stability. They haven't had a single personnel change since 1977, when they first began honing their clipped mix of funk and libidinous rock in the dusty pubs of Australia. And that's why they're so tight, especially live. Fronted by glamour boy *Michael Hutchence, the band projects a mus-*cular, almost regimental poise onstage that's far more impressive than their occasionally monotonous records might lead you to expect. The show, titled (possibly by a band member's wife) the "Get Out of the House Tour," will be a sneak preview of new material due out this fall. (Academy. May 18 at 8.)

Terry Allen—With members of the Panhandle Mystery Band. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. May 12 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—A salute to Panama Francis, with Carrie Smith, Bross Townsend, and others, as well as Mr. Francis and his Savoy Sultans. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. May 13 at 8.)

Thomas Buckner—Singing works by David First, William Duckworth, Blue Gene Tyranny, Henry Threadgill, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. May 13 at 8.)

Performing Garage—Presenting a festival of performance-based music, which will run through May 30. May 14: Z'ev. . . . ¶ May 15: The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. . . . ¶ May 16: Charles Wood. (33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Concerts at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, May 12-13 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, May 14 at 7:30 and May 15-16 at 1:30.

Mets—Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, May 17-18 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY

Home Town Favorites—If they roll over the Pacers, the Knicks will face the Charlotte Hornets or the Boston Celtics. The Nets, should they scrape by, meet the Atlanta Hawks or the Chicago Bulls.

Islanders—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens or the Buffalo Sabres, May 16 and May 18 (if necessary) at 7:35.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Harlem Broncos—The Black World Championship Rodeo, on May 15, kicks off with a parade, complete with Clydesdale horses and covered wagons (10 A.M., beginning and ending at Col. Charles Young Park). The rodeo grounds open at noon, with pre-show entertainment including a concert, a hot-dog-eating contest, and boot races. The three-hour rodeo, which begins at 3, will feature bull- and bronc-riding, barrel-racing, and calf-roping. Festivities will wind down at about 8. (Lenox Ave. and 143rd St. For more information, call 675-0085.)

Welcome to the Rat Race—*In* the annual Wall Street Rat Race, besuited and briefcase-toting men and women will race two and a half miles through the maze that is the financial district, past such punishment-equals-reward icons as the New York Stock Exchange and the Federal Reserve Bank. (May 13 at 6:30. Beginning at the corner of Liberty and West Streets. For more information, call 860-4455.)

Drawing What's Been Sown—The New York Botanical Garden is sponsoring "Arts in Bloom," on May 15-16, from 11 to 4. On Saturday, visitors can observe artists at work amid colorful surroundings. On Sunday, they're invited to bring their own materials for a draw-in. Also, from 2 to 4, the Tokunaga Dancers Company will perform Asian dances. (Bronx Park. Admission by contribution.)

Blues Triad—In a homage to the blues, novelist Terry McMillan will read from her most recent novel, "Waiting to Exhale"; dancer Kim Bears will perform "Love and Pain"; and vocalist Cynthia Scott will sing the blues, accompanied by the Bross Townsend trio. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 1-718 636-4100. May 14 at 8.)

Patchwork—The Great American Quilt Festival will feature more than five thousand quilts, ranging from one with a flag motif, circa 1876, to contemporary examples with beads and stencilling. The exhibition includes quilts that integrate the traditional Native American morning-star design and quilts of such stars as Muhammad Ali and Wynonna Judd. The festival will also offer workshops and panel discussions. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. May 12-14, from 10 to 8, May 15, from 10 to 7, and May 16, from 10 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the event.)

Not Just Desserts—Women of the Calabash, the Bread and Puppet Theatre, and The Band, among others, will join together in *Ben & Jerry's One World One Heart Festival.* Participants will be encouraged to write postcards about their utmost concerns to their representatives in Congress. (Correspondents will receive free ice cream.) Donations of canned and packaged food are welcome. (Great Lawn, Central Park at about 81st St. May 16, from noon to 6. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—May 12 at 8: Poets Allen Ginsberg and Galway Kinnell will read from their own work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ May 17 at 7:30: Ana Castillo and Fae Myenne Ng will read from their own fiction. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.). . . ¶ May 18 at 6:30: Translators Sam Hamill, Jane Hirshfield, and others will read in a program titled "Silk Sleeves: The Woman's Voice in Classical Japanese Poetry." (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ May 18 at 7: Vikram Seth will read from his 1366-page first prose novel, "A Suitable Boy." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ May 18 at 7:30: Poets April Bernard, Killarney Clary, and Kathleen Peirce will read from their own work. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—May 12 at 8:15: William F. Buckley, Jr., author of the recent "In Search of Anti-Semitism," will give a talk of the same title. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ May 14 at 6:30: Theologian Cornel West, author of the just-published "Race Matters," will talk about politics and race. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading.)

Walks and Tours—May 15 at 1: Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment will lead a tour of the Williamsburgh Bank building, from bottom to top. For more information, call 1-718 788-8549. . . . ¶ May 16 at 11: Historian Hope Cooke will guide participants through Walt Whitman's New York. For more information, call 1-718 852-3316. . . . ¶ May 16 at 12: The Park Slope Civic Council will sponsor a neighborhood house tour. For more information, call 1-718 788-3090. . . . ¶ May 16 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours will offer a tour of Lower Manhattan, counterpointed with Radical Walking Tours' point of view. For more information, call 439-1090.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Map of the Human Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Léolo" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 6: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Beekeeper" (1986, directed by Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Searchers" (1956, John Ford), with John Wayne.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).
Theatre 3: "Sidekicks" (Aaron Norris).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).
Theatre 2: "This Boy's Life" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Pickle" (Paul Mazursky).
Theatre 5: The 1993 Human Rights Watch Film Festival.
Theatre 6: "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 7: The 1993 Human Rights Watch Film Festival.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
May 12: "Amazonia: Voices from the Rainforest" (Glenn Switkes and Monti Aquirre).
May 13: "Police Story II" (see page 30); and "Operation Condor: Armour of God II" (1991, Jackie Chan), with Chan.
May 14: "A Better Tomorrow" (1986, John Woo); and "Love and Death in Saigon: A Better Tomorrow III" (1989, Tsui Hark).
May 15: "Once Upon a Time in China" (1991, Tsui Hark) and "Swordsman II" (1992, Ching Siu-tung).
May 16: "A Chinese Ghost Story III" (1991, Ching Siu-tung); and "The Peacock King" (1984, Nam Nai-choi).
May 17: "Rouge" (1988, Stanley Kwan); and "Actress" (1992, Kwan).
May 18: "A Better Tomorrow" and "Love and Death in Saigon: A Better Tomorrow III."

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Bodies, Rest & Motion" (Michael Steinberg). From May 14: "American Heart" (Martin Bell).
Theatre 3: "Who's the Man" (†).
Theatre 4: "Indian Summer" (†).
Theatre 5: Through May 13: "Howards End" (James Ivory). From May 14: "Joey Breaker" (Steven Starr).
Theatre 6: Through May 13: "Claire of the Moon" (Nicole Conn). From May 14: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.
Theatre 7: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Sidekicks" (Aaron Norris).
Theatre 2: "Who's the Man" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Point of No Return" (John Badham), with Bridget Fonda. From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).
Theatre 4: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 5: "Boiling Point" (†).
Theatre 6: Through May 13: "Unforgiven" (†). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).
Theatre 2: "Indian Summer" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford); and "Who's the Man?" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 13: "Benny & Joon" (†). From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boiling Point" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Dark Half" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Splitting Heirs" (Robert Young), with Rick Moranis; and "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).
Theatre 2: "Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Dark Half" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Unforgiven" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Map of the Human Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Benny & Joon" (†). From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (M. Coolidge).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†). From May 14: "American Heart" (Martin Bell).
Theatre 3: "Indian Summer" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Splitting Heirs" (Robert Young).
Theatre 4: "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Point of No Return" (John Badham), with Bridget Fonda.
Theatre 2: "Sidekicks" (Aaron Norris).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Pickle" (Paul Mazursky).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "This Boy's Life" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Herman" (Erik Gustavson, in Norwegian).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dave" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Indecent Proposal" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†). From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).
Theatre 2: "Who's the Man" (†).
Theatre 3: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 4: "Indian Summer" (†).
Theatre 5: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Dark Half" (†).
Theatre 7: "Sidekicks" (Aaron Norris).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford).
Theatre 2: "Benny & Joon" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Time Indefinite" (directed by Ross McElwee).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Splitting Heirs" (Robert Young). From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).
Theatre 2: "Benny & Joon" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "The Dark Half" (†). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).

MICHAEL TROSSMANN

Mario Van Peebles' "Posse."

It brings a lot
It'll even brin

Would you like a very entertaining car that features a 140-horsepower engine, anti-lock brakes, a driver's si

© 1992 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

to the party.

g the party.

rbag and lots of space for your stuff? Here's your open invitation. The Accord EX Wagon HONDA

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Man Bites Dog" (Rémy Belvaux, in French), with Belvaux.
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (†).
Theatre 3: "For a Lost Soldier" (Roeland Kerbosch, in Dutch).
Theatre 4: "Okoge" (Takehiro Nakajima, in Japanese).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).
Theatre 2: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 4: "Benny & Joon" (†).
Theatre 5: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).
Theatre 8: "The Dark Half" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Indian Summer" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford).
Theatre 3: "Splitting Heirs" (Robert Young).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 13: "Indian Summer" (†).
From May 14: "My Neighbor Totoro," an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard); and "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Dark Half" (†).
Theatre 4: "Splitting Heirs" (Robert Young).
Theatre 5: "Sidekicks" (Aaron Norris).
Theatre 6: "Léolo" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 13: "Benny & Joon" (†).
From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Unforgiven" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 13: "Bodies, Rest & Motion" (Michael Steinberg).
From May 14: "American Heart" (Martin Bell), with Jeff Bridges and Edward Furlong.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Strictly Ballroom" (†). From May 14: "Joey Breaker" (Steven Starr).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"El Mariachi" (Robert Rodriguez, in Spanish).

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dave" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (†).
Theatre 3: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).
Theatre 5: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).
Theatre 6: "Stolen Children" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Pickle" (Paul Mazursky).

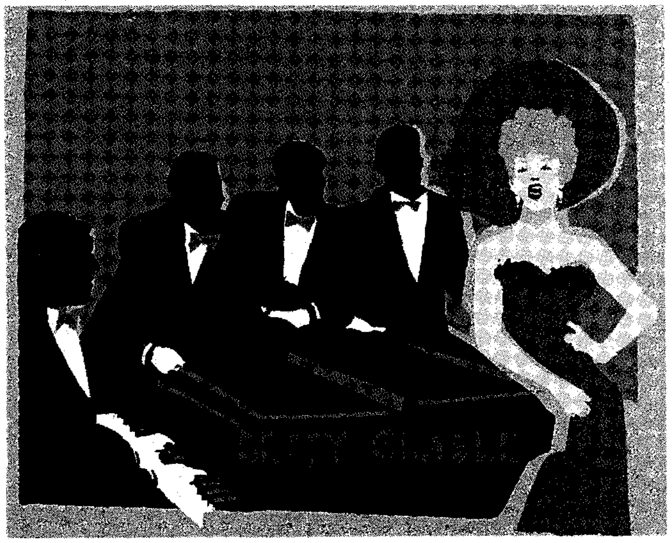
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "This Boy's Life" (†). From May 14: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge).
Theatre 2: "Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford).
Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†).
Theatre 5: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).
Theatre 6: "Dark Half" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Benny & Joon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Who's the Man" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "The Night We Never Met" (Warren Leight). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Street Knights" (directed by Albert Magnoli).
Theatre 2: "Who's the Man" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 13: "Who's the Man" (†). From May 14: "Nemesis."
Theatre 4: "Boiling Point" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan).



At the Gramercy, Betty Grable in "Coney Island."

Theatre 6: Through May 13: "Point of No Return" (John Badham). From May 14: "Posse."
Theatre 7: Through May 13: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro). From May 14: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Bound by Honor" (Taylor Hackford).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (Stephen Sommers).
Theatre 2: "Born Yesterday" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 3: "Aladdin," an animated film.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Indecent Proposal" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
May 12: "Movie Crazy" (1932, directed by Clyde Bruckman), with Harold Lloyd.
May 13-15: "Girl Shy" (1924, Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; silent); and "Hot Water" (1924, Newmeyer and Taylor; silent).
May 16-17: "Doctor Jack" (1922, Fred Newmeyer; silent), with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Feet First" (1930, Lloyd).
From May 18: "The Cat's Paw" (1934, Sam Taylor; silent), with Harold Lloyd.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
May 12: "Babes on Broadway" (1941, Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; and "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1936, Irving Cummings), with Shirley Temple.
May 13-15: "Coney Island" (1943, Walter Lang), with Betty Grable; and "Swing Time" (1936, George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.
May 16-18: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck; and "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Hepburn and Fred Astaire.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 12: "The Conversation" (†); and "Scarecrow" (1973, Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Al Pacino.
May 13: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese) with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973, John Hancock) with Michael Moriarty and De Niro.
May 14-15: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940, George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938, Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.
May 16: "Dracula" (1931, Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "Mark of the Vampire" (†).
May 17: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959, Godard; in French).
May 18: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg) and "Shanghai Express" (1932, von Sternberg), both with Marlene Dietrich.

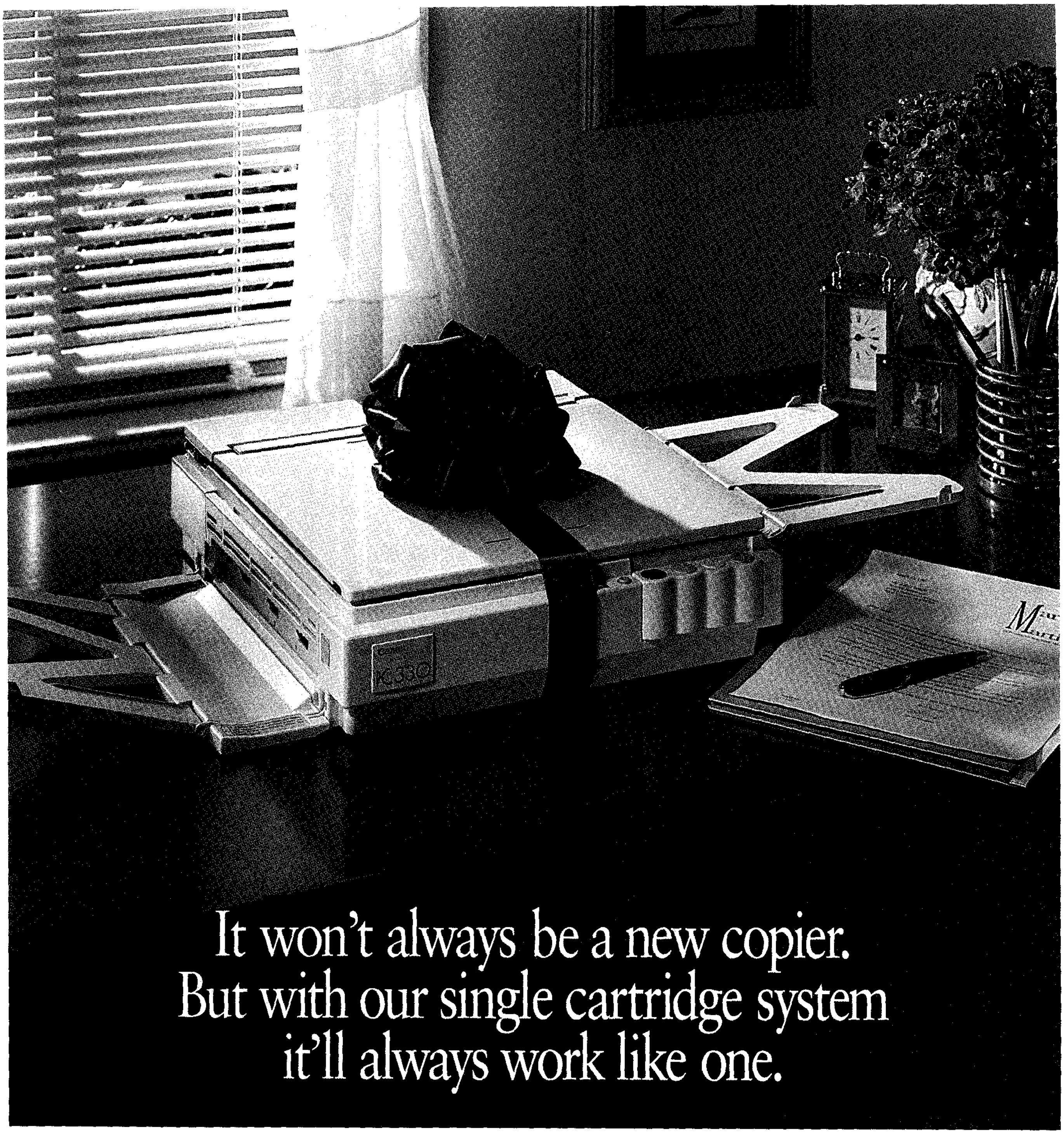
FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—May 13 at 2:30: "Bitter Bread" (1951, directed by Grigoris Grigoriou). . . . ¶ May 13 at 3 and 6: "Denial" (1992, Tom Verheul). . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Music, Poverty and Pride" (1955, Alekos Sakellarios). . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: "Topos" (1985, Antoinetta Angelidi). . . . ¶ May 14 at 3 and 6, May 15 at 5, May 16 at 2:30 and 5, and May 17 at 3: A program of short French films. . . . ¶ May 14 at 6: "Counterfeit Coin" (1955, Giorgos Tzavellas). . . . ¶ May 15 at 2: "Astero" (1959, Dinos Dimopoulos). . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "Chronique d'un Été" (1961, Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin). . . . ¶ May 15 at 5: "Social Decay" (1932, Stelios Tatassopoulos). . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: "Until the Ship Sails" (1966, Alexis Damianos). . . . ¶ May 16 at 5: "Daphnis and Chloe" (1931, Orestes Laskos). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "Magic City" (1954, Nikos Koundouros). . . . ¶ May 17 at 6: "Blood on the Land" (1965, Vassilis Georgiadis). . . . ¶ May 17 at 6:30: A program of films by Nina Fonoroff. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "The Children of the Helidona" (1987, Costas Vrettakos). . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "What Did You Do in the War, Thanassis" (1971, Dinos Katsouridis).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—May 12 at 2, 5:45, and 9 and May 13 at 4 and 7:30: "The 39 Steps" (1935, Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. . . . ¶ May 12 at 4 and 7:30 and May 13 at 2, 5:45, and 9:15: "Rich and Strange" (1932, Hitchcock). . . . ¶ May 14 at 2, 5:45, and 9:15 and May 15 at 4 and 7:30: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934, Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks and Edna Best. . . . ¶ May 14 at 4 and 7:30 and May 15 at 5:45 and 9:15: "Young and Innocent" (1937, Hitchcock), with Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney. . . . ¶ May 16 at 4 and 7:15, May 17 at 2, 5:45, and 9, and May 18 at 3:30 and 7:15: "Secret Agent" (†). . . . ¶ May 16 at 5:45 and 9, May 17 at 4 and 7:30, and May 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Sabotage" (1936, Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"What Made Pistachio Nuts? Early Sound Comedy and the Vaudeville Tradition." May 15 at 2: "The Cocoanuts" (†). . . . ¶ May 14 at 4: "Animal Crackers" (1930, Victor Herrman), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: "Monkey Business" (1931, Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ May 16 at 4: "Rain or Shine" (1930, Frank Capra), with Joe Cook.

MARK GAGNON


It won't always be a new copier.
But with our single cartridge system
it'll always work like one.

Anytime you replace the cartridge in a Canon PC® 300 series personal copier, it's like getting a brand new machine.

Because when you've slipped in our exclusive PC Mini-Cartridge, you've not only replaced the toner and maintained your copier, you've also replaced virtually all of the moving parts. Without a doubt, it's the best way to keep your copier in peak condition.

And all it takes is a few seconds. With personal copiers as reliable as the PC 300 series, it's no wonder Canon, the originator of the personal copier, has been the number one best seller for 10 years.

For more information on personal copiers that keep working like new, call Canon at 1-800-4321-HOP.

Come see the Canon Greater Hartford Open Golf Tournament June 24-27, or watch it on CBS (June 26-27).

Canon

©1993, Canon USA, Inc. Home Office Products Division, One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042. Canon and PC Copier are registered trademarks of Canon, Inc.

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

☎

Vermont's Basin Harbor Club

Private country cottages and two main guest houses on 700 acres on a secluded cove on Lake Champlain. Open May - October. For more information call:

1.800.622.4000

To Boot New York by Adam Derrick

Men's footwear of style, comfort and quality. "You'll love to be in my shoes!" Exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman Men & fine men's stores nationwide. For more information call:

212/339-3335

American Express/Iberia Airlines/Turespana

Discover Spain with American Express, Iberia Airlines of Spain, and the Tourist Office of Spain. For your free travel brochure call:

1-800-SPAIN-99

Quail Lodge Resort & Golf Club

Located in Carmel, California, the Quail Lodge Resort & Golf Club is a member of Preferred Hotels and a Mobil Travel Guide 5-star recipient. For more information call:

1-800-538-9516

Saab Cars U.S.A.

For information and the location of the nearest Saab dealer please call:

1-800-582-SAAB

☎

ADVERTISEMENT

MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA"
DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Fists of Fun

Jackie Chan's lo-mein cop movies are light on their feet and light at heart. Starring Chan as a maverick in the Royal Hong Kong Police, they take the pattern set by "Bullitt"—a top officer struggling with incompetent, P.R.-conscious higher-ups, an attractive, stressed-out girlfriend, and tangled intrigue—and play it for hyperactive roughhouse comedy. Chan is an amiable and down-to-earth performer: if Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of chop-socky, Chan is the Gene Kelly, and sometimes the Donald O'Connor. His 1988 entry, "Police Story II," which kicks off the two-week 1993 Festival Hong Kong at Cinema Village on May 13 (repeating May 23), showcases Chan's humor and personableness as a filmmaker and superstar. It contains at least one hilarious piece of movie parody (involving an ominous bouncing ball), a spectacular exit from a bomb factory via a fiery chute (which must have been the inspiration for the best shot in "La Femme Nikita" and "Point of No Return"), and abundant displays of Chan's athletic brand of derring-do. He intersperses high-speed hand-to-hand combat with improbable stunt work, and then, under the credits, rolls outtakes and on-set footage that reveal their difficulty. Unlike the Wizard of Oz, Chan invites you to look behind the curtain; he has the confidence of a real wizard.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Benny & Joon—This is billed as an offbeat love story, but that's too kind: it misses the beat altogether. Benny Pearl (Aidan Quinn) is an auto mechanic who spends most of his time looking after his sister Joon (Mary Stuart Masterson). She's a bit crazy, although any real madness is kept strictly within the cute limits set by the director, Jeremiah Chechik. There's nothing dangerous or even disquieting about her, just an excess of creative ability and the urge to wear a swimming mask and snorkel in public. But one eccentric isn't enough for this movie. Enter Sam (Johnny Depp), a hopeless case with a taste for clowning and magic who finds a kindred spirit in Joon. They fall in love, and stroll past a couple of upsets toward a happy ending. Quinn struggles to give the film some dignity, but he can't do anything about Barry Berman's sappy script.—A.L. (86th Street East Twin, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, and Ziegfeld; through May 13.)

Boiling Point—An overdressed stiff. The writer-director, James B. Harris, drapes the thin plot of "Money Men," Gerald Petievich's 1981 novel about funny-money scams, with forties nostalgia and film noir existentialism. Petievich's con-man catalyst becomes a Dapper Dan who loves the Big Band era. Harris wastes his energy drawing parallels between this retro villain (Dennis Hopper) and the contemporary hero (Wesley Snipes), a T-man who likewise feels that his world is crumbling. The weird dreaminess and forced analogies slow the movie down. The resulting torpor swallows up the capable Snipes and the colorful Hopper, along with Lolita Davidovich, Seymour Cassel, Valerie Perrine, Jonathan Banks, Tony Lo Bianco, Viggo Mortensen, and Dan Hedaya.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, and Criterion Center.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in Paramount's Astoria Studios on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the Florida land boom. Most of the action takes place in a hotel lobby; the characters walk on and off, as if they were in a stage play, and they do stage business. The material hasn't been paced for the screen; there are dead spots (without even background music), but there are also a lot of funny verbal routines and a musical burlesque of "Carmen," and Harpo, as a fiendish pickpocket, is much faster (and less aesthetic and self-conscious and innocent) than in the Brothers' later comedies. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo as Penelope, a jewel thief; Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats as the rich Mrs. Potter, the possessor of a valuable necklace; and a pair of forgettable singing lovers (Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw). Based on the musical play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, adapted by Ryskind, and directed by Joseph Santley and Robert Florey.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 15.)

The Conversation (1974)—The writer-director, Francis Ford Coppola, took a suggestion from fellow-filmmaker Irvin Kershner—to check out the expanding world of electronic eavesdropping—and developed it into a near-triumph about a hermetic, guilt-racked bugging master named Harry Caul (Gene Hackman), who believes he hears intimations of murder on his surveillance tapes. When it premièred, the technological tricks and sleek corporate backdrop evoked the paranoia surrounding Watergate. Thanks to Walter Murch's keen, intuitive sound montage and Hackman's clammy, subtle performance, the movie captures something more elusive and universal—the fear of losing the power to respond, emotionally and morally, to the evidence of one's senses. Bespectacled and balding, Hackman conveys a clumsy sensitivity that compensates for the wispiness of the script; he's abetted by John Cazale as Caul's assistant, Allen Garfield as Caul's competitor, and Cindy Williams, Frederic Forrest, and Robert Duvall as the trio involved in the homicide plot.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

The Dark Half—Thad Beaumont (Timothy Hutton), the writer hero of George A. Romero's terrific new horror film (based on a Stephen King novel), believes that the creative process involves recognizing the lawless, instinct-driven unconscious, and then surrendering to it. "Let it party. Give it the car keys and let it ride," he says. Thad releases his instincts in the form of nasty, violent thrillers written under the pseudonym George Stark; one day, his literary alter ego comes to life, and that's when the fun (for the audience) begins. King and Romero give the mystery of the creative impulse a thorough airing—take it for a long, recklessly speedy ride, with the top down the whole time. Hutton—an underrated actor—plays Stark, too, and he attacks his juicy dual role greedily. He makes a great grinning psycho; he gives the villain a perverse, Elvis-like charm. Stark's murders are brilliantly staged by Romero, whose work in this picture is his sharpest and most inventive since "Dawn of the Dead" (1979). The picture zooms from exposition to climax with a crazy, headlong momentum that's fuelled by the entertainers' conviction that the low road they're travelling is really the best—the most direct and the most scenic—way to get from here to there.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/3/93.) (34th Street Showplace, Plaza, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through May 13.)

DAVE—With Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver, directed by Ivan Reitman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

DRAGON: THE BRUCE LEE STORY—With Jason Scott Lee and Lauren Holly, directed by Rob Cohen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

INDECENT PROPOSAL—The first and last scenes of this movie vaguely remind you of an old Claude Lelouch weepie—lovers looking wretched in a picturesque fog. Nothing in between is much clearer; this is a humorless, muddle-headed slog through familiar territory. David and Diana Murphy (Woody Harrelson and Demi Moore) are a young married couple, desperate for money, who vainly try their luck at the tables of Las Vegas. Enter John Gage (Robert Redford), who is so smitten by Diana that he offers her a million dollars for one night of love. That's the dilemma, but it never grips you; the director, Adrian Lyne, is bored by anything that smacks of moral complication, preferring to show us what a juicy, unflustered life you can enjoy with that kind of cash. The movie is hardly in a position to chastise Gage for his empty soul when its own style is one of numbing, desolate slickness. None of the performers is given a chance—Harrelson, previously so good in "White Men Can't Jump," looks embarrassed just to be here. And if it's sex you've come to see, don't bother: most of it was already in the trailer.—A.L. (4/26/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

INDIAN SUMMER—A troupe of thirtysomethings return to the summer camp they loved twenty years ago. With the help of retiring camp director Unca Lou (Alan Arkin), they get back in touch with each other and, you know, their feelings. They overcome their pre-midlife crises by doing the middle-class equivalent of going wild and roughing it—sleeping in bunkhouses and pulling off pranks like short-sheeting a bed. Either you share the nostalgia of the writer-director, Mike Binder, or you fantasize about Jason popping up and finishing everybody off. An amusingly zonked Sam Raimi, the director of "Darkman" and the "Evil Dead" movies, impersonates a lumpish caretaker. At the end, he stares at a moose while Allan Sherman's "Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah" plays on the soundtrack. It renders the rest of the movie superfluous. The campers are played by Diane Lane, Elizabeth Perkins, Julie Warner, Bill Paxton, Vincent Spano, Kevin Pollak, Matt Craven, and Kimberly Williams (as Craven's twenty-one-year-old girlfriend).—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Orpheum VII, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Guild; through May 13.)

INDOCHINE—The director, Régis Wargnier, uses his star, Catherine Deneuve, largely for her classical, indomitable profile—the same attribute that made her the 1985 model for the French national symbol, "Marianne." Indeed, in this wannabe epic about the waning of French Indochina, Wargnier reduces all his actors and characters to symbols: Deneuve, as a French plantation owner who's lived in Indochina all her life and carries on the spirit of pioneer colonialism; lovely Linh Dan Pham, as Deneuve's adopted daughter, an Annamese princess who becomes a revolutionary leader; and blank Vincent Perez, as a confused French naval officer who wows both mother and child, sparking romance and rebellion. This monument-like picture lacks urgency and staying power—the material oxidizes onscreen. In French.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

PERFECT TOGETHER
THE ENCHANTMENT OF SANTA FE . . . THE MAGIC OF JACK NICKLAUS.

SANTA FE WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE MOST EXCITING BLEND OF ART, CULTURE, CUISINE AND HISTORY IS A SHORT 10 MILES FROM ONE OF JACK NICKLAUS' FINEST CREATIONS...THE FIRST OF TWO 18-HOLE CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSES HE HAS COMPLETED AT LAS CAMPANAS ... SANTA FE'S NEWEST, PRIVATE CLUB COMMUNITY.

LUXURY HOMESITES BEGIN AT $150,000
AND CLUB MEMBERSHIP IS INCLUDED.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 1-800-237-0088 EXT. 111.
101 W. MARCY ST. ■ SANTA FE, NM 87501

LAS CAMPANAS
SANTA FE

OBTAIN THE PROPERTY REPORT REQUIRED BY FEDERAL LAW AND READ IT BEFORE SIGNING ANYTHING. NO FEDERAL AGENCY HAS JUDGED THE MERITS OR VALUE, IF ANY, OF THIS PROPERTY.
NOT REGISTERED WITH THE NEW JERSEY REAL ESTATE COMMISSION. THIS IS NOT AN OFFERING TO NEW JERSEY RESIDENTS OR ANY STATE WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.
PHOTO IMAGES NOT TAKEN AT LAS CAMPANAS.

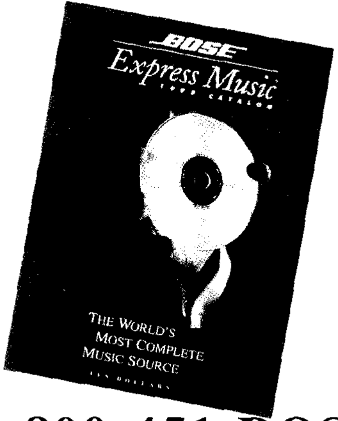
The Ultimate CD, Tape & Video Catalog

VIRTUALLY EVERY TITLE IN PRINT!

MAJOR LABELS – AND OVER 1,000 INDEPENDENTS
Including Chesky, Telarc and Nimbus!

EVERY STYLE OF MUSIC
288 pages of Rock, Classical, Jazz, Blues, Nashville, Opera, World Music.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB!
No unrequested shipments of CDs or tapes.



FREE MUSIC UPDATES FOR ACTIVE SUBSCRIBERS featuring bestsellers, new releases, recommendations and more.

ONLY $6 – completely refunded with 1st purchase from catalog.

COMPETITIVE PRICES: And special sales. Save on future orders with our catalog coupons.

1-800-451-BOSE
Outside U.S. 1-(508)-879-1916 x2008

There are two ways to subscribe:

☐ Trial Offer: Send me the current catalog for $6.00. (Add'l $6 S&H charge for orders outside U.S. except APO/FPO.)#CAT93

☐ Regular Subscription (includes FREE CD Sampler): Send me the current catalog and each new edition (every 9 mos.) – all with a FREE CD – for $6.00 per edition. Enclosed is $6; please bill me for future renewal charges. I can cancel at any time without obligation. #AUTOCAT

☐ Check (International Orders – Credit Card Only)
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover

C.C.# ____________ exp. ____

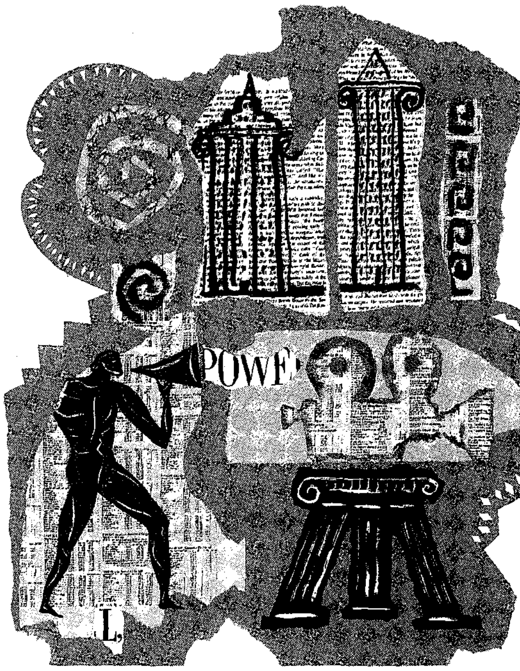
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ______ Zip ______

BOSE
Express Music®
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9323
Fax: 508-875-0604
NY05

IN BRIEF-Cont'd

Léolo—Weird but none too wonderful. Jean-Claude Lauzon's film is set partly in Montreal and partly inside the bustling imagination of its hero. Léolo (Maxime Collin) is a young boy who thinks, quite mistakenly, that he's Italian—a fairly mild delusion by the standard of his family, most of whom are crazy about bodily functions and heading straight for the asylum. You see Grandfather having his toenails clipped by the teeth of a young girl, and Léolo himself attending the ritual rape of a cat, but you don't even bother to be repelled; this is Believe It or Not cinema, and the answer is mostly Not. Lauzon's reckless fancy doesn't have anything to brace against, to spring off from: he tires you out by trying too hard to shock you. Worst of all, he lathers the images with extra voice-over, just in case you don't get what's going on. That smacks of cowardice; as Buñuel showed long ago, the first duty of a good Surrealist is to have the courage of his own concoctions. In French.—A.L. (4/12/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Like Water for Chocolate—Alfonso Arau's sticky, lusty, and rather ludicrous movie is set on a Mexican ranch in 1910. The head of the family is the the unyielding Mama Elena (Regina Torne), who determines the destinies of her three daughters. The youngest, Tita (Lumi Cavazos), must stay at home and never marry. Needless to say, she promptly falls in love. It's the old story, passions trying to burst through the shell of repression, and it infects the rest of the film: well-behaved wedding guests suddenly grow weepy or horny, and the old social order is menaced by bands of roaming revolutionaries. But what should be a struggle turns into a giggle; Arau's style loses its balance, swooning into endless closeups of damp brows and heaving bosoms. In Spanish.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)



At MOMA, a festival of Greek films.

WALTER VAN LOTRINGEN

Map of the Human Heart—A private epic from the New Zealand director Vincent Ward, who made "The Navigator." The new film moves across continents, languages, and elements—from icepacks to hellfire and back again. Avik is an Inuit, taken from the Arctic in 1930 by an R.A.F. mapmaker named Walter Russell (Patrick Bergin) and flown to Montreal to be treated for tuberculosis. Here he meets the young Albertine, and from then on the story charts his obsessive love for her, which reaches an unlikely climax on top of a wartime barrage balloon. That image, dreamy yet sharp, and so extravagant you almost want to laugh, is typical of Ward's work. He courageously pursues the instincts of his imagination, whatever the cost may be—and in this case the cost is high, since a tale stretching over thirty years needs a fierce narrative push that he cannot really muster. There is plenty that amazes, but the action tends to smother the actors; Jason Scott Lee and Anne Parillaud look dull and soporific in the leading roles, and even Patrick Bergin cannot do much with the blurred part of Russell. Still, the film is worth staying with for the bombing scenes, when Avik (now in the R.A.F. himself) witnesses the obliteration of a German city; few directors have such an unblinking eye for horror.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Baronet.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—This is a failed effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire who flies on huge bat wings, Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (It's a remake of Browning's 1927 "London After Midnight," with Lon Chaney.)—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16.)

Much Ado About Nothing—On the sunny side of the Bard. Kenneth Branagh leads us through the tiffs and deceptions of Shakespeare's comedy, all shot in and around a Tuscan villa. As the opening credits roll, a team of hunks rides back from the wars, and a bevy of maidens heads for the showers in anticipation; both are seen in slow motion, which suggests that Branagh will not be paying much heed to the virtues of restraint. This is confirmed by most of the performances—Branagh and Emma Thompson as Benedick and Beatrice, splashing out with grand comic gestures, and a mangy Dogberry from an unintelligible Michael Keaton. The movie revels in masked balls, creamy costumes, and caramel tans, but all this jollity feels forced—it's more of a guided tour than a relaxed show of wit, and the camera stares into people's faces, waiting for a reaction, when it should be hanging back. What potency there is comes from the characters who refuse to be gripped by good cheer—Don John, played by Keanu Reeves as a pinup with malice, and Don Pedro, played by Denzel Washington, whose cool gravity shames the rest of the movie.—A.L. (5/10/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teenager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fixating, partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, and Lilli Palmer.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; May 16-18.)

Stolen Children ("Il Ladro di Bambini")—Neo-neorealism about a decent young officer in the Carabinieri (Enrico Lo Verso) and his attempt to connect with two troubled kids: an eleven-year-old girl (Valentina Scalici) whose mother turned her into a prostitute, and her sickly younger brother (Giuseppe Ieracitano). The director, Gianni Amelio (who co-wrote the script with Sandro Petraglia and Stefano Rulli), is honorable and sensitive; the movie has some tense, emotionally saturated moments, but the odyssey is a bit drawn-out and flat. The film lacks the heightened lucidity of its major models—the movies of Vittorio De Sica. Basically, you see three withdrawn people warming to each other between naps. In Italian.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Strictly Ballroom—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Orpheum VII. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 13.)

This Boy's Life—Michael Caton-Jones' absorbing film is based on Tobias Wolff's 1989 memoir of growing up in the fifties. The screenplay, by Robert Getchell (who also wrote "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore"), initially presents teenage Toby (Leonardo DiCaprio) and his mother, Caroline (Ellen Barkin), as a pair of cheerful road-movie nomads, wandering from town to town and picking their destinations almost randomly. Their troubles start when Caroline, thinking that Toby needs a father, marries a small-town clod named Dwight (Robert De Niro), who proves to be a bully—the sort of guy who fancies himself king of the castle and takes pleasure in making his subjects bend to his will. Dwight is one-dimensional; we learn everything we need to know about him early on. Fortunately, the movie doesn't stay cooped up in his gloomy castle. And Barkin and DiCaprio are sensational. Every time De Niro threatens to take over the picture, they snatch our attention right back, and always with something casual: a look or a gesture that conveys how thoroughly this mother and son understand each other. Also with Jonah Blechman. Wonderful cinematography by David Watkin.—T.R. (4/19/93) (Village Theatre VII, and New York Twin. . . . ¶ 84th Street Sixplex; through May 13.)

Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. These filmmakers offer no easy resolutions. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's long-time partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Academy Awards for Best Picture, Director, Supporting Actor (Hackman), and Editing (Joel Cox).—M.S. (8/10/92) (59th Street East Cinema, and Festival. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6; through May 13.)

VISIONS OF LIGHT: THE ART OF CINEMATOGRAPHY—This documentary, directed by Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels, is much more fun than its college-catalogue title suggests. The movie is cheery, convivial, and swift: for ninety minutes, stunning images, drawn from all eras of movie history, pass before us, and we listen to a couple of dozen veteran cinematographers speaking about what they do. The craftsmen are a likable and unpretentious bunch, and it's easy to share their delight in the achievements of their colleagues and masters: the film is a joy to look at. (The clips are taken from the best possible prints, and they're all shown in their original aspect ratios.) Movie-lovers can argue with some of the filmmakers' choices—the near total exclusion of images from Westerns is the most serious flaw—but, in a strange way, that's part of the picture's charm. It has the power to revive senses that have been dulled by the crushing predictability of recent movies. The cinematographers interviewed include Allen Daviau, Caleb Deschanel, Haskell Wexler, John Bailey, and the late Nestor Almendros (to whom the film is dedicated).—T.R. (4/5/93) (Film Forum.)

WHO'S THE MAN—This self-proclaimed "hip-hop whodunit" is more of a "why'd they do that?" Doctor Dre and Ed Lover, the hosts of "Yo! MTV Raps," play freestyle barbers who (briefly) become cops. Everything they do inside the barbershop is funny; the rest of the plot needs a trim, and more and better gags. Dre and Lover solve a nonmysterious murder mystery and crack a real-estate-extortion scam that threatens their Harlem 'hood. The movie is simultaneously loud and lulling. The self-consciously snappy shooting and editing backfire—they create a rhythm that's more sing-song than hip-hop. And the Wall of Rap on the soundtrack is overused and undermodulated—it becomes a black version of white noise. Directed by Ted Demme, from a script by Seth Greenland.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

WIDE SARGASSO SEA—John Duigan's adaptation of Jean Rhys's strange and memorable 1966 novel is set in the West Indies of the mid-nineteenth century, and an air of thick tropical sensuality pervades the movie's imagery. The hero, a young Englishman named Edward Rochester (Nathaniel Parker), arrives in Jamaica sick with fever after his long ocean passage; his stay on the island, during which he marries a ravishing Creole heiress named Antoinette Cosway (Karina Lombard), is a blur of heightened perception and disordered reason. As the marriage goes bad, events take on a nightmarish inevitability, as if they were moving toward a preordained end. They are: the hero of this picture is the younger self of the Rochester that Charlotte Brontë created in "Jane Eyre," the brooding landowner who kept his mad wife locked up in his English estate house; and Antoinette is the young woman who became his prisoner and his shameful secret. Duigan and his cinematographer, Geoff Burton, merge the luxuriant erotic tension of a tropical idyll with the clammy apprehension of gothic fiction. And the film is so serenely paced and so envelopingly lovely to watch that you may not realize until the end that it is, in the deepest sense, a horror movie—an intimate portrayal of the relationship between a monster and his victim. Also with Claudia Robinson, Rowena King, Rachel Ward, and Michael York. Stewart Copeland's score is superb.—T.R. (4/19/93) (Village East Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through May 13.)

THE
NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

1.800.447.6553

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

Grand Lido Negril

The ultimate in luxury: 3 superb restaurants; 24-hour room service; spectacular beach. Super-inclusive: all meals, drinks, watersports, and entertainment. No tipping. If it's exquisite, it's included. For more information and a free brochure, please call:

30225

La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club

Experience the charms of this traditional, intimate family resort located at one of Southern California's most spectacular beaches. A favorite of sophisticated travelers. For more information call:

30224

New York State / Dollar Rent A Car

To start planning your memorable New York State vacation, call to receive your free Dollar Rent A Car savings certificates and the 1993 I ♥ NY Travel Guide which features detailed information, a calendar of events, and maps. Please call:

30214

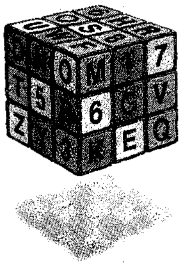
Princess Cruises®

The Love Boat®...experience it for yourself with the Princess video, "The Caribbean With A Princess". The video is free, you pay just $2.35 for shipping and handling. To order call:

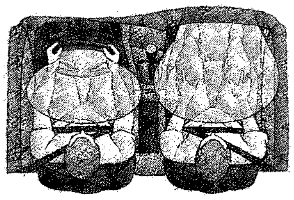
1.800.LOVE.BOAT, ext. 38

ADVERTISEMENT

A luxury sedan so unique, it's capable of thought.



The Mazda 929 Now there's a luxury sedan that thinks like a human. By using the same kind of processes that let you make choices and solve puzzles, the Mazda 929 can anticipate many things you want to do. And then do them for you. ❧ Drive up a steep hill, for instance, and you'll find that the 929 cruise control maintains a steady speed without annoying and unwanted shifts—thanks to its advanced "fuzzy logic" computer, an automotive first. Turn on the windshield wipers when it rains, and the climate control knows to automatically turn on just enough air conditioning to dehumidify the interior. Or park in the sunlight, and an available solar-powered ventilation system knows to activate fans to help cool the cabin. ❧ So while you'll certainly appreciate the 929's V6 power, its sculpted shape, and luxuries such as the available leather trim,* what you may like most is the way this car thinks.



Air bags are standard for both driver and front passenger. Also standard is a computer-controlled Anti-lock Brake System to help you keep control during hard braking. And that's a comforting thought.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.

Standard features include a Preferred Maintenance Plan, covering all scheduled maintenance for 15 months or 15,000 miles. 24-hour Roadside Assistance Program. And a 36-month/50,000-mile, no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" limited warranty. For details on these plans see your dealer. For a free brochure on the 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.

*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels, and other minor areas. © 1992 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

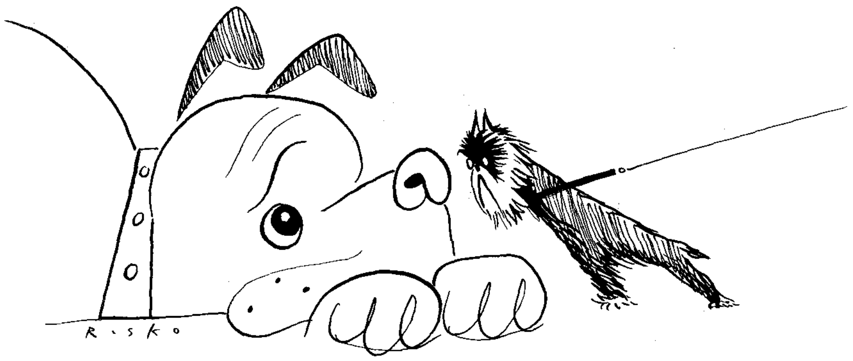
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

MUSIC MAN

In a sonorous baritone, Norio Ohga answered the telephone at his country house outside Tokyo. It was 7 A.M. He said, speaking slowly, "From two to five-thirty this morning, I studied scores, then I went back to sleep. I have just now awakened." Mr. Ohga has got up in the middle of the night for more than thirty years. It is the only time he has for music, and now he is preparing for his New York conducting début. During the day, he is Sony's president and chief executive officer, and its visionary. He engineered the development of its stylish electronics and its invasion of the American entertainment industry. He is the man who applied the term "software" to music and movies—to what had also been called art. He believed that hardware—Walkmen, Discmen, TVs, VCRs—was nothing without software, and so he bought Columbia Pictures and CBS Records. Under Mr. Ohga, Sony has become emblematic of Japan's technical and economic dominion.

Although he studied engineering—mostly on his own—Mr. Ohga pursued a musical career as a young man. He studied voice in Berlin, and in 1956 won a singing competition in Salzburg. Then Akio Morita, Sony's co-founder and chairman, "forced me to come to work for him," he said. "But I always said that when I'm sixty I'll become the conductor of an orchestra." Right on schedule, on his sixtieth birthday, in 1990, Sony arranged for him to conduct the Tokyo Philharmonic in the first of several concerts, in Japan and Europe. Last week, Mr. Ohga piloted his Falcon 900 to New York, and on May 12th he will conduct members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, to benefit the Lincoln Center Consolidated Corporate Fund. Michael P. Schulhof, the vice-chairman of Sony USA, negotiated this concert for his boss and friend. "We were talking to Lincoln Center about sponsoring an evening, and I went to the New York Philharmonic—I know most of the board members—and suggested that Ohga conduct a concert," Mr. Schulhof says. "They all said yes, but Kurt Masur was lukewarm, so I approached the Met, and James Levine loved the idea."



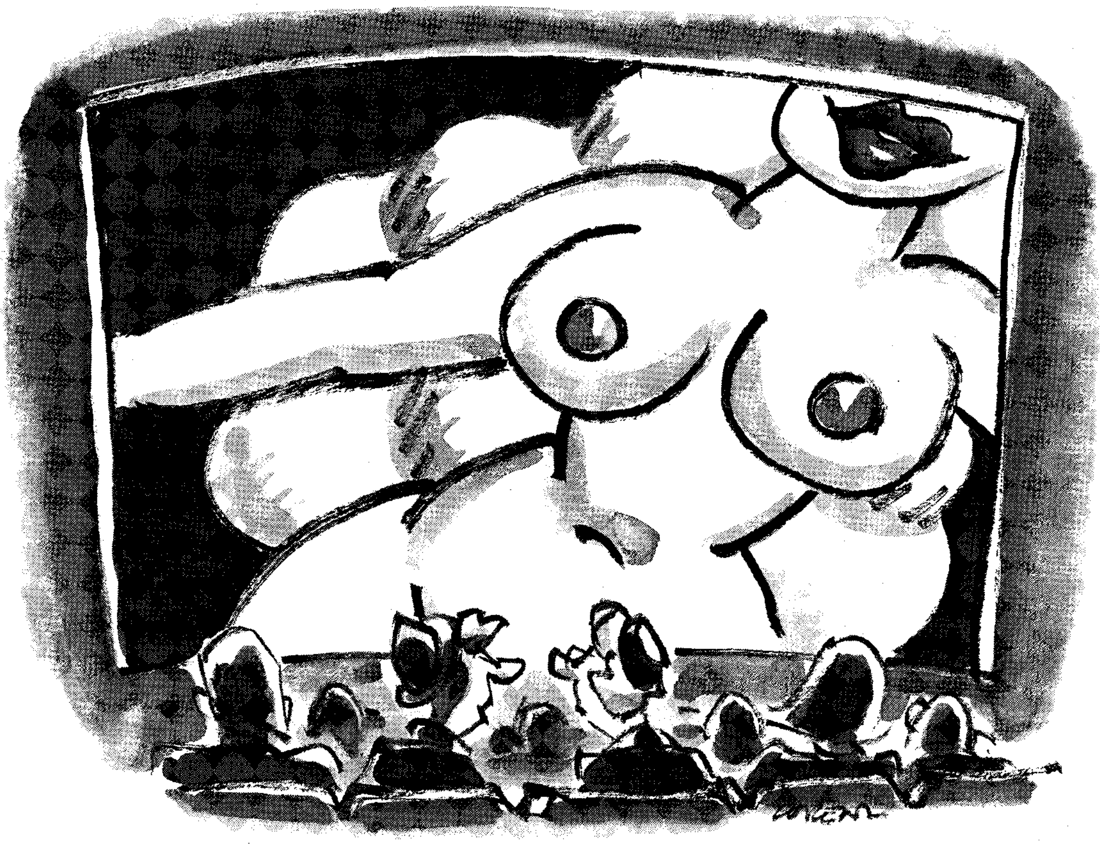
ROBERT RISKO

On a high-definition Sony video that shows him conducting the "Unfinished" Symphony at a concert last year, Mr. Ohga appears trim and youthful; he smiles, with an expression as sweet and as yearning as a Schubert melody. He sings. His hands mirror each other. If he is a bit restrained—if he has not completely lost the demeanor of a businessman—he nonetheless controls the music: tempi, dynamics, phrasing. Mr. Ohga is the real thing. It must have been painful not to perform for so many years. Did his family support his musical career? He hesitated, then said, "I decided myself to become a musician." During his years at Sony, he stayed close to friends in the music world, such as Herbert von Karajan, with whom he discussed media and airplanes as often as music. His wife is an accomplished pianist. He is a generous patron of musicians. (He helped the prodigy Midori buy a Stradivarius violin.) Mr. Schulhof feels that Mr. Ohga, who has no children, "sees music as his legacy."

It will, at any rate, be his future. While he has run Sony as an artist might, treating each product as a design problem, viewing hardware as a means, and not a goal unto itself, he has planned his musical life with corporate patience. "I love Sony. It's an important company. But gradually I wish to conduct more and more. I am eager to find my successor. I have done enough for Sony."

ANDY'S FRIEND

A few days before the big auction at Sotheby's, Frederick W. Hughes had his lunch on a tray: a toasted salmon-and-cheese sandwich, some salad, something to drink. The food was set up for him on a Venetian-paperboard box, and he looked at it with no interest at all and flicked his fingers. He'd greased his hair in a youthful way, but you could see the age around his



"This is where they use the body double."

• •

eyes. He said that the paintings going on the block were all favorites of his by his friend Andy Warhol, and he hoped the auction was the right thing to do. "My life is a very expensive life," he said, in his airy, nasal voice. And then, "I have this habit, good, bad, or indifferent, of not doing what I'm supposed to do."

He sat in a wheelchair, wearing, among other things, corduroy knickers and a pair of black slippers. He is from Houston, Texas, but he spoke a kind of hip sixties patois in an exaggerated Etonian drawl. "Oh, groovy," he said, and "Oh, cool," and "I dig New York, but . . ." He still keeps an apartment in Paris, but he doesn't use it much, because of his condition. About having multiple sclerosis he said, "It's a genetically inherited situation. It's not fatal, so you gotta budge along." He smoked a low-tar cigarette, and he didn't touch his food. "I was always very queer for dinosaurs," he said. "My favorite one of all was Diana Vreeland."

Fred smoked some more and talked about the first time he ever met Andy Warhol. "I had a crush on Edie Sedgwick, so I'd gotten from Edie what Andy was like," Fred said. He was a presence in that world at the age of twenty-three. "I went up to Henry Geldzahler at a party and said, 'Will you introduce me to your friend Andy Warhol?' So he did. I never questioned whether we'd get along or not. For one thing, he knew who I was, and he saw the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, just like I did. I had a nickname, Le Dauphin, because I was so well taken care of by the Baron Jean de Menil and his beautiful wife, Dominique. I would buy art for them, and I was a presence at Castelli at my young age."

That was in 1966. Fred Hughes would be Warhol's business manager for over two decades. He is the executor of the Warhol estate, among other things, and lives in a town house that Warhol bought years ago for his mother. Thick vines cover the façade, many of them artificial and stained with paint. The rooms are dimly lit, and are filled with odd and enviable artifacts of every kind. Someone said there was a spray-painted bat upstairs. There are huge oil paintings of seventeenth-century English dandies, an Iroquois shaman's cap, some plaster statues from a mansion in Bath. Raymond, an assistant whose job it is to arrange Fred's things, pointed out other items. "There's a little Picasso," he said.

The telephones are all working originals, circa 1930. There are small television sets in many rooms, circa 1992, and most of them seemed to be on. A conveyor chair had been installed on the stairway to move Fred from floor to floor, and on it was a silver megaphone. Before his disease, Fred used to walk eighty blocks a day for the exercise. Now he employs a batman from Russian Georgia, named Timur, to arrange his outfits and get him dressed. He's proud of his aesthetic taste and his exaggerated style, and when he was asked if he had always been an Anglophile he said, "Yeah, yeah." When he was asked why he collected art, he said, "Orgasms."

Fred was wearing a tie from his high-school fencing club that afternoon, and he wore it to the big auction, too. He wore blue-and-white striped jodhpurs, and some spotted slippers (leopard design). He disappeared into the Sotheby's boardroom when the bidding began, and sat sipping Bourbon and ginger ale as the flat prices came in. Dealers had warned Fred that the market was saturated with Warhols, and they turned out to be right. Only two of the ten paintings reached their reserve price, which meant the rest didn't sell at all. People who were with Fred at the time said that he was serene in defeat, even gallant. "I'm glad I ran the race" was what he told them.

SEMINARIAN

NEARLY forty years ago, Garry Wills picked up the telephone in his dormitory at Xavier University, in Cincinnati, and heard the plummy honk of William Buckley on the other end accepting a piece for the *National Review* and inviting him to come to New York. Mr. Wills, a seminary boy from Michigan, had been planning a doctoral dissertation on Aeschylus and a book on Shakespeare's fools. But the offer from Gomorrah was impossible to resist, even for a man whose greatest hero was (and remains) St. Augustine. Within weeks, Mr. Wills began work as a theatre critic, setting out in search of the sublime in Rosalind Russell's "Auntie Mame" and in the Central Park production of "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

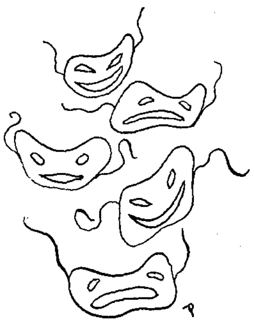
In the years since, Mr. Wills has exploited the mandarin Catholic education that is now nearly extinct in America, and he has made it a foundation for books on everything from the spirit ("Bare Ruined Choirs") to the scoundrels of this earth ("Nixon Agonistes" and "Jack Ruby"). His allusiveness and historical perspective seem, at least to his fellows on Grub Street, a wonder. "The seminary world is gone," Mr. Wills says. "The Church will just never be able to attract those sorts of novitiates and nuns who taught at the schools in which I was raised. But I'm still a loyal Catholic. As Phil Berrigan says, 'the Church is a whore, but she's our mother.' "

Mr. Wills is back in New York to pursue an old obsession: he is commuting from his home in Evanston, Illinois, to lecture on "Macbeth" at the New York Public Library. In the first lecture, on May 4th, Mr. Wills made it clear that, unlike such critics as Mary McCarthy, he sees Macbeth less as a murdering careerist, a corporate climber, than as a witch—"a legally criminal witch," who conspires with the Devil as surely as do Barnabe Barnes's Alexander VI and Marlowe's Doctor Faustus.

When the lecture was over, a member of the audience asked Mr. Wills why he thought Abraham Lincoln's favorite work of literature was "Macbeth." (Mr. Wills's latest book, "Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America," won this year's Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction.) "Lincoln was narrowly read, but what he did read he read intensely," Mr. Wills replied. "Shakespeare was his favorite writer. Lincoln would read Shakespeare to anyone who would listen. He would read it and break down in tears. I don't know why 'Macbeth' was his favorite. Psychobiographers have speculated that he felt guilty about the theme of regicide because he had put

INGMAR'S WOMAN

BIBI ANDERSSON, who opens this week in the limited engagement of Ingmar Bergman's "Peer Gynt" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was as breezy as the Stockholm afternoon when we met a few weeks ago in the restaurant of the Kungliga Dramatiska Teatern. She is currently one of the most international of the theatre's stars, who, over the years, have included Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, and Max von Sydow. On returning to Stockholm after the New York engagement, Miss Andersson will begin directing a play about Strindberg's women—a subject that leads her to draw a comparison between Strindberg and Ingmar Bergman, with whom she once had a romantic attachment, and who helped make her name, in such films as "The Seventh Seal," "Wild Strawberries," and, most notably, "Persona." "Strindberg and Bergman have one thing in common," she said, tucking into a plate of fettuccine. "The inspiration that women gave them. For Strindberg, it was as if he were always looking for his anima. He needed women to feed him, and when they couldn't inspire him it was over. That's similar to Bergman. He adores the presence of women, and he still loves to create around an actress. In 'Madame de Sade' "—the play by Mishima, which Bergman directed, and which is also coming to the Brooklyn Academy of Music—"there are six women waiting for a man. In 'Peer Gynt,' it's a man in the center with women around him. Bergman likes the idea of the waiting woman and the mother."



Miss Andersson's eyes shine as she contemplates Bergman the director. "He's a very musical person," she says. "He's got a good ear. He hears rhythm. He hears the beats. He's like a conductor when he directs. He takes you literally by the wrist. You feel how he trembles. If your arm resists in any way, he feels that you disagree. It's his way of searching out where you are, to feel it. I'll tell you honestly, many years ago I thought his approach was awful. Tell me to go right or to go left, O.K., but the tempo"—here her eyes fixed me with a steel-blue glare—"the tempo is *my* thing. I bridled at first—until I realized that he doesn't do it to be in charge of me but to sense if I'm with him. He even wants me to hear his tempo. He doesn't say anything. When he lets go of me and I do it differently, he won't say anything, either. I can understand that many directors and actors, hearing about this, could say, 'What an awful way of working.' It could be awful. But it isn't."

Miss Andersson attributes the depth of the KDT's acting talent and the high quality of its stage productions to the fact that it is generously subsidized by the state, which gives the company's actors security for life. Bergman has directed at least one play a year at the KDT since 1984, and has brought it growing international acclaim. "Bergman's a real presence in the theatre even when he's not here," Miss Andersson says. "He's deeply involved in this theatre. The people he likes love him, but there are those he doesn't like, and they hate him. Controversy always surrounds Bergman. I admire his enormous knowledge and ability and friendship. *But* if you're not an independent person you can get into trouble. You can start to listen too much. He becomes more powerful than he wants to be. We give Bergman a lot of power. In society or in theatre, it's not good to make a cathedral of any human being."

—JOHN LAHR

down Stephen Douglas. That's nonsense."

The morning after that first lecture, Mr. Wills came down from his room, in the Algonquin, for a breakfast of coffee, apple pancake, and more "Macbeth." "I was once at a *Playboy* writers' conference, and Roman Polanski was screening his version of 'Macbeth,' " he said. "Polanski had Lady Macbeth do the sleepwalking scene stark naked. That seemed a little strange to me. Have you ever been in a Scottish castle at night? It's quite cold. Polanski missed the point."

Mr. Wills is convinced that with "Macbeth" Shakespeare intended to write a deeply political play. "After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Catholics decided to blow up Parliament," he said. "They wanted to take out the King, the Parliament, and the peers of the realm, all in one blow. It was scheduled for November 5, 1605, but it was found out. The Jesuits certainly knew about this plot—the Gunpowder Plot—but did nothing to stop it. An important piece of evidence against the Jesuits was an unpublished pamphlet by the English Jesuits' superior, Henry Garnett, in which he wrote about equivocation. Jesuits couldn't lie, but they were well known for telling misleading truths to the authorities. 'Macbeth' is all about this theme of equivocation. In fact, Shakespeare would have been in London at the time of the executions of the guilty men, and I think he saw them. Everyone went. They were bloody events. The guilty were stripped, castrated, and then quartered. Incredible!"

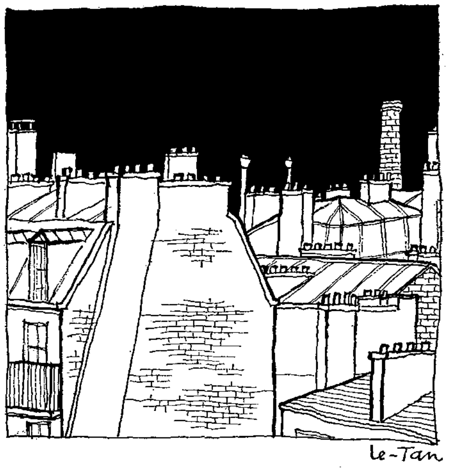
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

FABIO was in his golden Jaguar gliding down Sunset Boulevard on his way to the Hotel Bel-Air. He's powerful when he's driving—even more powerful than he looks on the covers of over fifty million romance novels. He's out of scale, not like a real person. His huge, smooth, tanned-to-dark-apricot forearms were on the steering wheel. His robust, long thighs were covered in loose-fitting navy-blue silk-cotton trousers. One of his navy suède cowboy boots was firmly on the gas pedal. Fabio, who is Italian, from Milan, is six feet three, and his below-the-shoulder bright-blond hair, parted on the side, was perhaps not freshly washed. Two women in a car next to him bounced up and down and screamed "Fabio!"

Fabio's behemothic presence—on paperback books with titles like "The Prince of Midnight" (he's shirtless and alone on a horse)—has loomed from the shelves of supermarkets and drugstores since 1986. For this achievement, he is getting a special award this week at the *Romantic Times* Booklovers Convention, in San Diego. There will also be a Mr. Romance Paperback Cover Model Pageant. But, even if Fabio is dislodged by the winner of that contest as the most visible emblem of romantic fiction, he will not disappear altogether. He is writing three romance novels of his own, for Avon Books, and he'll be seen on the covers of those, of course.

At the hotel, Fabio sat at a table on a balcony overlooking a few waterfalls, a garden of pinkness (azaleas, hydrangeas, camellias), and three white swans. "They weigh between thirty-five and forty pounds apiece," Fabio offered. There was nothing in the sky that day except blue. Fabio drank cranberry juice. (He said you can't find it in Europe.) He ate a piece of olive bread with real olives in it. Birds chirped crazily. Fabio talked with his big hands. His fingernails were impeccably clean and the moons were perfect. He talked about his childhood in Milan.

"I had a very masculine room, very boyish room. Blue was the sheets. Turquoise was the quilt. I had in front of my bed a nice-sized aquarium. I love tropical fish. When I grew up a little bit older, I start having the saltwater fish. I had clown fish and some imperator fish. And they're like real pets, because, you know, they come and eat from your hand and you can caress them."



He caressed the fish?

"Oh, yeahhh," he said. "You know one of those fish that they're like, you know, when you touch them they blow like a ball?"

Blowfish?

"Blowfish." He said it as if all the world's problems had been solved in one word. "I used to have that fish for close to five years. And this fish, every time I was feeding in the hand, and every time I was caressing his stomach, he was turning upside down. It was amazing. Ask my father. I was lifting him this fish off the water, and he will stay in my hand for probably about, I don't know, fifteen or twenty seconds." Fabio laughed, the way Yvette Mimieux did in "The Light in the Piazza." He has smallish teeth. "And the way they look at you, they don't look like fish. They're more like a little dog's eyes."

Between the ages of one and five, Fabio was parked at his grandmother's, in a house by the sea near San Remo, two and a half hours away from his parents, in Milan. There, he said, he spent much of his time "escalating trees."

"At the end of the Second World War, my mother won a big beauty contest in Milan," he said. "She was very young at the time. My grandmother wanted her to enter. She won a refrigerator, washing machine, dishwasher. My grandmother took them back to her place and used them."

Did he look like his mother?

"Yeah, I look like her. I look like my mother."

Nowadays, he lives in a big house on a hill in Hollywood, where he has finished writing his first novel. Its title is "Pirate." "I have a deck with a swimming pool overviewing Los Angeles," he said. "I write there beside my swimming pool with my three dogs around me. Three Great Danes. Because I like a powerful dog, and they're the biggest. And at the same time they're very gentle. Most of the time they don't let me write because they keep licking me or kissing me, you know, or try to chew a pen." Fabio pushed some blond hair away from an extra-blue eye. "You know, it's like sometime when I'm by myself I love to have my dogs around me because it's just beautiful, you know? Sometimes I'm just laying on the deck looking over Los Angeles and I caress them."

Were there any movie stars he admired?

"When I was twelve, I fell in love with Candice Berger."

Bergen?

"Bergen. I remember that movie she was in, that 'Soldier Blue.' She was playing the Indian. She was my perfect girl."

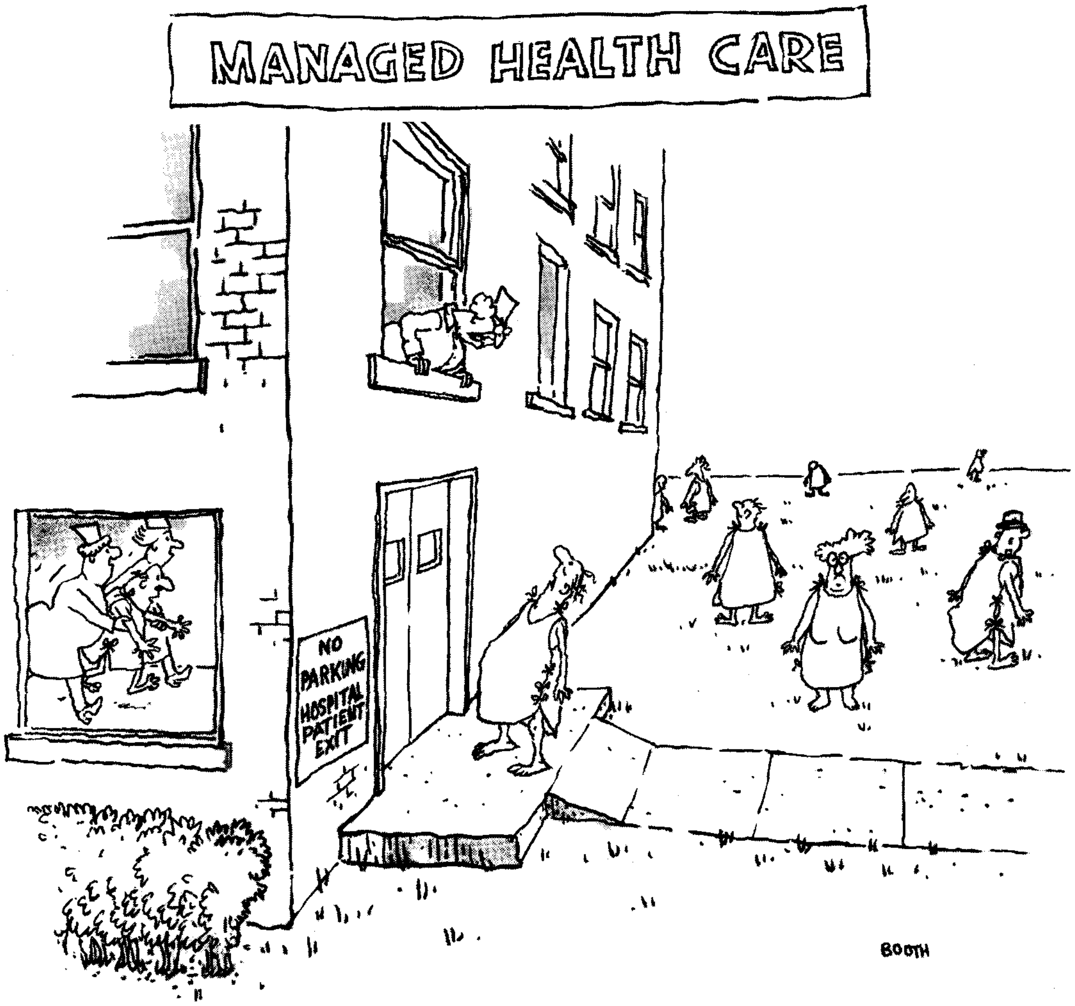
TENDER TRAP

As people were strolling through Times Square one day last week, enjoying what the weatherman had said would be the last gasp of sunlight before a rainstorm, there appeared on one of the pedestrian islands between Broadway and Seventh Avenue—slipped in between two lampposts, and rising out of the concrete like an urban mirage—a giant mousetrap, about twenty-four feet square, all steel coils and plywood, with a ratty sleeping bag lodged in its open craw. Rusty and scratched, a menacing presence in the sporadic light, it broke the ebb and flow of traffic on the avenues. The trap had been in other places, too, interrupting other vistas and thoroughfares. It made its début in Tompkins Square Park last September, and since then had shimmered invitingly under the winter sun in front of Borough Hall in Brooklyn, faded below the mass of pedestrian traffic in front of Macy's, and glowed like an acid dream in Washington Square Park.

In Times Square, a tall, bald man in a trenchcoat, who seemed to be on his way somewhere, stopped and glared at the mousetrap. He snorted to no one in particular, "I know they got big mice here, but that's ridiculous." A man leaning nonchalantly against one of the lampposts lifted an eyebrow. That man, whose name is Curtis Cravens, created the mousetrap, which he calls a homeless trap. He is a photo editor at *Newsweek* by day and an artist at other times, and he likes art that induces dialogues. He says he got the idea for his trap from Tompkins Square Park—which had been a shantytown for the homeless before it was closed for renovations, in 1991.

"When the park opened again, I went to see it and was amazed," Mr. Cravens explained. "They must have spent thousands on it. But they had really only *moved* the problem a few blocks away. And I was struck by that dichotomy—I wondered how far they would go to keep those homeless away. Were they going to put police everywhere? And then I thought, They could set traps for homeless people. Could it come to that? We have traps in our houses, why not on the street? So I made the trap. It's an exaggerated point, of course. But it's also sincere. We have a problem, and people need to think about it. It's not really a political work—I'm not accusing anyone, and I'm not advocating any specific proposal. But it is social, or maybe sociological. I want to see how people react."

In Times Square, reactions varied. Some people minced delicately around the trap, some raised their eyebrows in affront, some *tssk*ed through their teeth. A homeless man with long, thin brown hair and a beard, carrying a concave fake-leather suitcase, came out into the street and walked up to the trap. "Hey!" he screeched. "To catch rats! That's great. I'm afraid of rats. Hah. Why don't you put some crack vials on top of it? And some stuff people steal? Like TVs! And video cameras! And cameras!" He went on across the street, and when he reached the other side he turned and waved his arms. "I'm Bradley. Bradley!" he yelled. He pointed at his watch, jabbed his finger toward the trap, and turned to walk down the street. Ten minutes later, he was back. He threw himself down on the sleeping bag, his back against the steel jaw, cradled his suitcase in his arms, and stared, teeth clenched, at the electric news flashes on the building abutting on Forty-second Street. "Let's watch CNN!" he cried. ♦

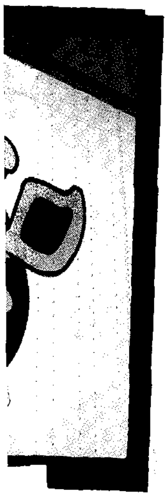

MANAGED HEALTH CARE
NO PARKING HOSPITAL PATIENT EXIT
BOOTH

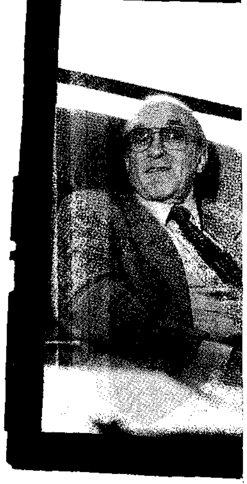
"You don't get a room, Mr. Rheinschreiber, because you don't pay for a room! That's the whole idea of same-day surgery!"

Do you know me?®

TO APPLY CALL: 1-800-THE-CARD.

© 1993 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.





AMERICAN EXPRESS

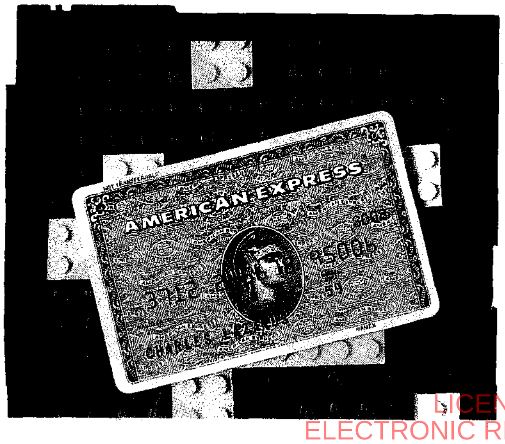
Children have become so sophisticated. Now, five-year-old kids always want the next big thing—and it always has to be more and more complicated. They come along and they say, "I gotta have." "If I don't get, I will die." They are our salespeople and their grandparents are our best customers. They can refuse their child anything—they can refuse a grandchild nothing.

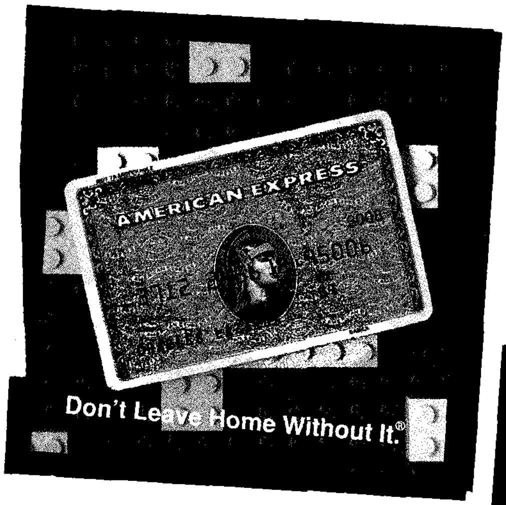
> "Five-year-olds make ruthless customers."

We now sell virtually the same toys all over the world. So it stands to reason, if all these kids are playing with the same toys, how could they ever possibly fight with each other? There's a common thread about how they grow up and what they play with. I think that's terrific. It makes for one world.

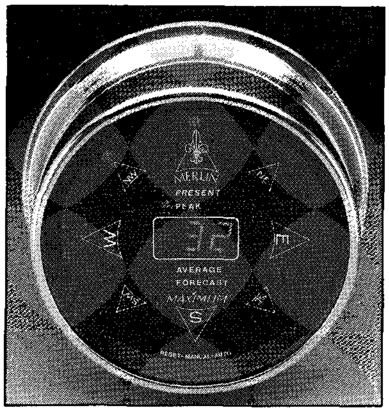
I love to visit our stores and listen to our customers—just to find out what they want. I was on a trip last week and I probably spent $50 out of my pocket. That's because everything works with the American Express® Card. Hotels, restaurants, car rentals—they all accept the Card. So I don't have to walk around with much money in my pocket. And it's a great record of my trip.

Charles Lazarus
C.E.O. & Founder, Toys "R" Us





Don't Leave Home Without It.®



Your Window
On The Weather.

Full line of matched weather instruments are housed in 6½" solid brass cases. Microprocessor-based weather computers display trends as well as current information on wind speed/direction, barometer, thermometer and wind chill. Analog displays also available.

Ideal for home or office, for a gift or for yourself, Maximum instruments are available through select dealers, or direct from us.

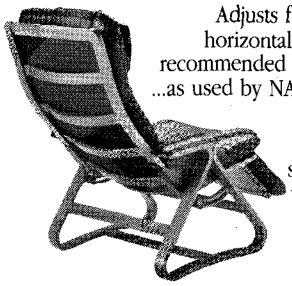
Maximum, Inc.,
Suite N05, 30 Barnet
Blvd., New Bedford,
MA 02745
(508) 995-2200.

Free Catalog

MAXIMUM

Back Relief & Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner



Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position ...as used by NASA astronauts.

Scandanavian styling, elegant wood finishes, with leather or fabric.

FREE color catalog features 36 of our doctor-recommended products!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NYD-3, Holliston, MA 01746

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Family operated, since 1901.

Whitehall Inn

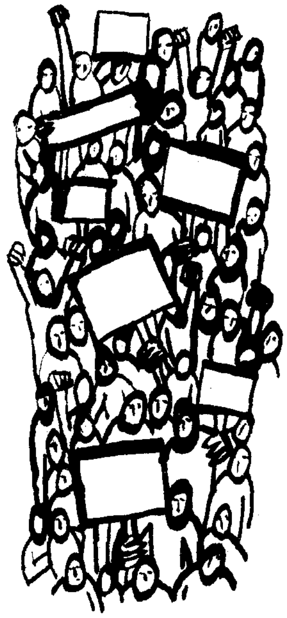
Box NY, Camden, ME 04843 (207) 236-3391

REFLECTIONS

BLACKLASH?

All prejudices are not equal. But that doesn't mean there's no comparison between the predicaments of gays and blacks.

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.



SCOTT MENCHIN

FOR some veterans of the civil-rights era, it's a matter of stolen prestige. "It is a misappropriation for members of the gay leadership to identify the April 25 march on Washington with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s 1963 mobilization," one such veteran, the Reverend Dennis G. Kuby, wrote in a letter to the editor that appeared in the *Times* on the day of the march. Four days later, testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee's hearings on the issue of gays in the military, Lieutenant General Calvin Waller, United States Army (retired), was more vociferous. General Waller, who, as General Norman Schwarzkopf's second-in-command, was the highest-ranking black officer in the Gulf War's theatre of operations, contemptuously dismissed any linkage between the gay-rights and civil-rights movements. "I had no choice regarding my race when I was delivered from my mother's womb," General Waller said. "To compare my service in America's armed forces with the integration of avowed homosexuals is personally offensive to me." This sentiment—that gays are pretenders to a throne of disadvantage that properly belongs to black Americans, that their relation to the rhetoric of civil rights is one of unearned opportunism—is surprisingly widespread. "The backlash is on the streets among blacks and black pastors who do not want to be aligned with homosexuals," the Reverend Lou Sheldon, chairman of the Traditional Values Coalition, crowed to the *Times* in the aftermath of the march.

That the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People endorsed the April 25th march made the insult all the deeper for those who disparage the gay-rights movement as the politics of imposture—Liberace in Rosa Parks drag. "Gays are not subject to water hoses or police dogs, denied access to lunch counters or prevented from voting," the Reverend Mr. Kuby asserted. On the contrary, "most gays are perceived as well educated, socially mobile and financially comfortable." Even some of those sympathetic to gay rights are unhappy with the models of oppression and victimhood which they take to be enshrined in the civil-rights discourse that many gay advocates have adopted. For those blacks and whites who viewed last month's march on Washington with skepticism, to be gay is merely an inconvenience; to be black is to inherit a legacy of hardship and inequity. For them, there's no comparison. But the reason the national conversation on the subject has reached an impasse isn't that there's simply no comparison; it's that there's no *simple* comparison.

Prejudices, of course, don't exist in the abstract; they all come with distinctive and distinguishing historical peculiarities. In short, they have content as well as form. Underplaying the differences blinds us to the signature traits of other forms of social hatred. Indeed, in judging other prejudices by the one you know best you may fail to recognize those other prejudices *as* prejudices.

To take a quick and fairly obvious example, it has been observed that while anti-black racism charges its object with inferiority, anti-Semitism charges its object with iniquity. The racist believes that blacks are incapable of running anything by themselves. The anti-Semite believes (in one popular bit of folklore) that thirteen rabbis rule the world.

How do gays fit into this scheme? Uneasily. Take that hard-ridden analogy between blacks and gays. Much of the ongoing debate over gay rights has fixated, and foundered, on the vexed distinction between "status" and "behavior." The paradox here can be formulated as follows: Most people think of racial identity as a matter of (racial) status, but they respond to it as behavior. Most people think of sexual identity as a matter of (sexual) behavior, but they respond to it as status. Accordingly, people who fear and dislike blacks are typically preoccupied with the threat that they think blacks' aggressive behavior poses to them. Hence they're inclined to make exceptions for the kindly, "civilized" blacks: that's why "The Cosby Show" could be so popular among white South Africans. By contrast, the repugnance that many people feel toward gays concerns, in the first instance, the status ascribed to them. Disapproval of a sexual practice is transmuted into the demonization of a sexual species.

In other respects, too, anti-gay propaganda sounds less like anti-black rhetoric than like classical anti-Jewish rhetoric: both evoke the image of the small, cliquish minority that nevertheless commands disproportionate and sinister worldly influence. More broadly, attitudes toward homosexuals are bound up with sexism and the attitudes toward gender that feminism, with impressive, though only partial, success, asks us to reëxamine.

That doesn't mean that the race analogy is without merit, or that there are no relevant points of comparison. Just as blacks have historically been represented as sexually uncontrollable beasts, ready to pounce on an unwilling victim with little provocation, a similar vision of the predatory homosexual has been insinuated, often quite subtly, into the defense of the ban on gays in the military.

But can gays really claim anything like the "victim status" inherited by black Americans? "They admit to holding positions in the highest levels of power in education, government, business, and entertainment," Martin Mawyer, the president of the Christian Action Network, complains, "yet in the same breath, they claim to be suffering discrimination in employment." Actually, the question itself is a sand trap. First, why should oppression, however it's measured, be a prerequisite for legal protection? Surely there's a consensus that it would be wrongful, and unlawful, for someone to discriminate against Unitarians in housing or employment, however secure American Unitarians were as a group. Granted, no one can legislate affection or approval. But the simple fact that people enjoy legal protection from religious discrimination neither confers nor requires victimization. Why is the case of sexual orientation any different?

Second, trying to establish a pecking order of oppression is generally a waste of time: that's something we learned from a long-standing dialogue in the feminist movement. People figured out that you could speak of the subordination of women without claiming, absurdly, that every woman (Margaret Thatcher, say) was subordinate to every man. Now, the single greatest predictor of people's economic success is the economic and educational level of their parents. Since gays, like women, seem to be evenly distributed among classes and races, the compounding effect of transgenerational poverty, which is the largest factor in the relative deprivation of black America, simply doesn't apply. Much of black suffering stems from historical racism; most gay suffering stems from contemporary hatred. It's also the case that the marketing surveys showing that gays have a higher than average income and education level are generally designed to impress potential advertisers in gay publications; quite possibly, the surveys reveal the characteristics only of gays who are willing to identify themselves as such in a questionnaire. Few people would be surprised to learn that secretiveness on this matter varies inversely with education and income level.

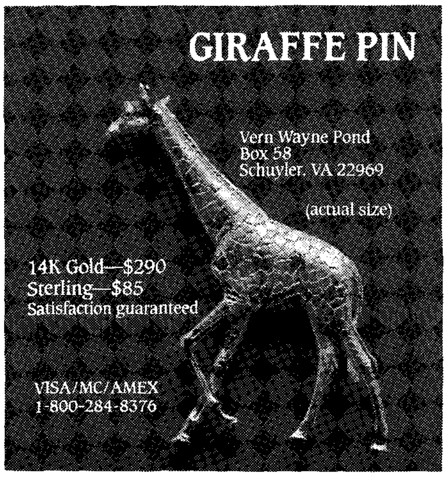
What makes the race analogy complicated is that gays, as demographic composites, do indeed "have it better" than blacks—and yet in many ways contemporary homophobia is more virulent than contemporary racism. According to one monitoring group, one in four gay men has been physically assaulted as a

Why Wolfram Prefers Baldwin.

"The power, control and clarity of the Baldwin make it a pleasure to play."
William Wolfram

Baldwin®

P.O. Box 310, Dept. NY 517, Loveland, OH 45140-0310



GIRAFFE PIN

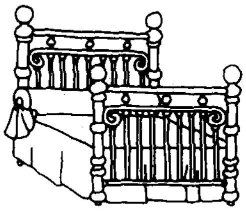
Vern Wayne Pond
Box 58
Schuyler, VA 22969

(actual size)

14K Gold—$290
Sterling—$85
Satisfaction guaranteed

VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-284-8376

Getaway to Yesterday

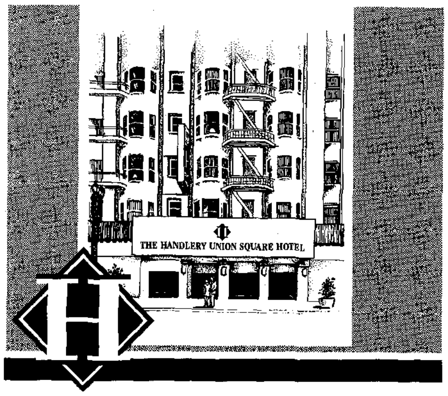


Visit the Inn in The Berkshires with two centuries of tradition and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor New England Favorites and homemade desserts. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. **413-298-5545.** Nestled in the scenic Berkshires. Conveniently located on Route 7.

THE RED LION INN

Since 1773. Box NY51, Stockbridge, MA 01262

POLISHED TO PERFECTION


THE HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL

THE DIAMOND ON THE SQUARE.

1-800-843-4343

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL

351 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

(415) 781 - 7800

To receive our business rate,
mention you saw this ad in The New Yorker.

Family run for over 40 years.

When in San Diego, stay at The Handlery Hotel & Country Club.

CapeCod
MASSACHUSETTS

Sea, Sand, Sun and Fun!

Cape Cod is...miles of white, sandy beaches...picturesque harbors... charming villages...historic museums and sites...surfing...sailing... entertainment...shopping...fishing... golf...tennis...fresh native cuisine... scenic bike trails...and so much more. Come and discover all Cape Cod has to offer!

Write for our free Accommodations Directory or call (508) 362-3225

CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
P.O. Box 16, Hyannis 9, MA 02601-0016

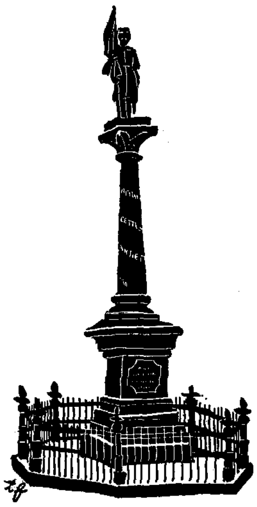
Half Moon
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
T: 809-953-2211 • F: 809-953-2731
Call your Travel Agent or
Direct 800-626-0592 (24 hrs)/CHARMS 800-742-4276

LONDON FLATS
English Charm with American Standards
Selective Locations & Prices
Weekly and Long Term Lets

FARNUM & CHRIST

800-366-2048 • 615-652-2048

result of his perceived sexual orientation; about fifty per cent have been threatened with violence. (For lesbians, the incidence is lower but still disturbing.) A moral consensus now exists in this country that discriminating against blacks as teachers, priests, or tenants is simply wrong. (That doesn't mean it doesn't happen.) For much of the country, however, the moral legitimacy of homosexuals, as homosexuals, remains very much in question. When Bill Crews, for the past nine years the mayor of the well-scrubbed hamlet of Melbourne, Iowa, returned home after the April 25th march, at which he had publicly disclosed his homosexuality for the first time, he found "Melbourne Hates Gays" and "No Faggots" spray-painted on his house. What makes the closet so crowded is that gays are, as a rule, still socialized—usually by their nearest and dearest—into shame.



Mainstream religious figures—ranging from Catholic archbishops to orthodox rabbis—continue to enjoin us to "hate the sin": it has been a long time since anyone respectable urged us to, as it were, hate the skin. Jimmy Swaggart, on the other hand, could assure his millions of followers that the Bible says homosexuals are "worthy of death" and get away with it. Similar access to mass media is not available to those who voice equivalent attitudes toward blacks. In short, measured by their position in society, gays on the average seem privileged relative to blacks; measured by the acceptance of hostile attitudes toward them, gays are worse off than blacks. So are they as "oppressed"? The question presupposes a measuring rod that does not and cannot exist.

To complicate matters further, disapproval of homosexuality has been a characteristic of much of the black-nationalist ideology that has reappeared in the aftermath of the civil-rights era. "Homosexuality is a deviation from Afrocentric thought, because it makes the person evaluate his own physical needs above the teachings of national consciousness," writes Dr. Molefi Kete Asante, of Temple University, who directs the black-studies program there, one of the country's largest. Asante believes that "we can no longer allow our social lives to be controlled by European decadence," and argues that "the redemptive power of Afrocentricity" provides hope of a cure for those so afflicted, through (the formulation has a regrettably fascist ring) "the submergence of their own wills into the collective will of our people."

In the end, the plaintive rhetoric of the Reverend Mr. Kuby and those civil-rights veterans who share his sense of unease is notable for a small but significant omission: any reference to those blacks who are also gay. And in this immediate context one particular black gay man comes to mind. Actually, it's curious that those who feel that the example of the 1963 march on Washington has been misappropriated seem to have forgotten about him, since it was he, after all, who organized that heroic march. His name, of course, was Bayard Rustin, and it's quite likely that if he had been alive he would have attended the march on Washington thirty years later.

By a poignant historical irony, it was in no small part because of his homosexuality—and the fear that it would be used to discredit the mobilization—that Rustin was prevented from being named director of the 1963 march; the title went to A. Philip Randolph, and he accepted it only on the condition that he could then deputize Rustin to do the arduous work of coördinating the mass protest. Rustin accepted the terms readily. In 1963, it was necessary to choose which of two unreasoning prejudices to resist, and Rustin chose without bitterness or recrimination. Thirty years later, people marched so his successors wouldn't have to make that costly choice. ◆

AMERICA, AMERICA

[*From American Way, the magazine of American Airlines*]

Enjoy the oversize, splashy revue called *Jubilee* (Bally's Las Vegas, 3645 Las Vegas Boulevard South), complete with topless showgirls in huge, feathered hats, and a special-effects rendition of the sinking of the *Titanic.*

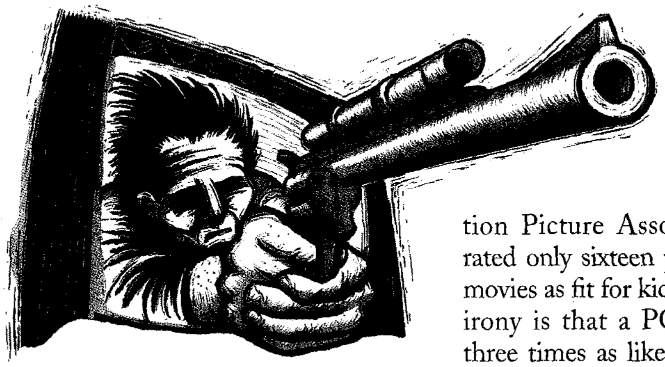
ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT WON'T THEY DO?

Hollywood decision-makers discuss the social impact of the big screen and the small screen—and where the entertainment industry's responsibilities end.

BY KEN AULETTA

THE producer Lawrence Gordon was convinced that his movie "The Warriors" would be a major success. The research told him. Word of mouth told him. The year was 1979, before Gordon had produced such hits as "Die Hard," "Predator," "Field of Dreams," and "48 Hours," and he thought that "The Warriors"—a movie about street gangs—was his ticket to producer Heaven. When the movie opened, long lines at theatres across the country seemed to confirm his hopes. But Gordon's euphoria was short-lived. When teen-agers left those theatres, violence erupted. In the first week, three killings were linked to the movie. "People went out and pretended they were warriors," Gordon says. He and Paramount recalled the film.



"Off the top of my head, I'd pretty much do anything," Oliver Stone says. "I don't view ethics from the outside, only from the inside."

ERIC DROOKER

It was certainly a humbling experience for Gordon, who would no doubt prefer to be remembered for "Field of Dreams." Though Gordon still produces action-adventure movies, when he speaks of the impact of on-screen violence he does not sound, as some others in Hollywood do, like a cigarette manufacturer insisting that there is no conclusive proof that smoking causes cancer. "I'd be lying if I said that people don't imitate what they see on the screen," he said in a recent interview. "I would be a moron to say they don't, because look how dress styles change. We have people who want to look like Julia Roberts and Michelle Pfeiffer and Madonna. Of course we imitate. It would be impossible for me to think they would imitate our dress, our music, our look, but not imitate any of our violence or our other actions."

Compared with our current movies—or TV fare, music, books, or advertisements—Gordon's "The Warriors" was tepid. The average American child, watching around three hours of television a day, has by seventh grade witnessed eight thousand murders and more than a hundred thousand other acts of violence, according to the American Psychological Association. In 1991, the Motion Picture Association of America rated only sixteen per cent of American movies as fit for kids under thirteen. The irony is that a PG film is more than three times as likely as an R-rated film to gross more than a hundred million dollars at the domestic box office. Twenty-two of the forty-six films that did so between 1984 and 1991 were PG rated—yet the percentage of films with a PG rating has dropped, according to the media-research firm Paul Kagan Associates.

If PG movies generally do better at the domestic box office, why are there so many gruesome action-adventure films? Profit is the chief reason. For a blockbuster movie, the studio makes more money from foreign rights, video sales, and rentals than it does from domestic movie theatres. Larry Gordon's "Die Hard 2," for instance, is expected to gross nearly five hundred million dollars, only a third of that total from domestic theatres. "The action genre travels well around the world," Gordon says. "Everyone understands an action movie. If I tell you a joke, you may not get it,

FINNAIR ■ ■ ■
FJORDS
12-DAY NORWEGIAN
COASTAL CRUISE
from $2599*
12 days including roundtrip airfare on Finnair, 1 night in Oslo, 6 nights on a coastal cruise with 3 meals daily, 2 nights in Finnish Lapland and 1 night in Helsinki. This tour will take your breath away. Call your travel agent, or FinnWay at
800-526-4927
FinnWay, inc.
354 Eisenhower Parkway, Livingston, NJ 07039
tel. 201-535-1610, fax 201-533-1560
*Price per person dbl. occ., including airfare from New York. Price varies from $2599 to $3659, depending on date of departure.

Judy Carmichael
CD'S AND
CASSETTES
AVAILABLE AT
C&D Productions
64 W. 21st St.
NYC 10010
212-463-0656
Live at Knickerbocker!
May 19-22 July 7-10, 28-31 Sept. 22-25

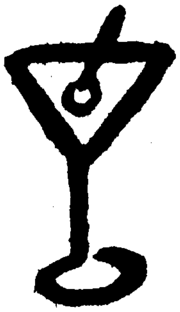
JANESVILLE® COASTER WAGON
$190
+$11.50 UPS ($17.50 West Coast)
Stake sides add $17
Visa, MC, or Check
Solid Oak, Stainless Steel Hdw.
10" Ball Bearing Wheels
Urethane finish
16" x 33" Box
Serially numbered
Replica 1900-1934
Free Brochure (608) 754-0026
Wisconsin Wagon Co.
507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

but if a bullet goes through the window we all know how to hit the floor, no matter the language.”

Of course, another reason for the genre is that America, the country most strongly addicted to the moving image, is perhaps the most violent of Western societies. On average, a violent crime is committed here every seventeen seconds. The entertainment industry alone cannot be blamed for this, any more than guns alone, and not the people who pull their triggers, can be blamed for gun-related deaths. But the connections are inescapable. If there were fewer guns, fewer people would be shot to death; if there were fewer violent images, fewer people might be moved to seek violent solutions. Last year, an American Psychological Association report entitled “Big World, Small Screen” concluded, “Accumulated research clearly demonstrates a correlation between viewing violence and aggressive behavior—that is, heavy viewers behave more aggressively than light viewers. Children and adults who watch a large number of aggressive programs also tend to hold attitudes and values that favor the use of aggression to solve conflicts.”

The people who shape our culture are often questioned about their success but rarely about their values, except by the likes of former Vice-President Dan Quayle, whom they comfortably flick aside as if he were a flea. Quayle’s motives were dismissed as political, but “family values”—as any desperately poor teen-age mother trying to raise a couple of kids while battling the influence of the streets and the TV screen knows—are not some right-wing confection. Bill Clinton, in an interview with *TV Guide* which was published just after he was elected President, said he was “mortified” by much of what is created in Hollywood, and he urged the industry to lead in “deglamorizing mindless sex and violence.” It can be argued that the entertainment industry as a whole has probably given more thought to the pollution of rivers than it has to the pollution of minds. “They don’t even think about what they put in movies,” a key figure at one of the six major studios says of his colleagues. “The same people who are so enlightened and socially responsible don’t even think about it.”



Don’t they? And, if they do, what limits do they put on themselves? I interviewed a cross-section of the managers and artists who decide what we watch, asking each of them, “What won’t you do?”

RUPERT MURDOCH, who is the chairman of Twentieth Century Fox and owns media properties on four continents, paused a long while before answering my question, his eyes closed. “You wouldn’t do anything that you couldn’t live with, that would be against your principles,” he said, sitting in his office on the Fox lot. “It’s a very difficult question if you’re a man of conscience,” he went on. “If you thought that you were doing something that was having a malevolent effect, as you saw it, on society, you would not do it. We would never do violence such as you see in a Nintendo game. When I see kids playing Nintendo, and they’re able to actually get their character on the screen to bite his opponent in the face, that’s pretty sick violence. And you watch the kids doing this to each other and they’re yelling and laughing for hours on end. Is it all fantasy, and is it all harmless fantasy? I don’t know. There has been violence in movies that we put out. Some of it I dislike. . . . But is violence justified? Is the violence of ‘Lethal Weapon’ O.K.? I think so. If it involves personal cruelty, sadism—obviously, you would never do that. The trouble is, of course, that you run a studio, and how free are you to make these rules? The creative people give you a script and are given last cut on a movie. The next thing, you have a thirty-million-dollar movie in the can which you may disapprove of.”

Murdoch’s *Sun*, in London, publishes a photograph of a bare-breasted woman every day, and he regards that as harmless fun, but he was critical of the sexually prurient movie “Basic Instinct,” saying, “I wouldn’t have made that picture. The violence, the homosexuality, the varied aspects that were added just for shock effect—it was a film of no redeeming moral values.” He is nettled that a “generally flattering” article in *The Economist* suggested that his newspapers had contributed to a “coarsening of British public life.”

I asked him if he thought a tabloid TV show like Fox’s much imitated “A Current Affair”—some of whose recent segments have been headlined “Hollywood Sex,” “Topless Haircut,” “Killer Doctor,” “Sexy Calendars,” “Superbowl Hookers,” “Felony Nannies,” “Teacher Pervert,” and “Sex Addiction”—had had a coarsening influence on American life.

Murdoch acknowledged that the show “got out of control in the early days,” and went on, “Coarsening? I don’t know. If you were to say there had been occasions when ‘A Current Affair’ has treated some subjects sleazily in the past, I’d have to say yes.” He added, “If you want me to get up and defend every film, every program, I won’t do it.”

Such a defense would be hard. Segment titles indicate that, of the hundred and eight half-hour shows of “A Current Affair” between October of last year and February of this, in only less than ten per cent of them did the viewer have to survive without at least one story about sex or violence. John Terenzio, at the time the executive producer for “A Current Affair”—he left his job in March to move to Florida—told me in a separate interview that Fox was planning to clean up the show, so as to attract quality advertisers and respond to research suggesting that some people were tired of gratuitous sex. What wouldn’t Terenzio do? He had been accosted by so many sleazy people who wanted money or publicity or retribution that he seemed to have thought more about the question than many of the people I interviewed. He ticked off a list: He wouldn’t pay a convicted felon when there was a victim of the crime, or if there was a homicide. He wouldn’t invade the privacy of a child. He wouldn’t invade the privacy of an adult to identify someone as being H.I.V.-positive. He wouldn’t out a homosexual. He wouldn’t “do anything that makes fun of the average guy—like the story I killed about the controversy in a little town in Kentucky over the fact that a guy had followed the local sheriff around and got a picture of him necking with a woman other than his wife.”

Murdoch is more concerned about inadvertent censorship occasioned by Hollywood group-think than he is about the issue of government censorship. He sees Hollywood as a town populated by too many insecure, eager-to-please people, who probably spend too much time consulting their psychiatrists. "This town has a very monolithic view of life," he said. "You mention things like family values, and they're terribly suspicious that you're talking sort of religious rules. It really is very hard to have a discussion here with people of a different opinion about things, the way you can in New York." In Hollywood, he said, "certain things are accepted as absolute givens—abortion, gay rights."

How does he reconcile the two Murdochs—the citizen who embraces "family values" with the publisher and programmer who sometimes undermines those values?

"Without being specific or apologizing for anything—I'm sure I've made lots of mistakes in the last sixty-two years—I'm not going to spend my life looking back," he said.

Referring to Gerald M. Levin, the chief executive officer of Time Warner, he said, "I'm not going to do a Jerry Levin, and say, 'Hey, everything's fine under the First Amendment. We publish anything and anything by everybody.' We don't. We reserve the right to edit. I think you should not give offense to people's religious beliefs. For instance, I hope that our people"—at HarperCollins, the Murdoch-owned book publisher—"would never have published the Salman Rushdie book. It clearly went out of its way to give great offense to a lot of people. Now, obviously, I'm not supporting anyone saying, 'Let's kill him for it,' but I think it went to the point of being an abuse of free speech."

OLIVER STONE, the director of "Wall Street" and "JFK," is a First Amendment absolutist. He wrestles only briefly with the question "What won't you do?"

"Off the top of my head, I'd pretty much do anything," he said at his office, in Santa Monica. "I don't view ethics from the outside, only from the inside. What you would find shocking I probably would not. For me, it's a question more of taste."

For example?

"Lurid, sexual, kinky stuff which I might like privately I don't necessarily want to do publicly. As Oscar Wilde said, 'I just don't subscribe to your bourgeois morality. It bores me.' You can do anything as long as you do it well. I think Hitler would make a great movie."

Does he believe, as Bill Clinton does, that Hollywood is too preoccupied with violence and sex?

"That's an old issue," Stone said. "I don't believe that government has the right to legislate art or censor it." A movie is "a limited art form that sells for three to seven dollars and fifty cents a ticket, and it's a person's choice whether to buy it or not," he went on. "It's like buying a book. Buying 'Ulysses' in 1922 made you commit an illegal action, made you subject to fine and imprisonment. So where is this going to go? Is Tipper Gore going to be our cultural commissar? I resent that. Bill Clinton is talking through his asshole. He's just catering to the body politic. Nobody's forcing anybody to go see 'Bad Lieutenant.' But thank God that Abel Ferrara made it. It was an act of liberation. As is Madonna's 'Sex' book. She has a perfect right. And if Ice-T wants to say what he wants to say about cops, he's got a right."

Since few say that Madonna or Ice-T doesn't have that right, why does Stone equate criticism with censorship?

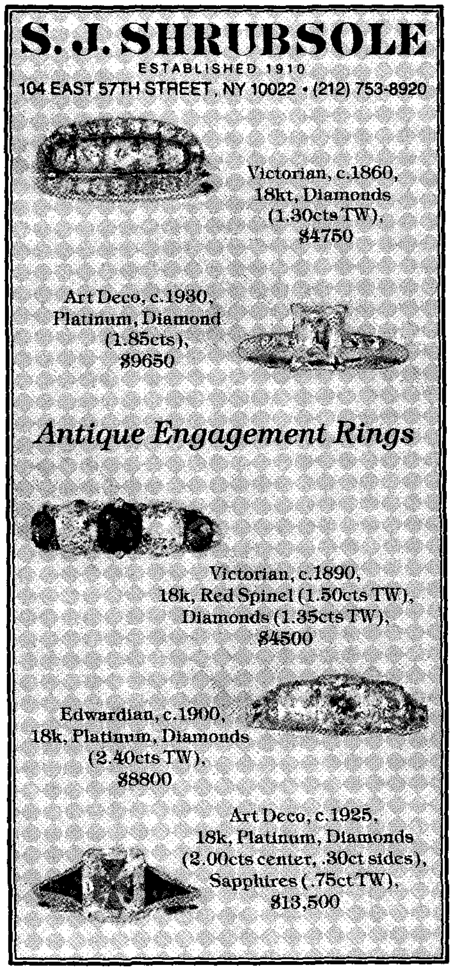
"It depends on what form the criticism takes," he replied. "Aesthetic criticism is fine. If you're saying, 'I don't like the subject matter and I don't think you have the right to say that,' you're engaging in a form of criticism that borders on censorship."

Does Stone reject the argument that there's too much violence in movies?

"Yes and no," he said. "Yes, there's too much violence when the violence is badly done. I go back to my aesthetic defense. If it's badly done, it becomes obscene. It's not real. If it's well done, it has impact, it has a dramatic point, then it has meaning. It's valid."

Some people—Rupert Murdoch among them—have accused Stone of dishonesty for promulgating conspiracy theories as facts. How does Stone justify putting words in the mouths of famous men, as he does in "JFK"?

"It comes out of a context," Stone said. "If you examine the movie, you'll see that nothing is factually put in. It's surmised. Donald Sutherland describes a scenario: 'This could have happened. And that is possible.' And he lays out a paradigm of possibilities. And you choose. In fact, Lyndon Johnson was quoted in Stanley Karnow's not necessarily great book as saying, 'Just let me



S. J. SHRUBSOLE
ESTABLISHED 1910
104 EAST 57TH STREET, NY 10022 • (212) 753-8920

Victorian, c.1860,
18kt, Diamonds
(1.30cts TW),
$4750

Art Deco, c.1930,
Platinum, Diamond
(1.85cts),
$9650

Antique Engagement Rings

Victorian, c.1890,
18k, Red Spinel (1.50cts TW),
Diamonds (1.35cts TW),
$4500

Edwardian, c.1900,
18k, Platinum, Diamonds
(2.40cts TW),
$8800

Art Deco, c.1925,
18k, Platinum, Diamonds
(2.00cts center, .30ct sides),
Sapphires (.75ct TW),
$13,500

Blantyre

Consummate estate sanctuary with 23 rooms set on 85 acres with tennis, croquet, pool, hot tub and sauna.

"Unbelievable French Food"-Zagat U.S.Hotel, Resort & Spa Survey 1993

Season May to November
413-637-3556 (summer)
413-298-3806 (winter)
Blantyre
Lenox, Massachusetts 01240

RELAIS & CHATEAUX

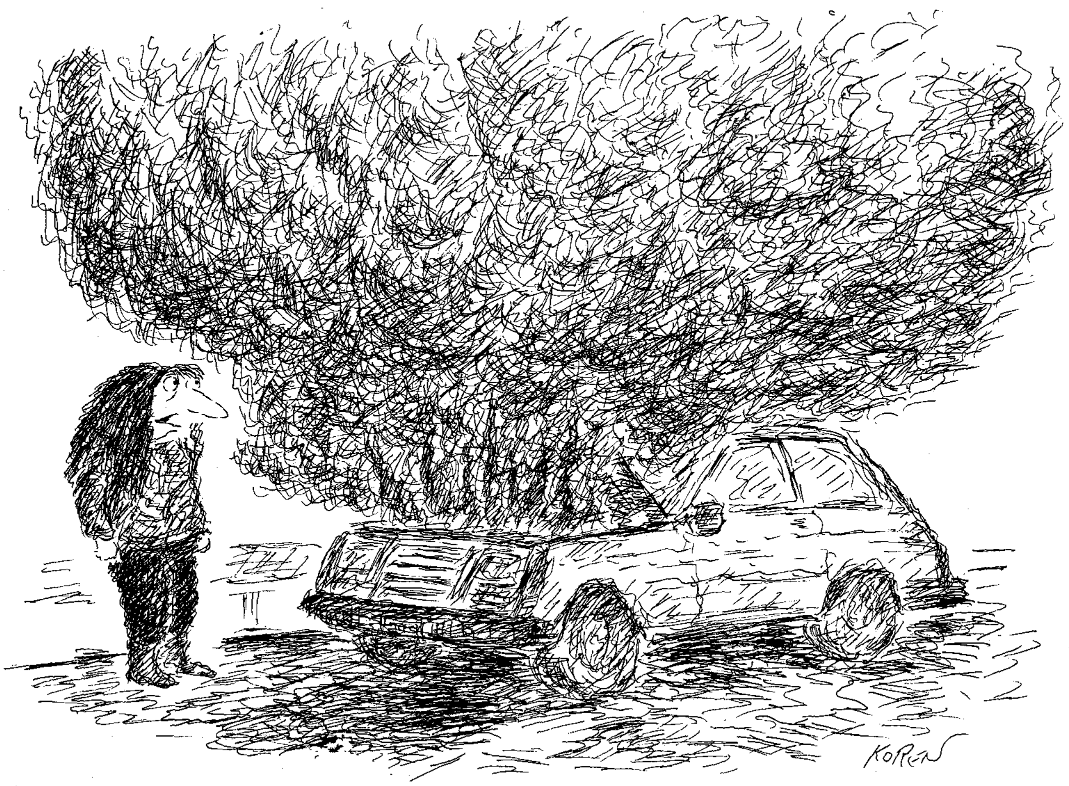
Virginia Is For Lovers.

If you love warm, sandy beaches, majestic mountain ranges and storybook history, call 1-800-248-4833 Ext. V08 for a free guide to Virginia from the Appalachians to the Atlantic. Or write Virginia Tourism, Dept. V08, Richmond, VA 23219.

VIRGINIA

Fanfare Magazine

The magazine for serious compact disc collectors.
Hundreds of classical CD reviews each issue.
Sample: $8. Subscription: $34 U.S., $49 foreign.
Fanfare, Dept. N, P.O. Box 720, Tenafly, NJ 07670



"I want you to know I'm angry and hurt."

get elected, and then you can have your war.' " The quotes from Chief Justice Earl Warren, Stone added, were taken from a transcript of an interview Warren had had with Jack Ruby. "I didn't put anything in Warren's mouth."

But does the movie not put words in people's mouths?

"In the suppositions, I put things in Oswald's mouth," Stone said.

The movie leaves the clear implication that Lyndon Johnson was part of a conspiracy to murder John F. Kennedy. Does Stone think that questioning that implication constitutes "bourgeois morality"?

"It is a restriction and it is a form of censorship to demand of history a fact-only basis, because history is subject to interpretation, and reinterpretation," he said. "And the facts are often in dispute."

Stone believes that the movie-ratings system—a voluntary system—amounts to a form of censorship. "There is a natural law of ethics that operates as a money law," he said. "There is an economic ethics where if you don't make the R rating you get the NC-17, and you get kind of frozen out of the theatre business. They're all afraid of that."

Does Stone oppose any ratings system for movies?

"Oh, yeah," he said. "I think the ratings system is a consumer label that is put on the package to deal with an age-old fear from the nineteen-twenties, of Hollywood being satanic and taking over the minds of the young."

THE man who perhaps more than any other is in charge of the minds of the young is Michael Eisner, the chairman of Disney, and he agonizes very little about morality in films. While he has not made many violent movies, he said of studios that do, "It's not a moral issue. I'm glad they do it. It brings people to the movie theatres."

What does Eisner say to Bill Clinton and others who urge Hollywood to tone down the sex and violence, and who quote from more than three thousand studies showing that television affects the behavior and attitudes of viewers—particularly young viewers?

"There are studies that say the opposite, too," he said. "That it's a release from built-in tension. I do not think the President of the United States has an obligation to encourage censorship. There's nothing wrong with his expressing his opinion. I don't disagree with that."

Why is Eisner raising the spectre of censorship? Even when Quayle criticized "Murphy Brown" last May, he was not advocating censorship.

"The majority of people don't want the government to tell the writers of 'Murphy Brown' what to write," Eisner said. "I'll tell you what I am offended by. I'm offended by those who get on a platform and berate Hollywood for violence in the movies, on the one hand, and ignore the proliferation of handguns—something that they could do something about—on the other. That hypocrisy really annoys me."

What about the assertion that people in Hollywood don't think about the social consequences of what they do?

Eisner responded heatedly: "What is Hollywood? I personally think that I'm very responsible. And I think our company is very responsible."

Does Eisner agree with a producer who said he would not allow his ten-year-old to see any of the movies he made?

"I would never make a movie that I would not allow my ten-year-old to go to," he said. "I find that disingenuous. Now, maybe ten is not the line. Maybe it should be twelve or thirteen."

Would he encourage a child of ten—or thirteen—to see Disney's violent and scary "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle"?

"To me, 'The Hand That Rocks the Cradle' was a complete fantasy," Eisner said. "It was a fantasy. It ended up being pro-social, in that there was a whole relook at the question of leaving your children with people who haven't given you decent references. That was a silly movie. A fun movie."

Does Eisner see a distinction between real and cartoon violence?

"I don't think that anybody thinks that movies like 'The Terminator' are real," he said. "I'm not sure that they don't relieve pressure more than they create it. I don't know the answer to that. I don't want to sit in judgment. I don't think about it that much." Eisner does get upset, however, "when Hollywood is lumped together in a homogenized group," he said. "I object when they depict everybody as kind of striving for that last dollar. It's very easy to hide your own lack of action by blaming some film producer who's made some action movie that doesn't fulfill all the moral criteria that a perfect society would dictate. That's an easy shot."

THE producer who says he wouldn't let his ten-year-old see any of his movies is Martin Bregman, who has produced such films as "Sea of Love," "Scarface," "Serpico," and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan." Bregman works in Manhattan, in an office overflowing with movie scripts.

What won't you do?

Bregman looked over at a table beside his desk, where there were photographs of his family, and said, "I have a ten-year-old daughter. She's never seen any of my movies. I have no complaint with the R rating. I don't let my kids see any R-rated film."

Still, Bregman, like many people in the movie business, is torn by contradictory impulses. As a moviemaker, he believes that the voluntary ratings system is a form of censorship. "I don't like someone telling me what I can say," he said. As a parent, however, he welcomes it. "If there were no ratings, I'd first have to go see each movie before allowing my daughter to go," he said.

THERE are people who say that Columbia Pictures' "Lethal Weapon" was too violent and might have had a bad influence on kids. Mark Canton, who has been the chairman of Columbia since 1991, is not among them. He speaks of his movies as if they were about art—were sweeping narratives with profound messages. "It is true that I would not want to make movies that are so socially irresponsible that they could cause real harm," he said. "I approach each day by thinking that the art form, that the opportunities that lie within the process of making a movie are almost limitless. . . . Often, movies anticipate what society is about rather than merely reflect what it's about. You end up on both sides of that equation. I think that by and large there are several messages in the first 'Lethal Weapon.' Dick"—Richard Donner, the director—"had a little thing about 'Don't eat tuna.' And he got that in. And there was also a message about condoms, which he got in. There were a lot of messages within the drama, and that is part of the reason people felt it was very accessible to the real world. So I think if you can have stories, and I think 'Lethal' is one of them, in which the bond, the relationship between the cops and Danny's family, and Mel as a loner, was such that you had an emotional connection—when you have that, you succeed. When you have movies that are violence for violence's sake, you don't succeed."

So what won't Canton do?

"I would not consciously involve us in any motion picture that I really felt was without any logical component to the story, any redeeming overt value."

So what movies does he think went over the edge?

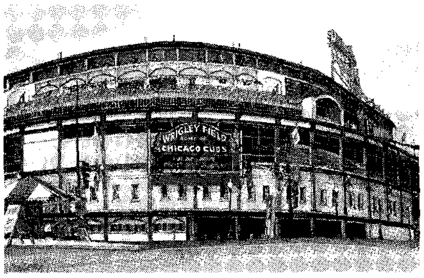
Canton declined to name any. Instead, he retreated to the high ground, saying that he sensed—and that Columbia's research confirmed this—that "PG movies, by far, have become more popular." Perhaps this was why the new Arnold Schwarzenegger feature, "Last Action Hero," would be more like a James Bond movie, without blood, without graphic violence or language. "I believe there is starting to be a turn toward the family movie," Canton said—a "new mood" in Hollywood. Yet a second later he said, "What I don't like, what I won't allow myself to be, is censored by the critics—the Michael Medveds."

Hollywood has a "bias for the bizarre," Medved wrote in his 1992 book "Hollywood vs. America," which catalogues one gory detail after another in mass-marketed films, videos, and records—episodes in which performers drink urine, rip toenails out with pliers, and torture women. Why is it "censorship" if a movie critic and author like Medved urges—as he does, and as Canton seemed to be doing at one point in our conversation—that moviemakers think more about the consequences of what they put on the screen?

In reply, Canton mentioned his own liberalism. "We were the people in the sixties who were advocating peace," he said. "We were out there. We worked at the social issues. And we are the responsible citizens and leaders now. I believe we know how to manage ourselves."

A SMALL studio that has managed itself well, both making money and producing or distributing quality movies,

THE FINE ART OF BASEBALL

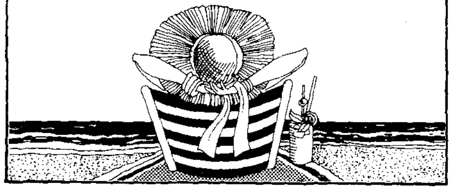


WRIGLEY FIELD
by Carl Johnson
950 signed & numbered lithographs – $125
With its ivy walls, luscious bluegrass, and wind-blown home runs there is no place quite like Wrigley Field.
This timeless full color image is available from,
THE SUMMER GAME™
222 N. Midvale Boulevard
Madison, Wisconsin 53705
To order or request a free brochure
call 1-800-236-3587 anytime.

CHARLES WEBB
designer / woodworker
Continuing a tradition of fine woodwork at our new Harvard Square showroom:
Six Story Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 547-2100

Catalog of Designs: Four Dollars

THE INN PLACE IN JAMAICA
...Your own private bay, with a coral reef just beyond. Country club ambience...deluxe comforts and service...superb cuisine and wines. Plus attractions like watersports, tennis and nearby golf.
PLANTATION INN
Call your travel agent or
1-800-752-6824



is Miramax Films, which was recently acquired by Disney. Its output includes “The Crying Game,” “Cinema Paradiso,” “My Left Foot,” “The Grifters,” “Mr. and Mrs. Bridge,” “Passion Fish,” “Reservoir Dogs,” and “Enchanted April.” Miramax is the creation of two brothers from Queens, Harvey and Robert Weinstein.

What won't you do?

“I wouldn't put violence for violence's sake on a movie screen,” Harvey Weinstein said in an interview in his office, in Tribeca. But he added that his wife thought “Reservoir Dogs” was excessively violent, and walked out when Miramax screened it. “It was too real,” he said. “It wasn't cartoon violence.” Still, Weinstein feels that the movie accurately depicted the banality of the lives of six small-time hoods with hair-trigger tempers. To his wife, it was gruesome. “At the end of the day, it's back to your own personal taste,” Weinstein said. “Is Clint Eastwood's ‘Unforgiven’ art, or is it gratuitous violence? I thought it was a great film. Yet I know a lot of women who felt it was gratuitous violence.”

As the mother of a six-year-old boy, Debra Winger gets livid when she hears that Oliver Stone calls movie ratings a form of censorship. “That's bullshit!” she exclaimed in a telephone interview. “He gets to do whatever he wants. We just want to let people know by some code what it is, so they can decide whether to take their six-year-old or not. Where's his conscience?”

Unlike Stone, Winger finds “gratuitous violence” and kinky sex in too many movies. Like Murdoch, she has not always lived up to her professed standards. But her attitude changed when her son, Noah, was born. “I don't have any nannies, or anything,” said Winger, who left Los Angeles to bring up her son alone in upstate New York. “So when I go out to the movies I usually have to go see something he can see, unless I have a night out. But when I want to see something that's going to entertain me as well, I find it sort of startling.” She scans the small boxes in movie ads searching for PG ratings, which are uncommon. She worries about violence. She worries about foul language. She worries about explicit sex. As an actress in pursuit of interesting roles, she saw these ratings as a threat. Now that she is a parent, she sees them as a guide.

Sometimes she won't let Noah see films that carry a PG-13 label. “I wouldn't let him see ‘Home Alone,’ ” she said, of the movie made by Murdoch's Fox studio. “I hate films where the parents are idiots.” She also hated the joy that the son, played by Macauley Culkin, took in committing acts of violence. “I took Noah to see ‘A River Runs Through It,’ which was great,” she said. “But, my God, getting him through the coming attractions—I had to throw a body block!”

What won't Debra Winger do?

“Gratuitous violence, to me, is not entertaining,” she said. “A lot of people can file it as pure entertainment. I have not been without violent moments in my films, but they're limited, and they're very specific. And, even then, it's my least favorite thing. I mean, somebody blowing away fifteen people in the first reel!”

Why do so many Hollywood figures get defensive about what they view as censorship?

“They're all killers,” she said. “They go from being devoted to their families to being killers. They're cutthroat. When I talk to them about their kids, this is where I find a big defensiveness comes up. They're doing things out in the world that are very, very questionable. And they're all these sort of liberal Democrats. It's all very confusing. It's almost as if they never paused and looked at the whole picture. I see people who go along and their kids are gathered like assets—you know, ‘I have three children now.’ ” In Winger's view, Hollywood itself, with its insularity and its comfortable way of life, shields people from reality, and that may explain why there is a disjunction between the movies made and the individuals who make them. “I'm a strong believer in adversity, and, with the weather there being what it is, and everybody with three cars, and everything there for you, it's sort of tragic, in a weird way,” she said. “There's no feeling of how the world really works.”

STEVEN SEAGAL writes, produces, and stars in the kind of violent action adventures that Debra Winger shields her son from. A former martial-arts instructor, Seagal has now starred in five popular films, often playing the role of an avenger who takes the law into his own hands to crush the forces of darkness.

What won't you do?

“The no-no's for me certainly include making pictures that are simply exploitive,” Seagal said while relaxing in an office bungalow on the Warner Brothers lot, in Burbank. “I've been forced to make movies that I didn't care for, and tried to turn them into something that they originally weren't. And I'm finally getting the power in my career to make the kind of movies that I want to make.” He mentioned “Hard to Kill” as a film he “didn't want to make,” as if he had been forced to make it. The film was “about nothing,” he said, and was “a piece of shit.”

Does he worry about the impact of the violence in his films?

“Absolutely,” he said. “The only thing I can say is that I get thousands and thousands of letters from all over the world—I guess probably hundreds of thousands.” Most of those who write look upon him “as a positive role model,” he said. “So I must be doing something in my films to give that impression. I never did violence in any of my pictures that was unjustifiable.” He defended the vigilante roles he has played, saying, “The judicial system is very flawed, and it's very seldom that the bad guys really get their comeuppance. We're living in a world where the evil and the strong prey upon the innocent, and get away with it, in a large sense.”

Is he concerned that his movies might encourage vigilantism?

“No, because I think history has sort of proven that if people were more rebellious in their thought the system would have to change for the better, because it's not working,” he said. “History has proven that people are so complacent that they are being slowly devastated by urban life the way it is."

MICHAEL OVITZ, who is the chairman of the Creative Artists Agency, one of the three major Hollywood talent agencies, was once one of Seagal's martial-arts students. He made the deal for Seagal's first film role.

What won't Michael Ovitz do?

"Let me start by telling you how we operate on a day-to-day basis," he said. "We have meetings every single day. All the projects—incoming rights materials, ideas, newspaper stories, magazine articles—are reviewed." Of the case involving Amy Fisher and Joey Buttafuoco he said, "In the context of one of those meetings, it came to my attention that we were offered by the lawyer for one of the principals the rights to put it together as a movie or a television movie. And I declined to get involved. I really thought that it was not something this company should associate itself with. Now, by the way, three networks did movies on it. And reasonable men differ. I'm not sitting here passing judgment."

Why did he make that choice?

"I was just exceedingly uncomfortable with the whole story and the reality of it—the tabloid reality of it. That's not to say that some of the fiction that we get involved with is better or worse."

What other projects would C.A.A. decline to represent?

"I can't say in a blanket statement like that," Ovitz replied. "I would never comment on creative people's work. It's not our job to do anything but advise and attempt to be almost pre-editors for them. It's not our job to tell creative people what not to do—unless we think it's morally reprehensible. These are not legal, or even ethical, issues. We are the agents, not the principals. We're not a studio."

What about Madonna's "Sex" book, which many critics dismissed as pornographic? Did Ovitz have qualms about representing the book?

"I think she is brilliant," he said. "I have to tell you that. So I have a personal bias. Whether I agree or disagree with the content of what she does is not relevant. That's a personal issue. When she described the book to us, I thought the whole concept was quite well thought out. The idea of a book being sealed, so it took on a certain taboo, if you will—I'm using her words." He said that C.A.A. represented Madonna on the basis of her oral description of the book. "This was her vision. I had no sense at all of what the content of the book was going to be like. It covered a subject that's as old as the hills, just in a different way. This is a woman who consistently reinvents herself every year. That doesn't happen by accident. I think she's really smart. Did I agree with all the pictures in there? It's not relevant. I didn't know what was in her mind. I only had a vague sense of it when she laid it out for us."

He has three young children. Would he let them see the book?

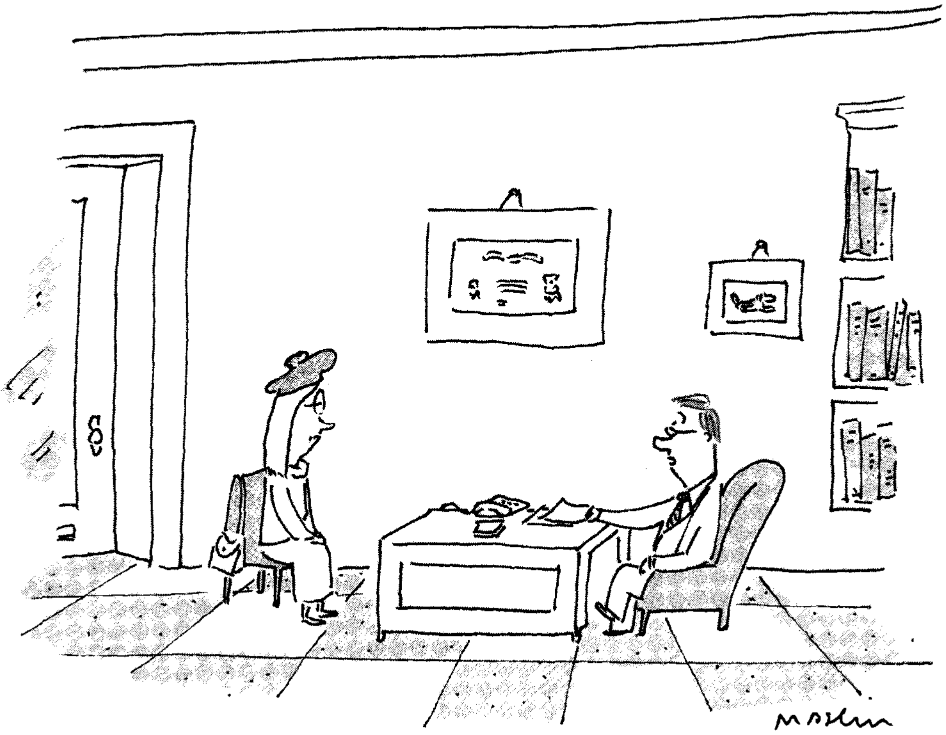
Ovitz hesitated, seeming embarrassed by the question. Then he declared, "I'm not going to get into it. I don't believe that anyone's forced to go see anything. No one was forced to go see Madonna's book, by the way. And it was in a sealed cover. In order to see it, you had to buy it. Or see somebody else's. That's a personal choice. It's like going to see movies. It's self-choice."

Does he believe that violence has an impact on audiences, particularly kids?

"Yes and no," Ovitz replied. He said that seeing a violent film was a question of choice, and that the violence in movies was often "not real." He continued, "People aren't really getting killed. When you were a kid, people said, 'Let's make believe.' "

When he was asked again if he thought that movie violence had any impact, he said, "I absolutely think it has an impact on kids. It becomes a framework on which children build. I remember all the things of my childhood. They've been my framework for my own value system, and I grew up in the fifties in Los Angeles."

Ovitz believes that the movie business corrects its own excesses, and that if there are too many violent and too few PG movies the situation will change. Yet he also believes that what drives the rush for action-adventure movies is the need to top the other guy with slam-bang special effects, with often expensive novelty, with big hits that can help subsidize other pictures. Then he says, "I don't believe this has to be a business of hits. I believe it is possible to have a very mixed business. I think Warner Brothers has proven that very nicely. Warners has had its share of hits, but nowhere near what a lot of other companies have. It's hit a lot of singles and doubles. It has a real mix of movies, and it's to be complimented for it. The same company



"Concerning your former husband, the law allows two options: nailing him to the wall or letting him twist slowly in the wind."

can do 'Driving Miss Daisy' and 'JFK' and 'Batman' and 'Lethal Weapon.' "

Of course, "Batman Returns" is a grimly violent film to promote to children in McDonald's, as Warners did, and the body count in "Lethal Weapon" rivals that of the Vietnam War. But Ovitz still believes that Warners is special, because it has been managed by Robert A. Daly, its chairman, and his president, Terry Semel, for more than a decade, whereas most studios change their management far more often. "In a lot of companies, there's an enormous amount of turmoil and turnover," Ovitz said. "And what that creates is short-term thinking. And one of the things that have hurt our business the most is the lack of people who have the ability to work through their convictions over long periods of time. They're always worried about quarterly reports, and about getting thrown out of their jobs. That instability creates bad product."

HOLLYWOOD may traffic in violent movies, but it doesn't traffic in public criticism of fellow-members of the colony. Few executives speak on the record of actual movies they wouldn't have made or actual performances they wouldn't have produced. An exception, in addition to Rupert Murdoch, is the record and movie producer David Geffen (who sold his Geffen Records to MCA in 1990). When he was asked what he wouldn't do, he answered instantly, "Rather than talk about what I wouldn't do in the abstract, I wouldn't put out the Geto Boys record or Andrew Dice Clay," because he felt that they "celebrated murder" or were "homophobic"—though he did produce albums by Guns 'N' Roses that were widely regarded as containing homophobic material. He disagreed with Time Warner for producing an album by Ice-T: "I'm not going to put out a record about killing policemen."

What would Geffen say to those who claim that he threatens artistic freedom?

"They're free to go make these records," he said. "And other companies are free to distribute them. I'm not going to do it. I'm not saying they don't have the right to do this. I'm simply saying I have the right not to sell them. It's about responsibility. It's not about artistic freedom or censorship."

Geffen is quick to emphasize that he does not advocate censorship—that he believes "there are a great many people" in Hollywood "who really do care" and think about quality. But he also believes that the limitations—and the excesses—of the entertainment business spring from the weaknesses of the people in charge. "Too many people who are involved in the world of making movies don't read, don't have a sense of the written word," he said. "They have no sense of story, and so they're not burdened by seeing a movie that has no story. They have one overriding concern: Will it make money?"

THE director James L. Brooks is burdened by a quality that seems foreign to, say, Oliver Stone: ambivalence. He has written and directed "Broadcast News" and "Terms of Endearment." He is an executive producer of "The Simpsons," on the Fox network, and was a co-writer of such television classics as "Taxi" and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Yet when Brooks was asked "What won't you do?" he said, "I'm confused. There's almost nothing I can say that I could not contradict. There's no question in my mind that, as the parent of two young children, I have to wait a long time to find movies I can take them to. Yet the movie I'm making now—'I'll Do Anything'—I wouldn't want to take my kids to."

As an artist, Brooks concurs with the belief of Oliver Stone and Michael Eisner that any strictures would place a ceiling on his imagination. Yet he applauds the Federal Communications Commission's recent announcement that it would more strictly police the content of Saturday-morning cartoons. "We wouldn't question it for a second if the government moved against drunk driving," he says.

SOMETIMES, as Larry Gordon learned with "The Warriors," it's impossible to anticipate audience reaction. Should a filmmaker think about how the audience may respond? No, says John Landis, who worries that such thinking contains the seeds of censorship.

At forty-two, Landis has directed thirteen feature-length movies, many of which have fared better with audiences than with critics, including "National Lampoon's Animal House," "The Blues Brothers," "An American Werewolf in London," and "Three Amigos." He has also directed two Michael Jackson videos. In discussing one of those videos—"Black or White," made in 1991—Landis inadvertently provided ammunition to those who claim that Hollywood indulges itself too much and thinks too little of consequences. In making this eleven-minute video, Landis recalls, Michael Jackson looked at some footage and said, "It's not dazzling enough."

The last half of the video "was basically an improvisation," Landis said. The video was being shot outdoors in downtown Los Angeles, and Jackson had the idea of letting the music and his mood lift him away. The intensity mounted. As Jackson danced, he noticed a garbage can, and he impulsively grabbed it and heaved it into a store window, shattering the glass. He picked up a crowbar and smashed up a parked car. The violence was unscripted. Landis liked it. "Any Saturday-morning cartoon show has more violence than that," he told me.

But then Jackson further indulged himself, grabbing his crotch and simulating masturbation. He rubbed or squeezed or pulled down the zipper of his fly a total of thirteen times. The choreographer applauded, mentioning that Madonna and Prince did this as well. It was but one example of a Hollywood culture that often exalts self-gratification, from liberated language to sex, drink, and drugs.

Landis was uneasy. "I pointed out that it's not Michael," he said. But Jackson felt that this was "what he wanted to do," Landis said, and Landis went along. At least, it was a bold attempt at self-expression, he said, adding, "Who's to say that's a bad thing?"

Thousands of parents said it was a bad thing. The public furor prompted Jackson to apologize and Landis to quickly sanitize the video.

Landis has no trouble with the movie-ratings system, believing that it was established "to prevent government censorship" and pointing out that "the

M.P.A.A. doesn't say to you, 'You can't do this.' " But, like Oliver Stone and others, he seems to believe that censorship is a real danger to Hollywood. "Right now in America, people are taking 'Huckleberry Finn' off bookshelves," he said. When he was asked about Dan Quayle's criticism of Hollywood's "cultural élite," he said, "The last time I heard that was in Berlin."

TED HARBERT is the president of the entertainment division of ABC, which finished the season in second place in the network-ratings system. (CBS was first.) I interviewed him at his office in Century City, in Los Angeles.

What won't Harbert do?

After a long pause, Harbert said that recently he had refused to approve a made-for-TV movie—"I don't want to name it, because it would be unfair to the producer," he said—because it was about nothing but "titillation." He was convinced that it would "get a big number," he said, but he refused to make it, because he felt that doing so would be "pandering to the audience."

Why, then, did ABC broadcast an Amy Fisher movie?

"Good question," he said. He conceded that the networks had no reason to be proud that they had all done Amy Fisher movies. "Yet that's not the full analysis," Harbert said. The real question, he said, is why more than a hundred million people watched these movies. "Part of me—I'm not sure how big a part of me, probably a small part of me—was hoping that after NBC put on the first one the audience would say, 'O.K., I've seen my Amy Fisher story, and ABC's and CBS's I'm not gonna watch.' This would be a good message to network television if the audience said, 'One's enough!' "

Why do viewers display such fervor for these stories?

"My perception is that Americans don't talk to each other very much," Harbert said. "People used to sit on the back fence and talk to each other. They'd sit on the front porch and neighbors would talk. Television has replaced the back fence. Americans love to gossip. It's just something that's part of who we are. We get our gossip from television. . . . Americans now use made-for-TV movies as a way to look in their neighbors' window. That being the case, then what's the programmers' decision about whether or not to do Amy Fisher?"

What's Ted Harbert's decision about what he won't do?

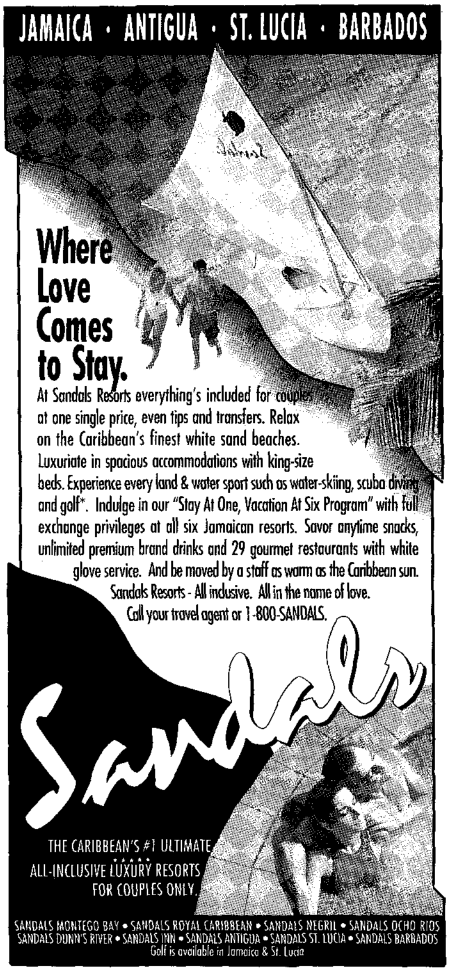
He pointed to the picture of his daughter, Emily, on a bookcase. Emily is three, and a son, William, was born in April. "Emily's entrance into the world totally changed the way I look at television," he said. "I have a massive problem, a personal problem, with violence now on television. I am working very hard to minimize the amount of violence on our air. Frankly, I already think we do a pretty good job of it."

Why did the arrival of a daughter alter his thinking as a programmer?

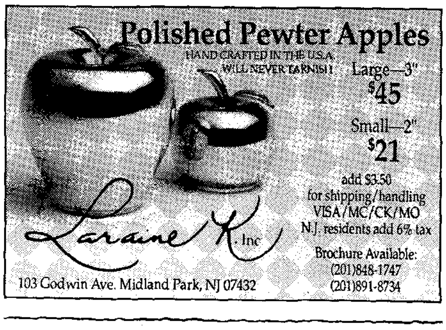
"Because when she sits there in front of the TV with me (and, fortunately or unfortunately, it's going to be a fact of life in my home that the TV is going to be on a lot), if a promo comes on that I would never let her sit there and watch, or if something comes on that is violent, or the news comes on and she looks at it and this look of bewilderment comes across her face—'What is that man doing, Daddy?'—I don't have a very good answer."

ABC recently broadcast a movie, "Between Love and Hate," that ends with a youth firing six bullets into his former lover. Harbert's defense is that a network, like a newspaper, offers choices. "I'm a firm believer that there is adult time, and adults get to watch adult programs," he said. "And adults can handle that kind of television. Children can't. This will sound like a paradox, but I don't believe we have to program the network and absolve the parents of responsibility, as if it were our problem and not the parents' problem. Parents have to be responsible for what their kids watch."

Parents might agree with that, while also stressing the responsibility of Hollywood programmers for what they generate. Many Hollywood programmers lead two lives—a truth they avoid by complaining about government censorship. "We all know they're good citizens," observed Grant Tinker, the founder of the MTM Enterprises studio and the former chairman of NBC. "They give generously. They're good parents. Then, on the lot, they make creative decisions for the wrong reason—to save their job. They are schizophrenics." ◆


JAMAICA • ANTIGUA • ST. LUCIA • BARBADOS
Where Love Comes to Stay.
At Sandals Resorts everything's included for couples at one single price, even tips and transfers. Relax on the Caribbean's finest white sand beaches. Luxuriate in spacious accommodations with king-size beds. Experience every land & water sport such as water-skiing, scuba diving and golf*. Indulge in our "Stay At One, Vacation At Six Program" with full exchange privileges at all six Jamaican resorts. Savor anytime snacks, unlimited premium brand drinks and 29 gourmet restaurants with white glove service. And be moved by a staff as warm as the Caribbean sun.
Sandals Resorts - All inclusive. All in the name of love.
Call your travel agent or 1-800-SANDALS.
Sandals
THE CARIBBEAN'S #1 ULTIMATE ALL-INCLUSIVE LUXURY RESORTS FOR COUPLES ONLY.
SANDALS MONTEGO BAY • SANDALS ROYAL CARIBBEAN • SANDALS NEGRIL • SANDALS OCHO RIOS
SANDALS DUNN'S RIVER • SANDALS INN • SANDALS ANTIGUA • SANDALS ST. LUCIA • SANDALS BARBADOS
Golf is available in Jamaica & St. Lucia

TENNIS ELBOW?
Demo the remarkable Rocker racquet from Mitt, USA. Patented Rocker Stringing System eliminates shock without sacrificing power or control. Thirty-day money-back guarantee.
FREE VIDEO:
1-800-252-MITT
Mitt USA, P.O. Box 1501, Spokane, WA 99210.


Polished Pewter Apples
HAND CRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.
WILL NEVER TARNISH!
Large—3" $45
Small—2" $21
add $3.50 for shipping/handling
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax
Brochure Available:
(201)848-1747
(201)891-8734
Laraine K. Inc
103 Godwin Ave. Midland Park, NJ 07432

NOISY NEIGHBORS?
At last! A remarkable breakthrough for noise relief:
THE QUIET MACHINE™
Free Brochure. First & Co., 718•544•7563
P.O. Box 916 Dept. N, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375

What we know about getting money for your kid's college education is an education in itself.

The curious flowchart you see to the right illustrates a nifty financing structure involving a foreign currency swap, an interest rate swap, and a basis swap.

Now, we won't waste your time explaining what "swaps" are and how they work. That would take an ad twice as long as this.

But we will tell you that the money we raise through such financial transactions is used to fund something critically important to us all—*higher education in America.*

Which is what Sallie Mae is all about.

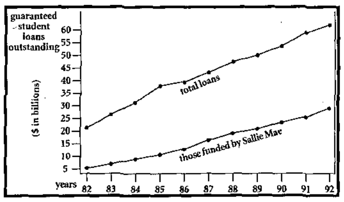
Where the money comes from.

Okay, so what does all this complex financial stuff have to do with higher education, or, to put it in even broader terms, post-secondary education?

It helps make getting money for college easier.

Let's say your son or daughter wants to study international finance. Excellent choice. So he or she gets one of those guaranteed student loans.

Contrary to popular belief, that loan is not funded by the government; it's insured by it, in much the same way the FHA insures a lot of mortgages.



All guaranteed student loans are funded with private capital.

And, in over a third of the cases, the source of that private capital is Sallie Mae.

At Sallie Mae, we use all the financial savvy available—like using the "swaps" shown here—to provide money for higher education.

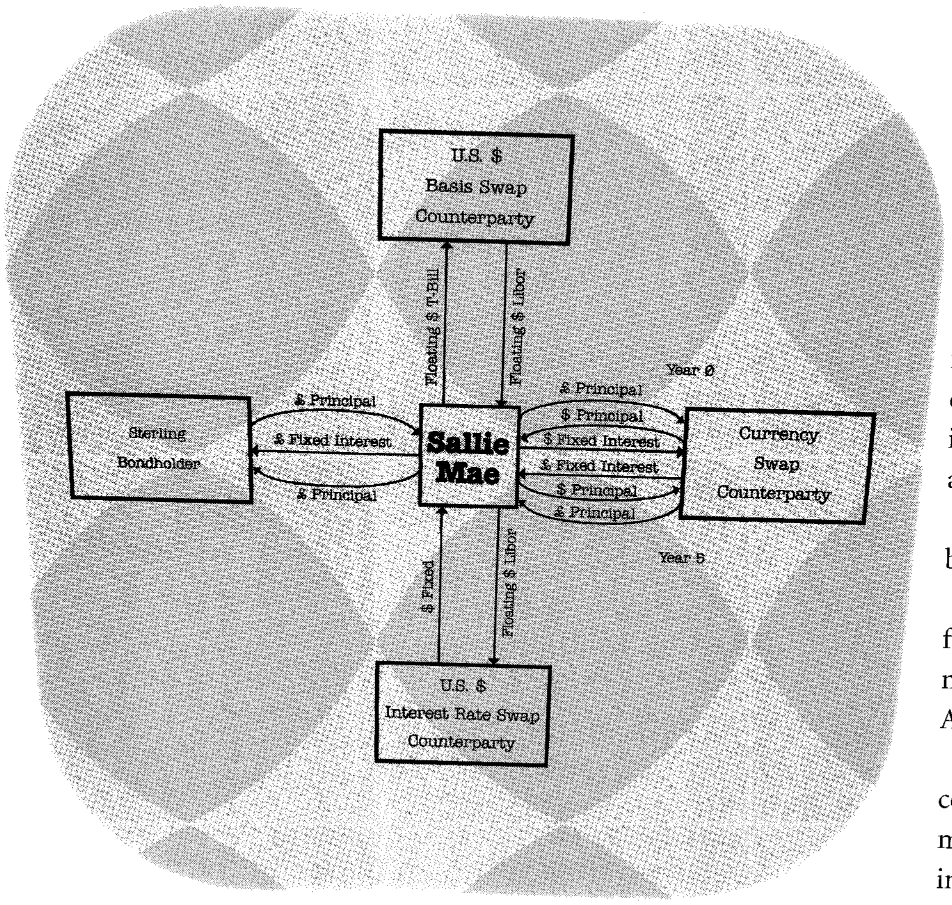
Which, in turn, makes it possible for students to get education loans whenever they need them.

Where the money goes.

We don't lend directly to students or parents. But they do benefit directly.

Working with banks, state higher education authorities, guarantors, and schools, we financed some $9 billion of the $80 billion students and their families paid for higher education in 1991-92.

Most of our financing is for student loans. But we also


U.S. $
Basis Swap
Counterparty
Floating $ T-Bill
Floating $ Libor
Sterling
Bondholder
£ Principal
£ Fixed Interest
£ Principal
Sallie
Mae
Year 0
£ Principal
$ Principal
$ Fixed Interest
£ Fixed Interest
$ Principal
£ Principal
Year 5
Currency
Swap
Counterparty
$ Fixed
Floating $ Libor
U.S. $
Interest Rate Swap
Counterparty

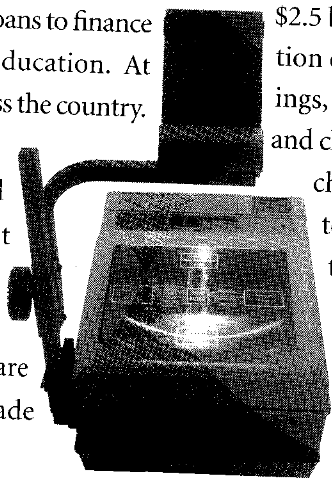
provide funds for loans to parents who are putting their children through college. And Health Education Assistance Loans for prospective health care professionals.

Even people who tap into their home equity or take out personal loans for college may be using funds provided by Sallie Mae.

All told, more than 6.5 million borrowers rely on Sallie Mae for loans to finance every kind of education. At schools all across the country.

Some students need money for just one or two semesters.

Some are going to trade school.



1050 Thomas Jefferson Street, N.W. Washington, D.C 20007-3871

Some are getting their master's or doctoral degrees.

Post-Secondary Education
Costs Borne By Students
And Families In 1991-92

- *$80 billion total*
- *$9 billion through Sallie Mae*

And others are learning new workplace skills at their community college.

Sallie Mae also helps schools. Some 200 colleges in 38 states have received nearly $2.5 billion for the construction or renovation of buildings, research labs, libraries, and classrooms. And to purchase essential teaching tools like computers, telescopes, even pianos.

With so many people and institutions depending on us for funds, we employ some of the best financial talent in the world.

How the money is made.

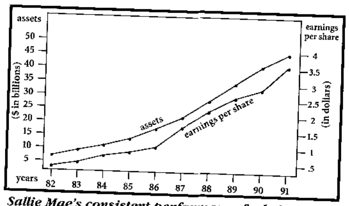
It doesn't take a Ph.D. in finance to know that money doesn't grow on trees. But money does grow. And few companies have been growing it as intelligently and prudently as ours.

We have nearly $50 billion in assets.

We're one of just a handful of financial services companies in the country to have a AAA balance sheet.

And through sound, conservative balance sheet management and marketplace innovation, we consistently generate returns that keep private capital flowing in, no matter what kind of economic conditions prevail.

All of which attracts some of the smartest private capital investors in the world to invest in Sallie Mae.



Sallie Mae's consistent performance fuels investing which in turn supports more student credit

And that money finances higher education right here. In America.

No matter what America's future education finance needs will be, Sallie Mae will continue to focus the full power of private capital markets on meeting them.

SallieMae

A New York Stock Exchange Company.

Fishing the Maine wilderness...in luxury

Superb cuisine.
Elegant accommodations.
Your own personal guide.

We greet you at Bangor International Airport. The Falcon float plane then flies you back into the wilderness. Back to one of Maine's most remote, most pristine fishing grounds. The Falcon lodge, and your personal living quarters, are amazingly plush. Cuisine has been likened to the finest European restaurants. Evening cocktails and quiet sunsets all included. As is your guide, the spectacular scenery and amenities uncommon to the wilderness. Corporate rates available.

The Falcon Experience videocassette: $15.00. MasterCard. VISA American Express

FALCON
LODGE
IN MAINE
800-825-8234

Brochure and reservation information:
FALCON-RR, Box 1899, Bangor, ME 04402-1899

Long Bay Beach Resort
TORTOLA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS
Tortola's beach resort spoils you with a choice of deluxe tropical accommodations, the Island's finest food, and nearly a mile of secluded beach. For reservations call your travel agent or 1-800-729-9599.

OK MOZART
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL
June 10-20
Ransom WILSON
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR
SOLISTI New York ORCHESTRA
918 336-9900
BARTLESVILLE OKLAHOMA

HOTEL DE LA POSTE
THE HEART OF THE FRENCH QUARTER
• *Two blocks from Bourbon St.* • *Romantic Courtyard & Balconies*
• *Bacco Ristorante & Bar* • *Outdoor Swimming Pool*
FOR BROCHURE & RESERVATIONS CALL 800.448.4927
316 CHARTRES ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA 70130

BETWEEN THE ACTS

IN MR. B.'S STEPS

Why is New York City Ballet shutting out Suzanne Farrell, the quintessential George Balanchine interpreter, even as it celebrates a retrospective of his work?

BY DAVID DANIEL

MICHAEL WITTE

THESE days, when Suzanne Farrell makes a personal appearance you are drawn first by the pale, delicate face, with its wide-set anemone eyes. It doesn't seem to have changed in the least. But it's her feet that get you. Her shoe size is average—7½ medium—but her metatarsal bone is so long and so eloquently curved that her feet appear to be longer and narrower than they really are. "More to look at," George Balanchine used to say.

Farrell represents the largest single creative investment Balanchine ever made in a dancer. During the twenty-two years she danced for him, at New York City Ballet, she appeared in more than two thousand performances. The roles she did not learn directly from Balanchine she learned, for the most part, from the women for whom he originally made them. Her knowledge of his technique, his style, his methods of working, and his repertoire encompasses the history of the company itself. Under Balanchine's supervision, Farrell reinvented the look of the ballerina. No female dancer today is untouched by that look, whether she knows it or not.

Farrell retired in 1989, and now, at forty-seven, she travels through America and Europe as a répétiteur for the Balanchine Trust, teaching classes and coaching and staging Balanchine's ballets. (The trust, which is entirely independent of N.Y.C.B., was set up after Balanchine's death to oversee the licensing and performance rights to his ballets.) In the past three years, however, she has been invited to teach at the site of her former triumphs only a dozen or so times. Odder still, when N.Y.C.B. embarked on its first major Balanchine retrospective—the Balanchine Celebration, which opened this month—it asked her to stage only a single work: "Tzigane." This was one of Farrell's signature ballets, left to her by Balanchine in his will. She has exclusive ownership, which means that it cannot be staged without her supervision. The company was not legally compelled to request her participation in the twelve other ballets Balanchine had created or restaged mainly for her, and it did not do so. Nor did it ask for her assistance on any of the forty-six Balanchine ballets in which she had danced principal roles. (At the last minute, Farrell was asked to stage "Gounod Symphony," a ballet that she had never danced, and one that, owing to the complexity of the corps de ballet's role, is regarded as a répétiteur's nightmare, but the invitation came after she had accepted another commitment.) Farrell is not the only former Balanchine star to have been given a minimal role to play. Though Balanchine Celebration publicity proudly features the name Suzanne Farrell, along with Maria Tallchief, Tanaquil Le Clercq, Jerome Robbins, Todd Bolender, Jacques d'Amboise, Patricia McBride, and Edward Villella, the truth is that most of these dancers, several of whom run their own companies, are being required only to put a gloss of "style" on ballets that have been rehearsed without them.

Peter Martins, Farrell's former partner, who is now the head of City Ballet, has on several occasions emphasized her importance to the company. In November of 1989, for example, at a party in honor of her farewell appearance, he said, "There will always be a place for Suzanne Farrell at New York City Ballet. She can do whatever she wants." Recently, I asked the City Ballet press office to define Farrell's status vis-à-vis the company. (We have been friends for years, and we are working on a lecture series together.) What work did she do for the company, and, if she worked for it, why wasn't her name on its masthead? In an interview that Martins gave in September of 1990 to Robert Greskovic, of the Los Angeles *Times*, he had said of Farrell, "She and I have had a series of conversations over the summer, and she is going to begin here now in the fall. She's going to come in, to be . . . I hate the word 'coach,' but I guess there's nothing closer than that." But Farrell's name has never appeared on the masthead even though New York City Ballet had told Joan Acocella, for an article in the September, 1991, issue of *Dance Magazine*, that she was indeed employed there. I mentioned all this to the press office, and was told that someone would get back to me. Several hours later, a company spokesperson telephoned and said, "Miss Farrell is a former principal dancer with the company." She went on to say that Farrell had occasionally taught class and had coached from time to time. The company could not confirm whether or not she received a salary.

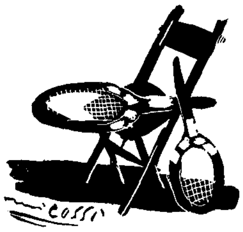
I also telephoned the School of American Ballet and asked about Farrell's status there. The answer was "Miss Farrell enjoys what you might call most-favored-alumna status. She teaches here occasionally, and, of course, she takes class here any time she wishes." Farrell taught two classes at S.A.B. last year. She has not taught a single class so far this year; she hasn't even been called in as a substitute teacher when someone was absent.

Farrell told me that she does receive a small yearly stipend from the company, but it would be stretching the truth to say that she is employed by N.Y.C.B. In addition to teaching, she has coached or taught roles to a few of the company's principals. For a brief time, dancers used to request special rehearsals with Farrell; that practice ended after they discovered that she was not being notified of their requests. She is regularly asked, however, to mix with patrons and board members at fund-raising dinners and to speak at N.Y.C.B. Guild luncheons. She keeps the company informed of her schedule, but she has been asked to do real work only when, as in the case of "Gounod Symphony," it is too late for her to comply.

No one currently employed at N.Y.C.B. is willing to speak on the record with regard to the company's treatment of Farrell. Yet it is one of the most talked-about subjects in private conversation. And the ostensible reasons that are given for Martins' not hiring Farrell at either the company or the school are always the same: (1) she simply cannot teach; (2) her classes are too difficult; (3) she demands too much discipline; (4) her own technique was such a natural phenomenon that she has no idea how to impart it to another dancer; (5) she was an insular star, concerned only with her own solo parts, and never paid attention to the rest of a ballet; and (6) she is impossible to deal with.

When Laurence Matthews, who was a member of the corps de ballet for sixteen years, was asked why he thought Martins had not hired Farrell for N.Y.C.B., he said, "I think Peter is threatened by people who have a real, authoritative understanding of Balanchine's aesthetic. Which makes Suzanne the scariest of all."

Francisco Moncion, who may have had the longest career of any dancer ever to work for Balanchine (they began working together in Ballet Society in 1946, and Moncion was with N.Y.C.B. until 1988), is even more damning in his indictment of Martins and the current state of the Balanchine repertoire. Concerning Farrell's nominal salary, Moncion says, "This gesture puts Peter in a sort of magnanimous role. It looks as though he were taking care of Balanchine's most precious dancer. But she has no function in the company. It is my impression that Peter actually wishes to purge the company of any taint of Balanchine. He seems to think that the faster Balanchine's disciples leave, the sooner he will stop being compared with Balanchine. But he doesn't seem to have realized that the price of this policy is the deterioration of the ballets."

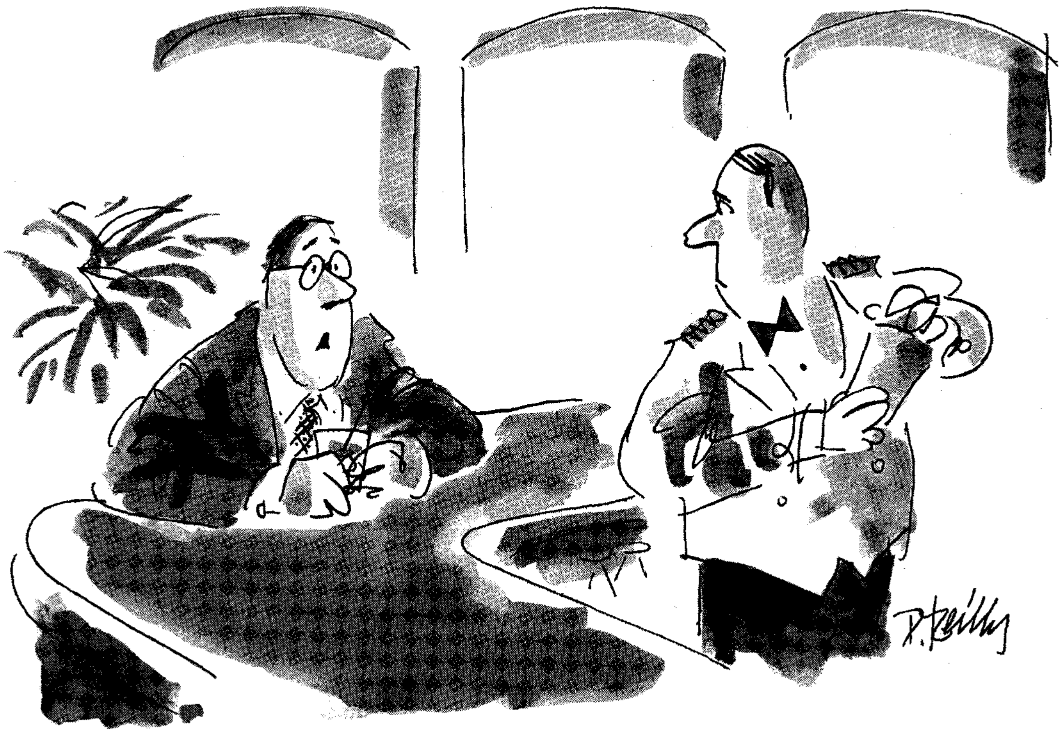


Many present and former company members agree with Moncion; many others are just confused and unhappy. There have even been rumors of altercations between Martins and Karin von Aroldingen, a former principal dancer with N.Y.C.B., who owns the rights to some of Balanchine's most important works, and who was Balanchine's closest companion in his final years; she is also, with Barbara Horgan, a founder of the Balanchine Trust. She says, "I regret the current deterioration of the Balanchine repertoire. Stylistic details are missing, the musicality is deficient, and the choreography itself is disappearing little by little."

"I know what Balanchine wanted," Farrell says. "However, it's not just a matter of doing something a particular way simply because Balanchine said so. The point is that he was right. His technique and his choreography are intertwined; they cannot be separated and still be what he envisioned. I learned that from his class. I was there every day, and I was also in the theatre every day. Perhaps some people watched more performances than I did, but I daresay that no one saw more than I did. Of course I was concerned with my own performance. But I did listen and learn. I don't consider it impossible that some new genius could come along and show us an even more extraordinary way of dancing. But, when that happens, that new way of dancing will contain everything that Balanchine discovered, just as Balanchine's dancing contained everything that came before him. And, when that moment arrives, I'll be the first to join the parade."

Many dancers attest to Farrell's gifts as a teacher, among them Karin von Aroldingen. "Suzanne's authority in teaching Balanchine's class is absolute and unquestionable," she says. "She was his epitome of the ideal dancer, and she understood everything he wanted. Her classes are just like his—demanding, inventive, musical. You can't do anything by rote in her class: you never know what's coming next. She makes you think all the time. Just like Balanchine."

When Farrell staged her first Balanchine ballet ever—"Scotch Symphony," for the Kirov Ballet, in St. Petersburg, in 1989—Irina Kolpakova was



"Twenty years of marriage, then one day—bang! She has to go run with the wolves."

• •

present at nearly every one of the rehearsals. Kolpakova, now a ballet mistress at American Ballet Theatre, is one of the most celebrated dancers of our time, and is on everyone's short list of the greatest dancers of this century. Kolpakova was in no way involved with the production; she was simply curious to know about Farrell and Balanchine. "As I watched her rehearsals, I was captivated by the beauty and expressiveness of her movements while she demonstrated the steps to our dancers," Kolpakova says. "I was very impressed by her persistence in demanding the same qualities from our performers. She insisted on freedom of movement, lightness, spontaneity, expressiveness, speed, and a quality of movement that has an unbound effect, which she said should 'embrace the entire stage.' At the same time, she was very careful about preserving the detail and precision of execution of Balanchine's choreography. She was very successful in achieving these goals."

This production was also the first time Farrell had been required to teach a role to a male dancer. For the male lead she chose Yuri Zhukov, a member of the corps de ballet, whom Kolpakova has described as "romantic and impulsive." Zhukov, now a principal dancer with the San Francisco Ballet, says, "It was very brave of Suzanne to choose me for this part. I had danced some soloist roles, but I was really not in line to dance such an important part. Yet Suzanne fought the bureaucracy and insisted on me. She showed me how to do many things I'd never done before, such as faster preparations for pirouettes. She showed me the correct Balanchine style, but she always allowed me—like all of us—to find my own way of doing things. She never said that something could only be done one way."

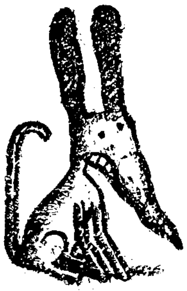
Helene Alexopoulos, a ballerina with N.Y.C.B., says that her experience in working with Farrell, who coached her in the fourth movement of "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" in 1990, was one of the most exciting moments in her career. "This was one of Suzanne's greatest, most flamboyant roles," she told me recently. "And the image of her, with the ribbons and roses in her hair, and being so sultry and flinging herself around—Suzanne's stamp is all over the role. I didn't want to be a cheap parody of her, and yet I wanted to do justice to the part. Suzanne did not try to impose her interpretation on me. She never diluted the choreography. It's just that she has a sixth sense about dancers and people. She understood my temperament and how I react and what looks good on me. She also showed me many refinements—'tricks,' if you will—about how to get into or out of a difficult step and make it look right and natural."

Farrell says, "When I teach class in Paris, say, or Vienna, I do insist that the girls take class—even the barre—on point, unless there's a good reason not to, like an injury. Balanchine felt that it was important for a woman to wear point shoes, which are so artificial to begin with, until they seem as natural as your own skin. Taking ballet class in soft leather slippers is useless. You don't learn to dance on point by not dancing on point." The practice of taking the entire class in point shoes was started by Balanchine in the early sixties, and many other companies now require it. "I insist on what Balanchine asked for: that dancers listen keenly to the music, that they bend—I mean really *bend.* I also emphasize his manner of using demi-plié as a means to both soften and strengthen the quality of movement. I ask for huge, open fourth positions and a closed, crossed, tight fifth position. You have to insist on these things every day. His ballets exist, for one thing, to give dancers freedom of expression. But there is no freedom of expression without discipline."

Farrell will not comment on the current state of the Balanchine repertory at N.Y.C.B. or on the company's teaching methods. All she will say is "I never thought I would live to see the day when I didn't work for N.Y.C.B. But things change. Balanchine knew that, and he always adapted to whatever circumstances he found himself in. I enjoy my work no matter where I'm doing it. Every day, even now, I find there's something new to be discovered in Balanchine's works. I think my two hip operations and the rehabilitation afterward have given me a keener sense of the mechanics of ballet technique. Some people are under the impression that it was dancing Balanchine's ballets that damaged my hips, but in fact it was a hereditary condition. My father has two artificial hips. I've been forced to analyze everything I ever knew, unconsciously or otherwise, about movement. And it has helped me to find more solutions to problems in working with dancers."

Of Martins himself, Farrell has tender memories. "My partnership with Peter was something every ballerina dreams of," she said recently. "Many go through their entire careers without ever having a real partnership. I had two—first with Jacques d'Amboise and then with Peter. Balanchine and Peter and I were so lucky that our orbits intersected at just the right moment for all of us. Balanchine was inspired to do things for us. Peter and I looked good together, and we shared the same ideals and many of the same work habits."

Farrell does not go on to say what was obvious to audiences at the time—that it was she who forced Martins into his greatest glory. There was never any mistaking that he was a star and a virtuoso. He was so handsome and elegant, and moved with such a plangent ease, that he could command the stage no matter whom he danced with. Part of his charm as a performer derived from his almost phlegmatic assurance that he was the equal—if not the superior—of any partner. Farrell's return to the company in the mid-seventies, after four years of dancing with Maurice Béjart in Europe, and Balanchine's pairing her with Martins in such pieces as "Symphony in C," "Diamonds," "Chaconne," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," gave Martins his first real competition for the audience's attention. Farrell was nearing her physical peak as a performer, and Martins found himself having to compete with a woman who could challenge him on his own terms. Farrell was his equal in physical glamour and technical polish; she exceeded him in daring and speed and brilliance. Martins' response to Farrell's challenge was magisterial. He competed by appearing not to compete, and he seemed to love the exhilaration they produced in each other and in the audience. Martins once told me that dancing with Farrell in the coda of "Diamonds" was "like trying to catch a fish with your bare hands," and he went on, "I'd be twenty feet away, and all of a sudden I'd see her downstage doing a triple pirouette into arabesque penchée. And I'd have to get to her in about two steps." He succeeded. Farrell made him quicker, more alert, calmer, more assertive, more manly. And his repose, his graciousness to her made her seem all the more wondrously feminine.



Farrell says, "No one ever wished for Peter's success more than I. After all, the company means a great deal to me, too. I spent more than half my life in it. The time I spent with Balanchine was the greatest experience a dancer could have. The impact that he made on me—and that I know he made on others as well—is something I want to pass on to the next generation. It's that simple."

Farrell, who is shy to the point of aloofness (some say coldness), has always led a quiet life. She lives alone in a huge, prewar duplex apartment near Lincoln Center. She rarely sees her husband, Paul Mejia, the artistic director of the Fort Worth Ballet. (The two of them run a summer ballet camp on an island they own in the Adirondacks.) Private life for Farrell means an occasional dinner or concert with a friend or two. Otherwise, she's working. She's a member of the jury that awards scholarships for the Princess Grace Foundation, a member of the senior advisory board of the New York chapter of the Arthritis Foundation, and vice-chairman of the board of trustees of the Professional Children's School. She's collaborating with the documentary filmmaker Anne Belle on a film about her career. She's writing the story of Balanchine's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for an illustrated book for children. And the Balanchine Trust has arranged for her to stage ballets for companies in Boston, Omaha, Cincinnati, and Fort Worth.

Is Farrell a diva who simply cannot be dealt with? She is indeed a diva, and a star, but I find her neither implacable nor insatiable. Not long ago, I watched with her a film of her dancing more than twenty-five years ago. When I asked her what she thought of it, she said, "Some of it is good, and some is not so good. Some of it is very good indeed. But the performance is over, and that's that. I'm not going to be one of those women who retire from the stage and live the rest of their lives in nostalgia for the greatness they *hoped* they achieved. I'm ready for new memories, not new ways of looking at old ones." ♦

Maui's best kept secret? Not anymore.

Enjoy Maui's most coveted resort, with a rental car thrown into the bargain.

- Mid-sized Rental Car
- Partial Oceanview Room
- Breakfast Buffet

$189 per night, double occupancy. Effective through 12/22/93.

Call 1-800-321-MAUI
for the "Prince Special."

MAUI PRINCE HOTEL
MAKENA RESORT

one of The Leading Hotels of the World
PREFERRED HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

LONDON APARTMENTS

Enjoy your own apartment or house in Knightsbridge, Mayfair, or other central London location. Over 60 moderate-luxury units, ranging from studio flats to 4 bedroom houses. Maid service, fax, other business services available.

IN THE ENGLISH MANNER
515 So. Figueroa St., #1000
Los Angeles, CA 90071 800-422-0799

CARROT PIN
From James Breakell's workshop, a perfectly detailed carrot pin. In sterling silver $35. 14k gold $330. Add $3.50 handling. Catalog available. Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-800-767-6411
1⅞"
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St., Dept NYCA Newport, RI 02840

Summertime Cruises

Sail the Maine Coast

Today the Pinky Schooner, Summertime, offers three and six day cruises of the breathtakingly beautiful waters of Coastal Maine.

• Individuals or groups up to six • Group discounts •
• Call for reservations and/or free brochure •

115-F So. Main St., Rockland, Maine 04841, 800-562-8290

A REPORTER AT LARGE

REMEMBERING *SATAN*—PART I

The small town of Olympia, Washington, was devastated when the Ingrams, one of its most respected families, suddenly self-destructed amid bizarre accounts of sexual abuse and satanic ritual. As the family unravelled, the allegations escalated into a landmark case in the national obsession with cults and "recovered" memory.

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

ON the morning of Monday, November 28, 1988, the day that Paul R. Ingram was to be arrested, he dressed for his job, at the Thurston County Sheriff's Office, where he had worked for nearly seventeen years, went downstairs and ate breakfast, and then, to his surprise, suddenly vomited. He thought at first that it must be the flu; then he realized that it was simply fear.

Ingram, who was forty-three, was already a familiar figure to most citizens of Olympia, Washington, but before long his face would begin appearing every morning in the *Olympian* as a self-admitted child molester and Satan worshipper. To most people who knew him, Ingram, who is tall and square-jawed, with oversized glasses and a brown mustache, might seem to be the least likely Satanist in the county. Until that day, he had served as the chief civil deputy of the sheriff's department and the chairman of the local Republican Party. He had been active in the deputy sheriffs' association and in the Church of Living Water, a Protestant fundamentalist denomination. He spent much of his time in schools talking to kids about the dangers of drug use. He was himself the father of five living children. (A retarded daughter had recently died in a state institution.) As a politician, he was seen as a bridge between moderate conservatives and the fundamentalist Christian right. As a police officer, he was regarded more highly by the public than by other cops. He had been known in his department for being the sort of hard-ass who enjoyed traffic patrol and would issue a speeding ticket to someone for driving just five miles over the limit, and yet his personnel file contained not a single complaint; instead, it was filled with commendations from citizens who wished to thank him for the courtesy he had shown while issuing their citations.

Now Ingram was about to be caught up in the escalating controversy in this country over the nature of memory—in particular, over the validity of "recovered" memories of what has come to be called "satanic-ritual abuse." At eight o'clock on that Monday morning, Ingram drove into the parking lot of the courthouse complex, which sits at the very top of a hill beside Capitol Lake. Across the way, the capitol looms, ghostlike, above the low-lying town, and beyond it one can see the Olympic Mountains and Budd Inlet, which is the farthest-reaching finger of Puget Sound. Olympia, perhaps because of its beauty, its classical name, and a shroud of mystery that often hangs over it—in the form of fog or drizzle—has acquired a reputation as a spiritual center. J. Z. Knight, a well-known New Age channeller, owns a large estate east of the city. (She is widely regarded as the richest woman in the county; the local lore is that her horse stables have chandeliers in every stall.) Celebrity acolytes such as Shirley MacLaine and Linda Evans have sometimes passed through Olympia on their way to visit Knight. A small coven of witches runs a local herb shop. Like most Washingtonians, the people of Olympia pride themselves on their tolerance. It would be fair to say that the town is better known for its New Age believers than for its fundamentalist Christians, but both elements are deeply entwined with the life of the town, and are sometimes loudly at odds.

Fifteen minutes after Ingram arrived at work, he was summoned to the office of his boss, Sheriff Gary Edwards, who was one of the few Republican officeholders in the county, and who had personally appointed Ingram to the position of chief civil deputy in 1986. The No. 2 man in the department, Under-Sheriff Neil McClanahan, joined them and relieved Ingram of his automatic pistol, which he habitually wore in an ankle holster. "Paul, there's a problem," Edwards said when Ingram sat down. He asked if Ingram knew about the sexual-molestation charges that his two daughters, Ericka and Julie (then twenty-two and eighteen, respectively), had made. Ingram said that he did. He said that he could not remember having ever molested his daughters, but added, "If this did happen, we need to take care of it." He said, "I can't see myself doing this," but added, "There may be a dark side of me that I don't know about." What is more, Ingram warned, if the charges were true, then not only his daughters but also his sons would need help. "I've never thought about suicide before, and I can handle just about anything, but if it turns out that I have done something I want you to get all my guns out of the house, just in case," he said. He asked to take a lie-detector test, so he could "get to the bottom of this."

"I hope you're not going to make these girls go through a trial," Edwards said.

Ingram answered that he just wanted to discover the truth and that he was willing to talk to detectives without a lawyer present. At 9 A.M., McClanahan escorted him to the office of Detectives Joe Vukich and Brian Schoening, who handled sex offenses. Both men knew Ingram well. Vukich had known Ingram since joining the force, in 1976; they had worked the same district, and Ingram had often invited Vukich, then a baby-faced rookie, over to his house for barbecue and card games. As far as Vukich could tell, Ingram was a decent, easy-going family man and all-American husband. Ingram was both men's superior in the department, so from the beginning the interrogation was uncomfortable and conflicted for them and for him.

Several hours into the questioning, Vukich turned on a tape recorder in order to take Ingram's official statement. Ingram now said, "I really believe that the allegations did occur and that I did violate them and abuse them and probably for a long period of time. I've repressed it."

Vukich asked Ingram why he was confessing if he couldn't remember the violations, and Ingram replied, "Well, number one, my girls know me. They wouldn't lie about something like this. And, uh, there's other evidence."

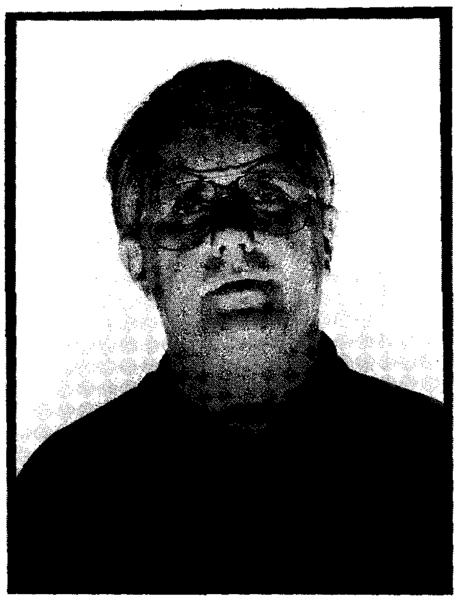
"And what, in your mind, would that evidence be?" one of the detectives asked.

"The way they've been acting for at least the last couple years and the fact that I've not been able to be affectionate with them, uh, even though I want to be," Ingram said. "I have a hard time hugging them, or even telling them that I love them, and, uh, I just know that that's not natural." Ingram went on to say that he had probably touched both Ericka and Julie in an inappropriate sexual manner, but when Schoening and Vukich pressed him to recall specific incidents he again said, "I don't remember anything."

It is not unusual in a police investigation for a suspect to say that he doesn't remember having committed a crime, especially if the crime is a sex offense. Oftentimes, the explanation involves the use of alcohol or drugs, but the claim of a faulty memory can also be a ploy on the part of the suspect to flesh out the charges—to see what evidence, if any, the police have. It was the experience of Schoening and Vukich that a suspect who said he didn't remember anything was either avoiding the truth or standing on the threshold of a confession, so at this point guilt was the tacit assumption that underlay the interrogation: Ingram wasn't saying "I didn't do it"; he was saying he couldn't *see* himself doing it.

Vukich turned off the tape recorder while he and Schoening attempted to move Ingram to accept his guilt. During the next twenty minutes, they told him that his daughters were shattered by his abuse, and provided him with some of the details that the girls had included in their statements. Ingram would later recall Vukich's having assured him that, if he did confess, the memories would come back. According to notes that Schoening took during the interrogation, Ingram was praying feverishly. When the detectives turned on the tape recorder again, Schoening noted that Ingram was staring at the wall, clutching his hands, and that he then went into a "trance-type thing." He began describing a scene in which he came into his older daughter's room and removed his bathrobe. Then, he said, "I would've removed her clothing, uh, at least the underpants or bottoms to the nightgown."

"O.K., you say 'would've,' " one of the detectives said. "Now, do you mean you would've, or did you?"



The tormented revelations about Paul Ingram (top) and his friends Ray Risch (left) and Jim Rabie were puzzling. Were all these memories real or fantasy? If they were real, why couldn't any two people agree on them?

TOP: NELSON BAKERMAN, BOTTOM: STEVE BLOO[illegible]OR THE OLYMPIAN

"I did," Ingram said.

"After you pulled down her bottom, where did you touch her?"

"I touched her on her breasts and I touched her on her vagina. . . ."

"What did you say to her when she woke up?"

"I would've told her to be quiet and, uh, not say anything to anybody and threatened her to say that I would kill her if she told anybody about this," Ingram said.

"O.K., you say you 'would've.' Is that would've or did you?"

"Uh, I did. . . ."

"And where did you go when you left her room?"

"I would've gone back to bed with my wife."

By the time the interview ended, many hours later, Paul Ingram had confessed to having sex with both of his daughters on numerous occasions, beginning when Ericka was five years old. He had also talked about having impregnated his younger daughter, Julie, and taken her to have an abortion in the nearby town of Shelton when she was fifteen. All these statements accorded in a general way with the charges his daughters had made, although Ingram's confessions were still maddeningly mired in subjunctive phrases. Brian Schoening, who is a talkative and emotional man, said later that he was deeply affected by Ingram's detachment in describing his sexual abuse of his daughters. Schoening had never seen such apparent remorselessness on the part of an offender, and it was even more galling to him because Ingram wore the same uniform that he did. Still, there was nothing very unusual about a community leader's being caught in a disgraceful act. If the case had ended that Monday, with Ingram's tentative confession, it would doubtless have caused only a brief sensation. In the ordinary course of events, he would probably have been spared a prison sentence and assigned instead to psychological counselling. His case would have long since been forgotten. But no one realized then where the hole in Ingram's memory would lead.

At four-thirty that afternoon, Ingram changed into the Thurston County jail's high-visibility orange coveralls and entered an isolation cell, subject to a twenty-four-hour suicide watch. Detective Schoening and Sheriff Edwards then made the dismal trip to Ingram's house, in East Olympia, to tell his wife, Sandy, the news.

THE Ingrams owned ten acres off Fir Tree Road, near the Union Pacific Railroad tracks. The house, which they had built in 1978, was not visible from the road. Although later it would be laden with spooky associations (McClahan would compare it to the house in "The Amityville Horror"), on that November evening it was nothing more than an attractive barn-shaped structure. Both Paul and Sandy had long made a fetish of self-sufficiency. Paul raised chickens, rabbits, a couple of cows, and even ducks in a pond behind the house. A small herd of goats kept the lawn trim. Sandy maintained a year-round vegetable garden. A neighbor described the property as "well used," and it was indeed crowded with animal hutches and tools and a number of cars and trucks. For years Sandy had operated a day-care center in the house, so in addition to the normal clutter of family life the yard accommodated a swing set and a sandbox, and the house was full of plastic toys and rest mats.

Until that Monday, Sandy had thought of her marriage as happy, stable, and old-fashioned in a good sense. Paul's word was law. Because Sandy seldom disagreed with him, they almost never quarrelled. Sandy had also done a turn in public service, having spent one term on the county school board, but for the most part her life was anchored in the home and the church. People who knew them described the Ingrams as a hardworking, Christian family; in fact, several later told the police that they had tried to model their own families on the Ingrams.

Paul and Sandy had met in 1964, at Spokane Community College. Both were putting themselves through school, Sandy as a part-time maid and Paul as a janitor in a dairy plant. Both came from large and devout Catholic families. Sandy had spent two years in a convent school and had seriously considered becoming a nun. Paul had always attended Catholic schools and had studied for the priesthood, but that was largely to please his mother. Whatever priestly vocation he might have had melted away on the day he gave Sandy a lift to work. She was outgoing and full of fun, and they had much in common. Paul was impressed that Sandy was such a hard worker. She also proved to be something of a tomboy; once, on a group outing, they went bobsledding down Mount Spokane on the hood of a '48 Buick, and Sandy laughed at the wild recklessness of it. Paul had practically no experience with girls; he rarely dated and had spent three years in a seminary. He was a virgin. That changed on their third date. When Sandy became pregnant, they decided to marry, though both sets of parents were alarmed and thought they should wait. On their wedding day, in February of 1965, both were nineteen years old. They had known each other for less than five months.

The family that Paul would help create resembled in many ways the family in which he grew up. His father, Sylvester, was a carpenter, an accountant, and a Jack-of-all-trades who suffered from chronic ill health. His mother, Elizabeth, was a dietitian. Both were strict disciplinarians. She held the family together during hard times that followed a back injury to Sylvester in 1954. The children always had shoes and food, but little else. As the oldest of seven, Paul became the official babysitter and a virtual parent. His sister Robin recalls him as caring and self-sacrificing, and says he never expressed resentment at the extra burden he carried. But Paul felt that his parents showed each other much more love than they showed their children—a bitter observation that his own children came to echo.

Sandy had been the youngest of four children and very much the family pet. Although there had been a history of mental illness in her family, neither Sandy nor Paul worried about the possibility of a hereditary problem. Sandy, especially, wanted a large family; Paul wasn't so sure, but he didn't resist the idea. They rented a two-bedroom house in Spokane. When their first child, a son, was born, in September of 1965, Paul took a job as a building supervisor at a medical center. Soon afterward, Sandy learned that she was pregnant again, this time with twins. Ericka and Andrea were born in September of 1966. Andrea, the firstborn, was underweight and sickly; Ericka was plump and healthy. Sandy took Ericka home after a few days, but Andrea remained in the hospital for a week, and when she came home she remained listless. The doctors assured Sandy that there was nothing wrong—Andrea was merely small—but a few days later she seemed to stop breathing. Paul and Sandy rushed to the hospital with their gasping infant, who had turned blue as she struggled to breathe. Tests determined that she had spinal meningitis. A priest came to baptize her and administer last rites, but Andrea confounded the doctors' expectations and survived. The meningitis, however, caused her brain to swell, with the result that her mental faculties were severely damaged and her skull was permanently enlarged.

The Ingrams quickly ougrew their little house. In early 1967, they bought, for sixty-nine hundred dollars, a three-bedroom house that had been repossessed by the Veterans Administration. The house was surrounded by a four-foot-high cyclone fence, which their son managed to scale while he was still in diapers. Sandy usually found him in the neighborhood, playing with other children, although twice she had to call in the police to locate him. After that, he was kept on a leash when he played outdoors.

Paul hit the road, selling cameras door-to-door. It was his first real chance to travel, and he loved it, but the income never really covered their expenses. Sandy started looking after other people's children to take up the slack. Meanwhile, Andrea was in and out of the hospital with chronic attacks of pneumonia, and her needs became too great for the couple to handle. When she was still a baby, they sent her to a state institution, where she spent the rest of her life.

Sandy gave birth to a second son, Chad, in 1968. Paul, bowing to reality, took a more reliable job, as a field investigator with the Retail Credit Company. Later that same year, the company offered openings in several other cities. Moving would bring a pay raise and a chance for advancement for Paul. He and Sandy decided on Olympia, because it was small and semirural and appealed to their back-to-nature ideals. They bought a house trailer and moved to the Flying Carpet mobile-home park, in East Olympia. Soon Sandy was getting paid to look after other children in the camp. The income she provided was essential for the family, especially in those early days, but her own children came to feel that she paid more attention to the day-care children than to them.

Before long, the Ingrams were again eager to move to larger quarters. When their fifth child, Julie, was born, in 1970, they secured a bank loan of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars and built a three-bedroom house on a wooded lot in East Olympia. The boys shared one bedroom, and the girls shared another. Later they finished the basement, adding another bedroom and a recreation room. At last, they had room for Sandy's garden and for the farm animals that Paul hoped would make them self-sufficient. He sold Amway products and, on the side, a brand of dehydrated food. Shadowed by need throughout his own childhood, he was relentless in his drive to create security. From his point of view, he was being a good provider and giving his children an opportunity he had never had. But they began to feel that he valued them more as workers than as sons and daughters.

"He's not much fun, but he's made entirely from recycled materials."

• •

In 1969, almost as a lark, Paul applied to the reserve corps of the Police Department in Lacey—a small (there were only eight stoplights) suburb of Olympia. He was accepted and began patrolling neighborhoods in the evenings and on weekends with a borrowed pistol, doing traffic duty and handling domestic disputes. He had never in his life enjoyed anything so much. In 1971, he moved from the Lacey Police Department to the Thurston County Sheriff's Office, and a year later the sheriff asked him to join the staff full time. That meant a pay cut of a hundred dollars a month, which the family could scarcely afford, but Sandy supported Paul, because he so obviously enjoyed the work. For the most part, Paul did well and made friends easily. He and Neil McClanahan, then another rookie, shared a county car. Both joined a rotating poker game, along with several other deputies. Sometimes the game took place at the Ingrams' house. The next morning, the children would scour the floor under the table for fallen change.

In 1972, Paul began having an affair with an older, divorced woman. Paul felt that he could talk to her about matters other than child-rearing. One of the things they often discussed was religion. The woman was a Lutheran, and she talked about her personal relationship with Jesus. The affair foundered when it became clear that Paul would never leave Sandy. He found he was going to Mass less and less often, but he was still enough of a Catholic not to believe in divorce.

Paul and Sandy's frugality, meanwhile, was paying off. They bought an old Ford pickup with a camper shell, and the family began spending summer vacations camping in Idaho. In 1976, they bought five acres of logged-off property on Fir Tree Road, with an option on an adjacent five acres of land. With characteristic energy, they began clearing the land in their spare time. Friends from the Olympia Police Department helped them to grade a low spot into a pond and put in a septic tank. A nearby gravel pit provided material for a road at a bargain price. Carpenters built a two-story house on the property, and Paul and Sandy painted it inside and out. Jim Rabie, a detective in the Thurston County Sheriff's Office and a friend of Paul's, came to wire it, and Rabie's father built the kitchen cabinets.

At last, Paul and Sandy's hopes were realized. Their home was surrounded by fir, alder, ash, cottonwood, cedar, and hemlock. In the spring, the dogwoods bloomed, and deer poked around in the bush. The woods were full of raccoons and possums and grouse, and there was an occasional red fox. There were ducks and herons in the pond. Sandy expanded her garden, making room for fruit trees and flowering plants. In addition to the chickens and rabbits that Paul raised, there was enough land to graze a few cows. It felt like paradise to Paul and Sandy. But not to their children. They thought of the place as remote and isolated, and felt as if the chores never stopped.

The previous year, Sandy had begun attending services at the Evergreen Christian Center, which is affiliated with the Assemblies of God. Paul was surprised, because Sandy had been deeply involved with their Catholic church, singing in the choir and teaching the catechism class. But he noticed a change in her right away—a softening, which he found very appealing. She began taking the children to the center on Sunday mornings and Wednesday nights. Eventually, Paul went, too, and he liked the open, welcoming atmosphere, although the hand-waving and speaking in tongues put him off. A month later, Paul responded to an altar call and surrendered his life to Jesus. That fall, the entire family was baptized in the deep water.

The Ingrams were drawn to Pentecostalism in part because of its emphasis on the importance of the family. And yet, in the Ingram household, a troubling rift was developing between the parents and the children. Paul and Sandy were demonstrably affectionate with each other; indeed, there was a sexual charge between them that others could hardly miss. (They slept in the nude on a water bed, and according to Paul they had sex nearly every other day.) With their children, however, they were stern and emotionally reserved. Once the family joined the new congregation, Paul outlawed all sports activities and banned rock-and-roll music unless it was Christian. Tensions worsened in 1978, when Sandy found herself pregnant again. When the child, a third son, named Mark, was born, Paul decided that he was going to make an effort to be a better father. Over time, the older children came to feel that Mark was their father's favorite; he was coddled rather than ordered about and put to work. Nearly every night, Paul read to Mark at bedtime—something he had never done with the others—and later bought him a computer and spent many evenings playing computer games with him. Ericka and Julie both complained that Mark was being spoiled.

The two older boys were rebellious and showed a disturbing tendency to live secret lives. In 1984, at the age of eighteen, the oldest turned down an appointment to West Point which his father had arranged, and then abruptly left home after wrecking his car for the third time in three months. He parked the car in a cemetery and left behind a note to Sandy saying that he had fallen in with a dangerous crowd. He warned his parents not to try to find him. "When you get this letter I'll probably be somewhere in South America," he wrote. Their second son, Chad, whom they considered the quietest and most even-tempered of their children, moved into an apartment in downtown Olympia for a short time during high school, and was arrested for shoplifting candy. Later, he went to Bible school in Tulsa, dropped out, and came back home to live.

Ericka and Julie, who shared a bedroom throughout their childhood, were often considered a pair, although Ericka is four years older than Julie and was by far the more assertive. One can see a family resemblance: they inherited dark-brown hair and eyes from both sides of the family, and have full, rounded faces, such as one might find in a portrait by Vermeer. What struck most people was how different their personalities were. Ericka was moody and self-absorbed, Julie bubbly and outgoing, if somewhat in the shadow of her sister. Certainly Ericka was the beauty of the family. She was still living at home when she turned twenty-two, and was working as a tour guide at the capitol and intermittently attending college—she studied sign language and sometimes served as an interpreter for the deaf—but she had her eye on the larger world. She bought stylish clothes and liked to travel. She had been to Greece, and in August of 1988 she had just returned from attending the Olympics in South Korea. Julie was a homebody, like her mother. People thought she was the image of Sandy, and she dressed like her mother, in jeans and sweatshirts. Two years in a row, Julie had won the state championship in the Future Homemakers of America contest and had gone on to the nationals; that constituted most of her travel experience, except for the family vacations. The two girls were alike in one respect, though: they rarely went on dates—Ericka had been out only twice in the previous three years—and they were extremely shy around boys. Both of them told their mother that they were virgins and intended to remain so until they married.

The Ingrams became a part of the extraordinary growth of Pentecostalism in America during the seventies and eighties. When the Evergreen Christian Center grew too large for the family's taste, they transferred to the Church of Living Water, an affiliate of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, which had been founded by the well-known evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson in the nineteen-twenties. The Church of Living Water, too, grew quickly. Today it occupies eight buildings that take up most of a city block. Like many congregations that once endured the stigma of being "Holy Rollers" on the poor side of town, the church projects an atmosphere that is intended to be informal and inviting. The sanctuary is a windowless theatre called the Living Room, where the pastoral staff sits on a dais in easy chairs beside an artificial fireplace. It has the ambience of the set of a daytime television talk show. There is a small gospel choir and a band.

The Ingrams were regulars at the church every Sunday morning and every

COATS

I saw him leaving the hospital
with a woman's coat over his arm.
Clearly she would not need it.
The sunglasses he wore could not
conceal his wet face, his bafflement.

As if in mockery the day was fair,
and the air mild for December. All the same
he had zipped his own coat and tied
the hood under his chin, preparing
for irremediable cold.

—Jane Kenyon

Wednesday evening, and also participated in countless socials and study groups and retreats. Sandy started a food-and-clothing charity called Twelve Baskets, which became an important part of the church's community service. Frequently, Ericka would interpret the sermons for deaf members of the congregation. She also persuaded her parents to take in two deaf girls as foster children, which proved to be an awkward arrangement for Paul and Sandy, because communication was so difficult.

The Church of Living Water sponsored an annual two-day retreat for teenage girls called Heart to Heart, held at a camp on a nearby lake. Julie and Ericka had attended for several years. Now, in August of 1988, Ericka was serving as a counsellor. Five years earlier, during a fellowship discussion, Ericka had related an incident of what she characterized as attempted rape by a man she knew. The subject of sexual abuse sometimes arose during these sessions, and counsellors took such revelations seriously. The authorities were alerted, and Jim Rabie, the detective from the sheriff's office, followed up on Ericka's charge. He determined that there wasn't much substance to it—a married man had given Ericka a ride and put his hand on her knee—and the investigation was not pursued. In 1985, during another Heart to Heart retreat, Julie said she had been sexually abused by a neighbor who lived on the Ingram property. When word of that charge got back to Paul, he took Julie to the county prosecutor and helped her file a complaint. During that investigation, Ericka also accused the neighbor of improper sexual contact. Julie, however, became less and less able to speak about the alleged incident. In the meantime, inconsistencies in her story began to surface, and the county prosecutor eventually dropped the charges.

During the 1988 Heart to Heart, a woman from California named Karla Franko came to speak to the sixty girls in attendance. Franko, a charismatic Christian, believes she has been given the Biblical gifts of healing and spiritual discernment. Before going to Bible college, she had been a dancer and a standup comic as well as an actress, and had had parts in several sitcoms and TV commercials. Often in speaking to youth groups such as this one, Franko would feel herself filled with the Holy Spirit, and would make pronouncements that the Spirit urged upon her. Many extraordinary events took place at the 1988 retreat. At one point, Franko told the mesmerized group that she had a mental picture of a little girl hiding in a coat closet, and saw a crack of light under the door. Footsteps were approaching. Suddenly, there was the sound of a key locking the door. At that, a girl in the audience stood up, heaving with sobs, and cried out that she had been that little girl. Franko then had another vision. She said that someone in the audience had been molested as a young girl by a relative. Suddenly, a deaf girl rushed out of the room. A woman named Paula Davis, who, along with Ericka, was interpreting for the deaf campers, went after the girl, and found her in the bathroom with her head in the toilet, trying to drown herself. A short while later, a number of other girls came forward to say that they, too, had been abused. The counsellors had their hands full.

Late in the afternoon of the last day of the retreat, the campers boarded buses to return to the church. Ericka remained, in the conference center, sobbing disconsolately. She sat cross-legged on the floor of the stage with her head hanging between her knees. She would not say what was wrong. The other counsellors gave up trying to talk to her. They just gathered around her quietly to show their support. Finally, according to one of the counsellors, she declared, "I have been abused sexually by my father."

"She seemed to be devastated just by having said those words," the counsellor later told police.

Actually, that was only one version of the event—the version that the investigators placed in their files and later made available to defense attorneys. Another witness to the scene was Karla Franko, and she had a different account of what happened. Franko recalls that as she was getting ready to leave a counsellor came to her and asked her to pray over Ericka. "What does she need prayer for?" Franko asked. The counsellor shrugged. Franko went and stood over Ericka and

"I need some short-term economic stimulus."

began praying aloud. She felt the Lord prompting her with information. She stepped back and was silent. The word "molestation" presented itself to her.

"You have been abused as a child, sexually abused," Franko announced. Ericka, she says, sat quietly weeping, unable to respond. Franko got another divine prompting, which told her, "It's by her father, and it's been happening for years." When Franko said this aloud, Ericka began to sob hysterically. Franko prayed for the Lord to heal her. When Ericka's weeping eventually began to subside, Franko urged her to seek counselling, in order to get to the memories that were causing her so much pain. At no time, says Franko, did Ericka utter a word; she was so devastated by Franko's revelation that she could do little more than nod in acknowledgment.

Not long after the church retreat, both daughters abruptly moved out of the house. Ericka left during the last week of September. She left the two deaf girls behind, in her parents' care. Julie left six weeks later. Both moved in with friends, but would not tell their parents where they were or give any explanation for their actions. Paul and Sandy were distraught, especially about Julie. It was becoming a pattern in the Ingram household for the children to suddenly flee and hide, although Ericka, at twenty-two, had remained in the house longer than any of the others.

Ericka arranged to meet her mother after the evening church services the Sunday before Thanksgiving. That night there was an open house to dedicate the new sanctuary. Julie was there, and Paul took the opportunity to ask her to lunch. He said he wanted to talk about why she had moved out. Julie seemed to be in a cheerful mood and readily agreed. Paul then took ten-year-old Mark home, and Sandy went to meet Ericka at a nearby Denny's restaurant. She sat at a table and ordered a cup of tea. For months, she had sensed that Ericka was unhappy, but whenever she asked what was wrong the only response Ericka had been able to give was a cryptic "You don't want to know." Now Ericka arrived in the company of her best friend, Paula Davis, who had been on the retreat and who was to be her advocate in all that followed. Over the next two hours, Ericka talked of having been repeatedly molested by her father when she was young. In the last several years, she said, the older two of her brothers had molested her as well. Ericka linked her father's abuse to the poker parties that had gone on in their old house. She said that the abuse had stopped when Paul was born again in the Pentecostal church, in 1975. As Ericka spoke, Sandy stared intently into her teacup. Finally, she asked Ericka why she had never spoken about this before. "Mom, I did tell you," Ericka replied. "I tried to tell you, and you wouldn't listen."

"You're the only one in the family who didn't know," Davis added.

Sandy went home and confronted Paul. He said, "I never touched those girls." Chad was working late at the Y.M.C.A., and Sandy waited up for him. "You know I've always been a good boy, Mama," he said when she told him of Ericka's accusations. She called an assistant pastor, John Bratun, at her church, and found that he had already heard about the allegations from the retreat counsellors. According to Paul, the pastor told her that the charges were probably true, because children didn't make up those kinds of things. Sandy and Paul had planned to drive to the Pacific Coast the next day for a week's vacation. In the morning, Sandy picked Julie up at the house where she was staying and drove her to school. On the way, Julie confirmed that her father and her oldest brother had molested her, too. She said that she had last been molested by her father five years earlier, when she was thirteen.

Against her better judgment, Sandy agreed to go ahead with the vacation. That very afternoon, a counsellor from the local rape-crisis center took Julie to meet with police investigators, one of whom was Joe Vukich. The story she told them was somewhat different from what she had told her mother earlier that day, and far more detailed. She said that the abuse had begun when she was in the fifth grade; her father was working the graveyard shift then, and sometimes he would sneak into the room where Ericka and Julie slept. He would be either naked or wearing shorts or sweats. He would get into bed with one of the girls and have vaginal or anal sex with her. As Julie told the story, she hid her face behind a curtain of brown hair. Each response came after a lengthy pause. Some questions she refused to answer. Because the investigators were concerned about the statute of limitations, which then extended for seven years in the case of assaults on minors, they concentrated on the most recent events. Julie told them that the last time her father had sexually abused her was three years before, when she was fifteen. Detective Vukich asked Julie why she had never told anyone about the assaults, and she replied that her mother had never wanted to listen.

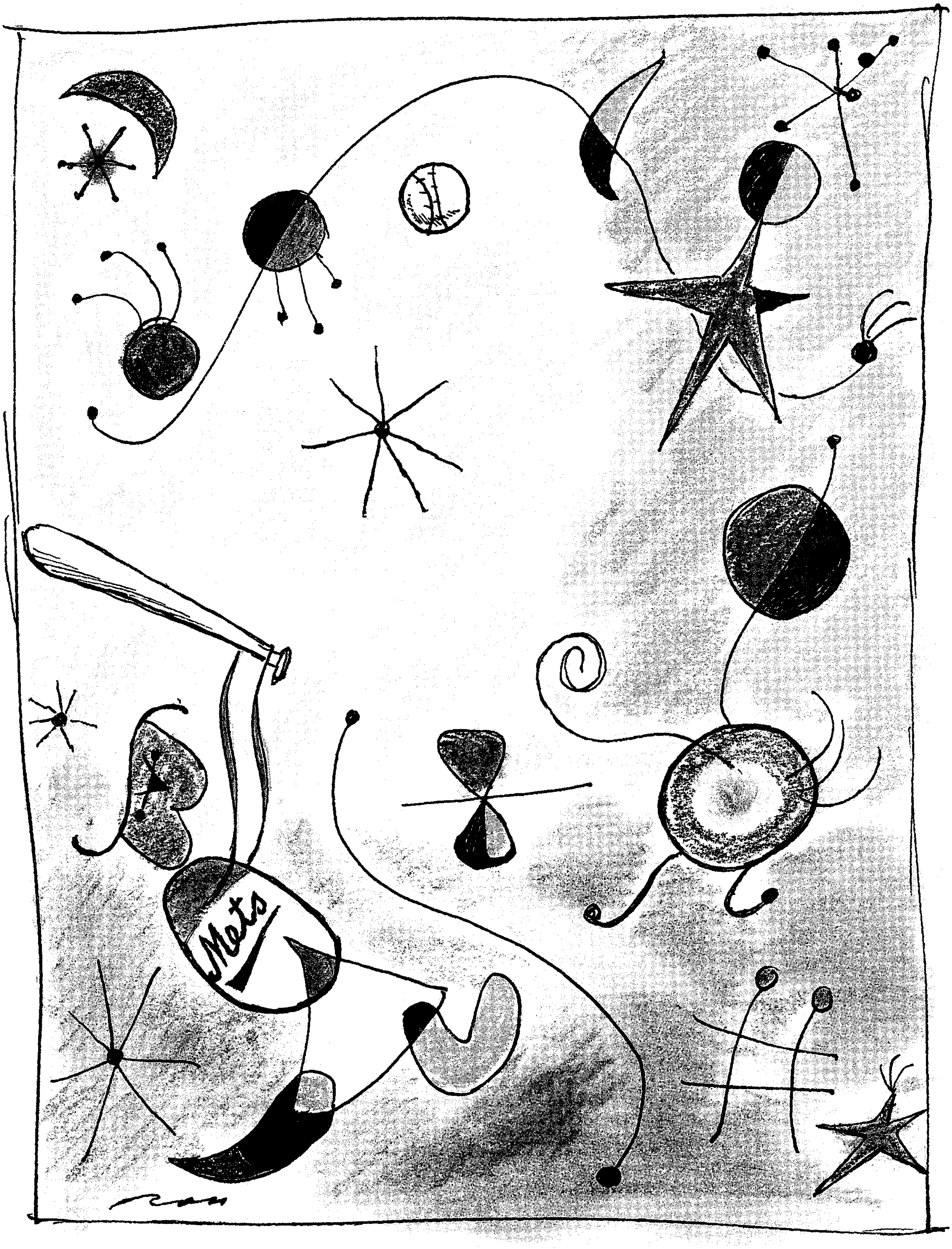
That evening, Vukich and Detective Paul Johnson, of the Olympia Police Department, interviewed Ericka at the home of a friend of hers from church. Vukich recalled later that he was immediately struck by how pretty Ericka was, and how vulnerable. She stated that her father had begun sexually abusing her when she was five years old. When Vukich asked her to recall the last incident of abuse, she said she thought that she must have been in the fourth grade. Unfortunately, that was well beyond the statute of limitations. Vukich kept pressing for more details. "Once, I felt like I hurt all over when I woke up—the bed was wet and yucky," Ericka said. Suddenly she burst into tears and ran into the bathroom. The detectives could hear her sobbing loudly for ten minutes. When she came back into the room, she said, "I caught a disease from my dad about a year ago. The doctor is in California, and also there is a doctor in Olympia who treated me."

The detectives left at about midnight. With the testimony of two victims in hand, and with the promise of medical evidence, they already had a strong case to give to the county prosecutor.

Ericka called Karla Franko in California, and Franko expressed surprise at

ARTIST AT LARGE BY AL ROSS

HOJO HITS ONE FOR MIRÓ



hearing from her. Ericka repeated some of the details she had given to Vukich and then informed Franko, “It is all coming down. They have Julie’s confession.” When Franko asked Ericka what she thought would happen to her father, she said he was going to lose his job.

Vukich interviewed Ericka again, during the Thanksgiving weekend. This time, she said that the last incident of abuse had actually occurred during the final week of September, when she awoke to find her father kneeling beside her bed, touching her vagina. Vukich didn’t question why she hadn’t told him of this incident sooner; it’s not unusual for victims of sexual abuse to make partial disclosures. But it was notable that in the space of one week both girls had assigned several different dates to the last incidence of abuse. In Ericka’s case the time frame had moved from a decade earlier to a year earlier and then to just two months earlier.

Sandy tried to talk to Paul about the allegations while they were on vacation, but he was extremely reticent. He spent a lot of time reading his Bible and walking on the beach, but he had trouble concentrating. He said he felt as if there were a solid mass of fear in his stomach, as dense and impacted as a bowling ball. Sandy stayed in the condominium they had rented, and cried. Paul assured her that nothing had happened, and Sandy believed him, but she was filled with dread. At one point, Paul suggested that the girls were trying to split them up, but neither he nor Sandy could imagine why their daughters would want to do such a thing.

And so, when Sheriff Edwards and Detective Schoening knocked on the Ingrams’ door that afternoon of Monday, November 28th, and told Sandy that Paul had confessed, she went into shock. Her knees buckled, and she nearly fainted. She wobbled into the dining room and sat down at the table. Edwards and Schoening were afraid to leave her alone; she was so distraught that they feared she, too, might consider killing herself. They got in touch with the Ingrams’ pastor, Ron Long, and waited with Sandy until Long and one of his associates, John Bratun, arrived. The last image that Schoening recalls of that night is of Sandy still sitting at the table, pale and stricken, with her pastors standing on either side. His heart went out to her. He was glad that he had already gathered up the weapons in the house.

“Yet she never gains an ounce.”

Schoening had not known Sandy well until then, having met her only occasionally, at the sheriff’s-office annual Christmas parties and summer picnics, and he was surprised at how deeply her agony affected him. The contrast between Sandy’s emotional collapse and Paul’s puzzled detachment was especially distressing. It had been a long and troubling day, but Schoening found that, unlike most cases he had handled, he couldn’t leave this one at the office. That night, he had the first of a series of nightmares.

“COUNTY G.O.P. LEADER FACES SEX-ASSAULT CHARGE,” the front page of the *Olympian* proclaimed the next morning. The names of the victims were withheld, in accordance with the newspaper’s policy, but Olympia is a small town, and anyone who wanted to know the details had probably already heard them, and had also heard that the police were interviewing the children in Sandy’s day-care business, which she had immediately closed. In the chaos of the moment, few who knew Sandy remembered that November 29th was her forty-third birthday.

Sheriff Edwards was well aware of the consequences of seeming to protect one of his own—especially a political appointee whom he had jumped up through the ranks and made one of his chief deputies. Rather than turn the matter over to another agency, however, Edwards decided to have his own department conduct the investigation, and he hoped to ward off criticism by inviting detectives from other police departments in the area to participate. This decision would prove to be the first of many mistakes. The Thurston County Sheriff’s Office is a modest operation—at the time, seventy-three officers served a county of a hundred and sixty-five thousand residents—and a personal crisis in one employee’s family affected everyone else. No matter how objective Ingram’s co-workers might try to be, their passions were instantly engaged. They felt surprised, embarrassed, and betrayed by their colleague. This was not merely one family’s tragedy but a catastrophe for the morale of the whole department. To some extent, they, too, were victims in the case.

On the morning after his arrest, Paul Ingram met with Richard Peterson, a Tacoma psychologist who often works with the local police. Peterson interviewed Ingram to determine his mental state and decide whether it was safe for him to be at large. As they talked about the case, Ingram asked why, if he had committed these heinous acts, he had no memory of them. Peterson told him that it was not uncommon for sexual offenders to bury the memories of their crimes, because they were simply too horrible to consider. He went on to say that Ingram himself had probably been abused as a child. Ingram might recall being molested by an uncle, or even by his father, Peterson postulated. Ingram said that the only sexual memory he could recall from his early childhood was his mother's cautioning him not to scratch his crotch in public. According to Ingram, Peterson assured him that, once he confessed, the repressed memories would come flooding back. But he had confessed already, Ingram said, and he didn't remember any more today than he had remembered yesterday. He asked Peterson to attend the afternoon interrogation with Schoening and Vukich; perhaps Peterson could unblock whatever was keeping him from remembering.

That day, Vukich acquired two letters that Julie had written to a teacher, Kristi Webster, five or six weeks before. Webster had noticed a profound change in Julie's behavior in the fall of 1988. The eager, hardworking student Webster had known the previous semester had become a morose and distracted girl, with a haggard and blank face, who dragged through her classes. Along with a friend, Julie had got in trouble for making long-distance calls from a school telephone. Because she had never broken a rule before, Webster asked Julie to write a note explaining why she was misbehaving. Julie wrote:

> My feelings about this whole ordeal are totally wierd. Sometimes I feel good and sometime bad and then there are the day I feel totally confused and just wish I could move to a different state and start life all over w/ new friend and no one would have to know about my past. And I have time mostly at night when I'm so scared. I don't sleep I just wait in my room for my *dad.* I hate it. I will never enjoy sex. It hurt so bad and it makes me feel very dirty.
>
> Being a Christian I supose to forgive *him* for what he did and still does to me, but Its very hard he also says thing to me like "if your a good girl God will take care of you." And if you tell you'll pay for it I promise you.

The significant statement in this part of the letter was that the abuse was still occurring at the time it was written. What followed, however, was even more explosive and changed the course of the investigation entirely. For Julie's memory now implicated people other than family members:

> I can remember when I was 4 yr old he would have poker game at our house and alot of men would come over and play poker w/ my dad, and they would all get drunk and one or two at a time would come in to my room a have sex with me they would be in and out all night laughing and cursing. I was so scared I didn't know what to say or who to talk to. The wierd thing was Ericka + I shared a room and they never touch her because she would say something and also at night most the time she slept on the top bed. And I think my dad + all his friend were afriad the bed might break.

A sex ring of pedophiles would in itself be big news in Thurston County, but Vukich realized that the letter was even more incriminating than it seemed. He knew about the poker games—Ericka had mentioned them in her confrontation with her mother—but he also knew that many of the poker players were colleagues of Ingram's at the sheriff's office. Lieutenant Tom Lynch, who was supervising the Ingram investigation, had been a regular at the games; so had Under-Sheriff McClanahan; even Vukich had sat in on some nights. The game had seemed to him completely innocent. Had it all been a charade, a front for a conspiracy of sex criminals operating out of the Thurston County Sheriff's Office?

Julie's second letter to Kristi Webster revealed the degree of her despair:

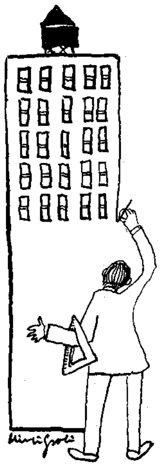
> I am so freaked out I can't even eat I have so much going through my head. It's very hard to understand. I'm really scared about this whole situation I don't know if I doing what is right I feel like this is all my fault that I cause this to happen I'm the problem and I wonder what going to happen to my family will my dad be lock up and my mom

"*Books by men are in the basement.*"

• •

left behind w/ Mark or will this just blow over and no one will understand where I'm coming from. I'm at the edge of my rope.

That afternoon, with this new information in hand, Vukich and Schoening renewed their interrogation of Paul Ingram. Peterson joined them. As the psychologist had predicted, the first memory Ingram produced was of an uncle who had sexually abused him when he was a child, in Spokane. Peterson then asked him about his use of alcohol, and Ingram said that he would put a keg of beer in the refrigerator before the poker parties. "I can't say I never got intoxicated," he said. "But I can remember, you know, some of the guys getting pretty wasted and over a period of four or five hours or more I might have four beers."



"So the poker buddies that you played with would be who?" Peterson asked. "Friends from the department or—"

"Yeah, most of them were friends from the department, or friends of theirs," Ingram agreed, and he named several men, most of whom were police officers.

"Anybody ever go up to see the kids?" Vukich asked.

"I just can't think of anything where anybody—"

"The reason I ask, Paul, is that Julie told me about a time or two where there was a poker party and she was molested."

"What we're talking about, Paul, is she was molested by somebody other than you," Schoening said. "She even remembers being— somebody tying her up on the bed and two people, at least, taking turns with her while somebody else watched, probably you."

"I just don't see anything," said Ingram. "Let me think about this for a minute. Let me see if I can get in there. Assuming it happened, she would've had to have had a bed, bedroom, by herself I would think. . . . Uh . . . "

The pauses in Ingram's statement sometimes lasted ten full minutes, intensifying the frustration on the part of the questioners. He would grab hold of his hair and lean forward, dead still, until his limbs went to sleep, while the investigators stood around, fuming with impatience. Schoening prodded Ingram by saying that even as they talked Julie was in fear for her life. "That person is still out on the street. That person is some friend of yours that worked or works for this department." He added, "Apparently, it's somebody that's still close to you, Paul."

Schoening's remarks would have serious consequences, so it's important to note the assumptions that are buried in them. Julie's fears, insofar as she had expressed them, were about whether she was doing the right thing in coming forward with her story, and whether she would break up her family as a result. The only person she had seemed to be afraid of was her father. The extrapolations about her fear of someone else were only guesswork on Schoening's part. The terms of the investigation had been redefined, however.

"Jim Rabie played poker with us. Jim and I have been fairly close," Ingram said helpfully. James L. Rabie, the man who had done the electrical work on the Ingrams' house as a favor, once worked sex crimes. As a matter of fact, he had once held the job that Schoening had now. Rabie and Schoening had a longstanding and well-known dislike of each other.

"Is Jim the person she's talking about?" Vukich asked.

"Just—just don't put words in my mouth," Ingram responded. "I'm trying to get— to bring something up here. Uh, uh, Jim's the only one that comes to mind. . . ."

"In this picture you have, Paul, do you see ropes?"

"Uh, you've, you put the ropes there and I'm trying to figure out what I've got," said Ingram. "It kind of looks to me like she'd be lying face down . . . kind of like she's hog-tied."

"What else do you see? Who else do you see?"

"Maybe one other person, but I—I don't see a face, but Jim Rabie stands out, boy, for some reason."

Schoening went out in the hall to collect himself. Lieutenant Lynch saw him there and, because Schoening appeared so agitated, relieved him of his gun. "It's not Paul Ingram I want to kill," Schoening told him. "It's Jim Rabie."

As Schoening walked back into the office, he passed Peterson coming out, his eyes streaming with tears. The scenes of bondage that Ingram was describing—coupled with his infuriating detachment—were emotionally overpowering. Vukich, too, had tears in his eyes. But Ingram sat calmly, and he grinned in greeting when Schoening came back in. Schoening had never seen anything like this monstrous equanimity.

"Paul, have you ever had any sexual relations with Jim Rabie?" Schoening asked.

"I don't think so," Ingram said. "I'd just hate to think of myself as a homosexual."

Peterson returned and asked Ingram if he was involved in black magic. Ingram replied that there was a time when he had read his horoscope in the newspaper. "I don't know what you're driving at," he added.

"The Satan cult kind of thing," Schoening said.

This was the first mention of Satanism in the Ingram case. Later, the detectives claimed that Ingram had previously brought the subject up himself, but it's obvious that in this exchange he did not pick up the theme—at least consciously. All Ingram could recall was that as a child, on Halloween, he had tied a cat in a sack and hung it from a telephone pole.

Over the next hour, as Schoening, Vukich, and Peterson pressed him to respond to his daughters' fears and emotional pain, Ingram's mood changed dramatically. He began to pray and cry out. He asked that his pastor be called. Everyone in the room sensed that a breakthrough was approaching.

"It goes back to the poker games, Paul," Vukich reminded Ingram as he closed his eyes and began rocking violently back and forth.

"Choose life over living death," Peterson exhorted, lapsing into the religious language that seemed to reach Ingram. "You are as alone as Jesus was in the desert when he was comforted."

"God's given you the tools to do this, Paul," Vukich said. "You've got to show him by what you do and what you say as to whether or not you're worthy of his love and redemption and salvation."

"Oh, Jesus!" Ingram cried in a frenzy. "Help me, Lord! Help me, Lord!"

"One of the things that would help you, Paul, is if you'd stop asking for help and just let yourself sit back, not try to think about anything," Peterson said, in a tone that was suddenly quiet and calming. "Just let yourself go and relax. No one's going to hurt you. We want to help. Just relax."

In response, Ingram went visibly limp. He hunched over and put his face in his hands.

"Why don't you tell us what happened to Julie, Paul?" Vukich said. "What happened at that poker game?"

"I see Julie lying on the floor on a sheet. Her hands are tied to her feet. She's on her stomach," Ingram said. His voice was high and faint. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that he was in a trance of some kind. "I'm standing there looking at her. Somebody else is on my left."

"Who is that?"

"The only person that keeps coming back is Jim Rabie."

"Turn and look at that person," Schoening said.

"He's standing right next to you, Paul," Vukich said. "All you have to do is just look to your left and there he is."

"He—he's standing up," Ingram said. "I see his penis sticking up in the air."

"Does he have any clothes on?"

"I don't think so. . . ."

"What's he doing to your daughter?" Schoening asked.

". . . Uh, her legs are close together, but maybe she's being rolled over onto her side. . . ."

"Is she clothed or unclothed?" Peterson asked.

"Unclothed, I believe. . . ."

"What's this person doing?"

"He's kneeling. His penis is by her stomach. Uh, he's big. I mean, broad-shouldered, big person."

"Does he have any jewelry on?" Vukich asked.

"May have a watch on his right hand."

"What time does it say?"

"Uh, two o'clock. . . ."

"Is somebody taking pictures?" Vukich asked.

"Uh, pictures, is there somebody off to the right of me? Uh, it's possible, let me look. I see, I see a camera."

"Who's taking the pictures?"

"I don't know. I don't see a person behind the camera."

"That person's very important," Peterson said. "He's the one that holds the key. . . ."

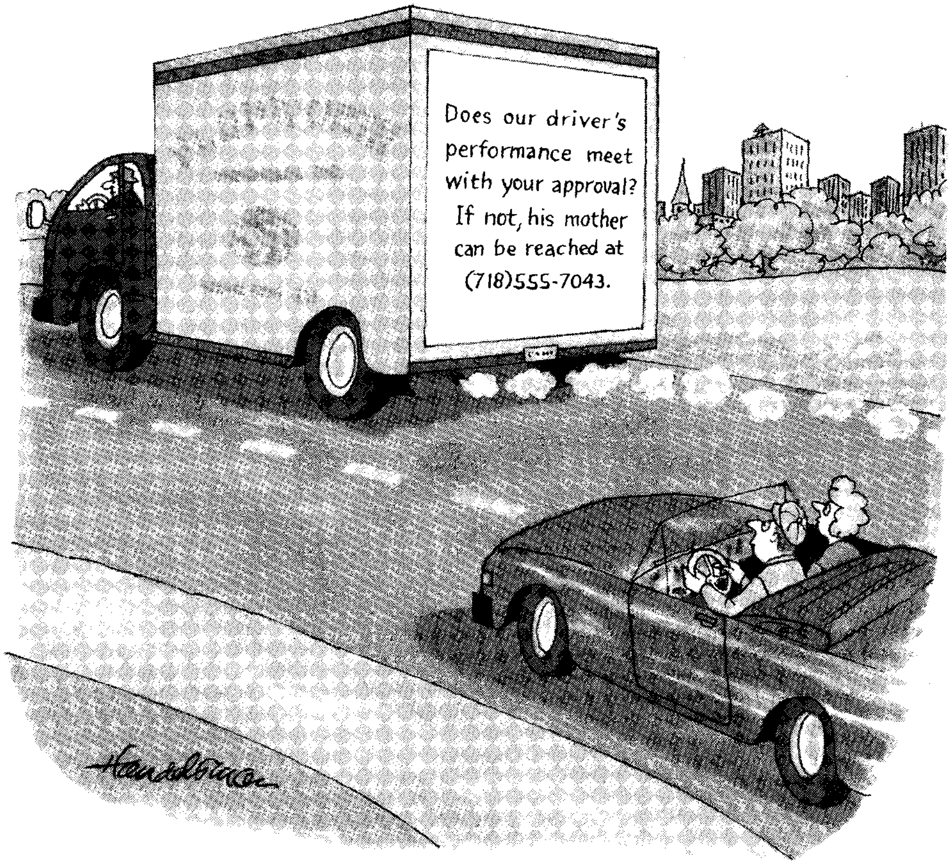
"Well, the person that I think I see is Ray Risch," Ingram said. Raymond L. Risch, Jr., was a mechanic who worked for the Washington State Patrol.

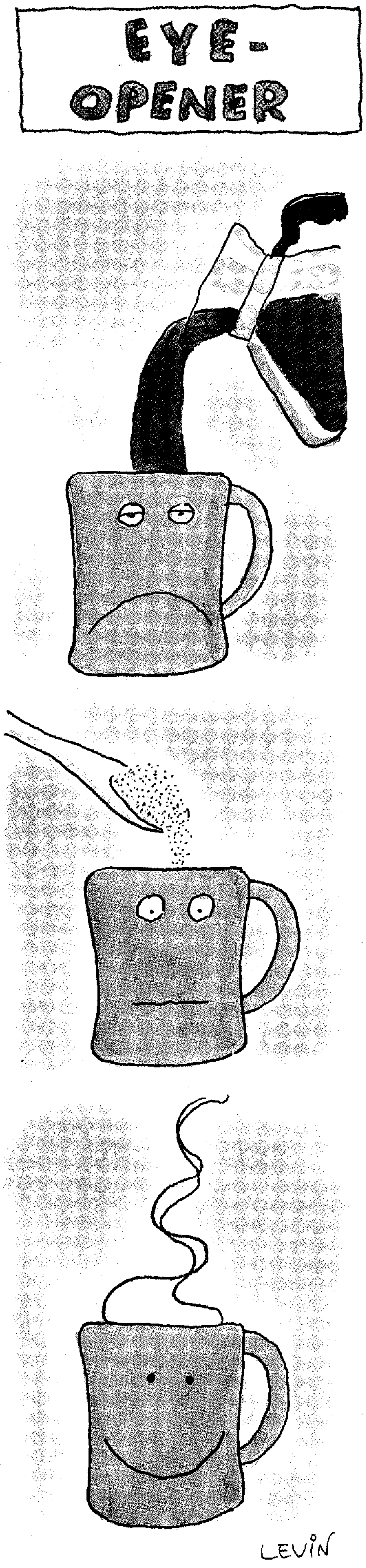
This interview lasted until late in the evening. John Bratun, the associate pastor of the Church of Living Water, whom Ingram had asked to have summoned, arrived after dinner, as did Gary Preble, an attorney, whom Ingram had also asked for. Ingram knew Preble through the local Republican Party. Preble was a devout charismatic Christian, but he had practically no criminal experience and certainly had no idea that he was about to take on the biggest case in Thurston County history.

The little office where the interrogation took place became stale and overheated from the press of so many bodies. "Boy, it's almost like I'm making it up, but I'm not," Ingram said as the interview drew to a close. He had now implicated several people in addition to Jim Rabie and Ray Risch. He had produced several new memories of sexual abuse, one occasion as recent as the week before he left on vacation. He had also begun to see "weird shadows" and tombstones. "It's like I'm watching a movie," he said. "Like a horror movie."

At five o'clock on Thursday, December 1st, Jim Rabie met his wife, Ruth, and Ray Risch at the County Seat Deli, across the street from the courthouse complex. Rabie and Risch were good friends; they met for lunch nearly every day and often got together for dinner with their wives. Rabie, who was forty-five years old, is a gregarious man with a plump face and sleepy eyes. Although it is not really detectable, one leg is an inch and a half shorter than the other, and he wears a built-up shoe. Risch, who was forty-one, is six feet four and thin, with a dark beard. He wears tortoiseshell glasses that are always sliding down his nose, and he has a shy habit of laughing and looking up and away. He never seems to know what to do with his long limbs, so when he relaxes he has a way of crossing his arms and wrapping his legs around each other at the knee and ankle, like vines. When round Jim Rabie and gangly Ray Risch are together, they have a certain Laurel and Hardy quality. Both are avid readers and like to work on cars.

That Thursday afternoon, Rabie was





exhausted. He suffers from narcolepsy and usually requires two naps a day; in fact, that disease, and his propensity to fall asleep at inopportune moments, had caused his retirement from the sheriff's office, in 1987, after fourteen years in the department. In the year since, he had been working as a lobbyist for the Washington State Law Enforcement Association and serving as the lieutenant governor of the local Kiwanis organization. That very day, Rabie had been to several Kiwanis meetings in different cities in the state, beginning early in the morning, and he had one more to go to that evening.

The table talk, of course, was about their friend Paul Ingram. Both men knew him well; Rabie had been Ingram's campaign manager when he made a losing bid for the state legislature, in 1984. Rabie had just called Sandy to ask if there was anything he could do. "How could this have been going on and me not know it?" she had asked him plaintively. He didn't know what to say. In his experience as a sex-crimes investigator, he had found that many awful things could go on in a family without their being acknowledged, even by the victims. Because of that, in fact, he had lobbied successfully to change the law in the State of Washington so that the perpetrator of a sex crime against a minor could be held liable for seven years, rather than three. (Later, the law was amended again, to allow charges to be brought for three years after a victim *remembers* a crime. It was a pioneering statute and has since been replicated by twenty-two other states.)

Rabie and Risch didn't know at the time that either of them was under suspicion, but, as they were talking, Ingram was across the street in the interview room producing additional memories of their having molested his children. That morning, Julie had picked their faces out of a photo lineup and had described an incident in which, during one of the poker games, Rabie came into her room, raped her, and cut her with a knife.

When they finished chatting, Rabie went to his Kiwanis meeting and then drove across the street to return a slide projector to the sheriff's office; he had borrowed it from the crime-prevention office, which Ingram headed. Since no one had ever asked Rabie to return his office key when he retired, he simply unlocked the back door and walked in. It was after seven. Rabie was wearing his red Kiwanis blazer. In the hallway, he saw Tom Lynch walking into the office that Schoening and Vukich shared. Rabie stuck his head in to say hello. The detectives looked startled.

"What are you doing here?" Lynch asked.

"Returning this," Rabie said. "I'm a little surprised to see you here this late."

He wasn't nearly as surprised as they were.

"Can I ask a question?" Rabie continued earnestly, taking a seat in the same chair that many suspects had sat in when Jim Rabie was a detective in this very office. "I know that possibly you guys can't answer it, but has Paul been honest? I mean totally honest, because unless he is he will not be amenable to treatment." Then, according to Lynch's notes, Rabie said, "Paul and I have been very close for a long time, and maybe it would help if I talked to him."

At that point, Schoening told him, "You've been named."

According to the detectives, instead of immediately and adamantly denying the charge Rabie undid his tie and opened his shirt and sat back in the chair with an immense sigh. Vukich and Schoening exchanged a look. They identified this as the "Oh, no, I've been caught" reaction.

According to the police report, Rabie's initial response was eerily similar to Ingram's. He said that he couldn't remember the events he was being charged with, and he speculated that perhaps he had a "dark side." Also like Ingram, Rabie asked several times to take a polygraph exam. At nine-thirty, Schoening turned on the tape and read Rabie his rights. "Individual people, separately, have corroborated that you masturbated in front of and on Julie. Julie tells us that; so does Paul Ingram tell us that," Schoening said, selecting one of various conflicting stories. "Don't you think you're in a denial stage?"

"I must be, because I honestly do not have any recollection of that happening, and I do not believe that I could've done it and blocked it out. . . ."

"How do you feel right now?"

"Scared," Rabie admitted. "Because I know from your end of it that if you've got what you tell me you have that I'm not leaving here. I'm gonna be in custody. And I have a firm belief that any cop that's charged is guilty until proven otherwise." The significance of his plight swiftly settled on him. "An ex-cop in prison is almost a sign of death," he observed. Even if he got off, the fact that he had been charged would mean that his reputation was destroyed, his lobbying career was finished, his Kiwanis work was over, his marriage was placed in peril, and he might not be allowed ever to see his granddaughters again, because suspicion that he was a child molester would always hover around him. In short, his life was ruined.

"I can't figure out why, if I did this, I wouldn't remember it happening," Rabie said, echoing the complaint of both Paul and Sandy.

"There's photographs of it, Jim," Schoening said, although this was not true. "How about a picture of you lying on the floor, nude, next to Julie?"

"If I saw a picture of that I would have to believe it had occurred," Rabie said.

While Rabie was being interrogated, Detective Paul Johnson, of the Olympia Police Department, and Detective Loreli Thompson, of the Lacey Police Department, had been assigned to question Ray Risch. "Is this about Paul?" Risch asked when they knocked on his door. Soon he was sitting in an adjacent room of the sheriff's office having his rights read to him. "I noted that Risch's legs were crossed both at the knee and at the ankle," Detective Thompson wrote in her report. To her, the suspect appeared to be protecting something. "I also noted that when questioning would become intense at points, his arms would cross tightly across his chest."

On being confronted with what appeared to be overwhelming evidence against him, Risch offered the same sort of equivocal statements about memory that both Ingram and Rabie had. "I wasn't present that I know of, unless I blocked it out of my head," he said.

The interrogations went on into the early morning—Rabie in one room, Risch in another, and Peterson, the psychologist, shuttling back and forth. "We're talking about a situation here, Jim, where you have, if you will, a cult," Vukich told Rabie, offering what was becoming the official theory. "A cultist-type attraction and activity between these . . . individuals that has continued over a prolonged period of time."

Eventually, each man was told that his friend had broken down and was implicating him, although this was not true. Risch began to weep. "This has gone far enough!" he cried.

"Paul said you guys bullied him and you made him do this and he didn't want to do this," Schoening told Rabie. "Ray is saying basically the same thing. Only, he's saying that he was the one who was the weakling, and he's saying you and Paul were the worst two."

Rabie realized that this could be a bluff, but he was also aware that in a case like this, consisting of multiple suspects, one person could be offered a certain degree of immunity to provide testimony against the others—and that often it was a scramble to pin the ringleader tag on another suspect. "Give me the responsibility, because I've blocked it out enough—I must be the worst one," Rabie said glumly. "The only option is to lock me up, and you're going to have to throw away the key, because if I can't remember this, then I am so damn dangerous I do not deserve to be loose."

THE next day, December 2nd, Ingram met in Vukich and Schoening's office with Pastor John Bratun. "I know I have a demon in me," Ingram said, and he asked Bratun to perform an exorcism.

"You don't have a demon, but you've got several spirits," Bratun told him. He set a wastebasket in the middle of the floor and called out from Ingram the spirits of sexual immorality and gluttony, among others. As he did, Ingram attempted to regurgitate into the wastebasket, with little success. Still, he felt "delivered," he said, and when he went back into the interrogation room he produced a new memory. In this memory, Rabie, who is five feet eight inches tall, pushed Ingram, who is six feet two, down the stairs. "He wanted to do something that I didn't want him to do," Ingram said. "He said he wanted Chad. . . . Rabie shoved his way into Chad's room and ripped the boy's pants off. . . . I was powerless to do anything. He forced Chad down and had anal sex with him."

That afternoon, Detective Loreli Thompson interviewed Chad, then twenty years old. The young man said that he had never been abused, sexually or in any other physical manner, by his father or anyone else. He said that Paul sometimes lost control and yelled at the children, but otherwise their relationship was "O.K." Chad was beginning to have doubts about the veracity of his own recollections, though. Recently, he and his mother had been looking through family photographs and other household items in an effort to prompt their memories. So far, neither of them was able to remember anything extraordinary.

Paul's memory, however, was becoming more and more active, aided by the visualizations that Peterson and the detectives encouraged and, he claims, by constant prayer and assurances from Pastor Bratun that God would not allow thoughts other than those which were true to come into his memory. Ingram began seeing people in robes kneeling around a fire. He thought he saw a corpse. There was a person on his left in a red robe and wearing a helmet of cloth. "Maybe the Devil," he suggested. People were wailing. Ingram remembered standing on a platform and looking down into the fire. He had been given a large knife and was expected to sacrifice a live black cat. He cut out the beating heart and held it on the tip of the knife. "At one point, Ingram said the cat might have been a human doll," Schoening wrote in his report. "This was related by Ingram as a third party looking at the scenario, i.e., I see; I feel; reminds me of; I hear, etc." Ingram also produced a memory of himself and Jim Rabie murdering a prostitute in Seattle in 1983, thereby implicating both of them in an infamous unsolved murder spree known as the Green River killings. The bodies of at least forty women had been found in Washington and Oregon between 1982 and 1984, and the authorities thought it was the work of a serial killer. At Schoening's request, the Green River Task Force looked into Ingram's memories of the slaying but could find nothing that corresponded with any of the victims.

Where were all these memories coming from? Were they real or were they fantasies? If they were real, why couldn't any two people agree on them? The Ingram daughters had said nothing about satanic rituals, but through the church grapevine they were getting the gist of their father's latest revelations. Ericka confided to a friend that her father was talking too much and giving too many details—that he was saying things she didn't want to remember, and she wished he would just be quiet.

Ericka herself was now saying that her father had sexually abused her on almost every night of the last week she lived at home. Detective Thompson interviewed one of the deaf girls who had been living with the Ingrams (and had since moved to another home). The girl said that the Ingram house was full of hate. "I don't want, angry, ignore, don't talk with me anymore," she said through her interpreter. She remembered that Sandy and Ericka had bickered because Ericka wanted to leave, and that Ericka had been grounded. She had not, however, observed any abuse.

Since Jim Rabie's retirement, Detective Thompson was regarded as the best sex-crimes investigator in the county. She had a master's degree in clinical psychology, and her reports were full of telling observations. As the only female detective on the case, she was given the delicate task of interviewing Julie. In Thompson's experience, there was nothing very bizarre about two little girls growing up in a house with a pedophile. She saw the effects of child abuse every day. Paul Ingram's emerging satanic memories did sound a jarring note to Thompson, but then what else could explain the wreck of a girl who sat in her office, practically mute, idly shredding her clothing and pulling her hair? Julie was the most traumatized victim that Thompson had ever seen. She had had more success in getting statements out of four-year-old children who had been savagely raped. Julie would sometimes write about the abuse in her upright, legible script, but she simply could not speak about it aloud. Early on, Thompson came to believe that Julie had been tortured.

On December 8th, Chad went to see his father in jail. It was a shattering experience for him. Paul, who had always been so aloof from his children, was sobbing so hard that he could speak only in gasps. He managed to say that Chad had been a victim, and pleaded with him to try to remember the abuse. "You have to get it out," he said.

"I've never seen him like that," Chad later told Schoening. "It's like it was a different person. It wasn't my dad there. That wasn't my dad there. That wasn't my dad. . . . It didn't even feel like him when I hugged him."

Chad accompanied Schoening to the interrogation room, where Peterson was waiting. He began by again denying that he had ever been molested. He did acknowledge having attempted to commit suicide three years before, when he was seventeen. "Probably something my dad said. I can't remember the specifics," he said. He had a pale trace of a razor cut on his wrist.

"It was something very traumatic to you that your dad said that really hurt you," Schoening said, theorizing. "Maybe it hurt your manhood."

Chad tentatively replied that his father might have called him a loser. "But I don't think he said that. I can't remember."

"You can remember what happened," Peterson admonished him. "You can choose to remember that if you want to."

"The memories are there," Schoening added.

"I know, I know," said Chad. "I just can't."

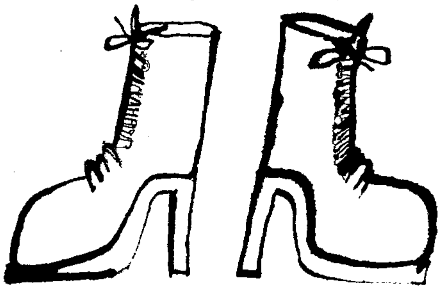
"Well, I'm not surprised," Peterson said. "It's not unusual with kids who've been through what you've been through to not be able to remember. Number one, they don't want to remember. Number two, they've been programmed not to remember."

"Mm-hm."

Sometime later, Peterson said, "I can tell you that the way to being what you want to become—a healthy adult—is to deal with those memories."

"Mm-hm."

"Because they have—they—I say 'they' because I believe that there's a 'they' who have done this to you."



"Mm-hm."

At moments, the conversation lurched into therapy or instant psychoanalysis, as Chad was urged to reveal his thoughts about his family and his rather limited sexual experience. Eventually, the interrogators prodded the young man into talking about his mental problems. He admitted that he had heard voices inside his head. Then, in a painfully halting manner, he described vivid dreams he had had as a child: "People outside my window, looking in, but I knew that wasn't possible, because . . . we were on two floors and I would . . . I would have dreams of, uh, little people . . . short people coming and walking on me . . . walking on my bed . . . uh, I would look outside and . . . out of my door." The little people reminded him of the Seven Dwarfs, he said.

"Those are dreams of being invaded," Peterson declared.

"Yeah, and I would look out my door and I would see . . . a house of mirrors and . . . and no way of getting out."

"Of being violated, trapped in an unescapable situation," Peterson said, interpreting. "What happened to you was so horrible."

"Right."

"You want to believe it's dreams," Schoening said. "You don't want to believe it's real. It was real. It was real, Chad."

"No, this was outside my window, though," Chad protested, pointing out that his bedroom had been on the second floor. Also, his brother had slept in the same room—why hadn't he ever seen anything?

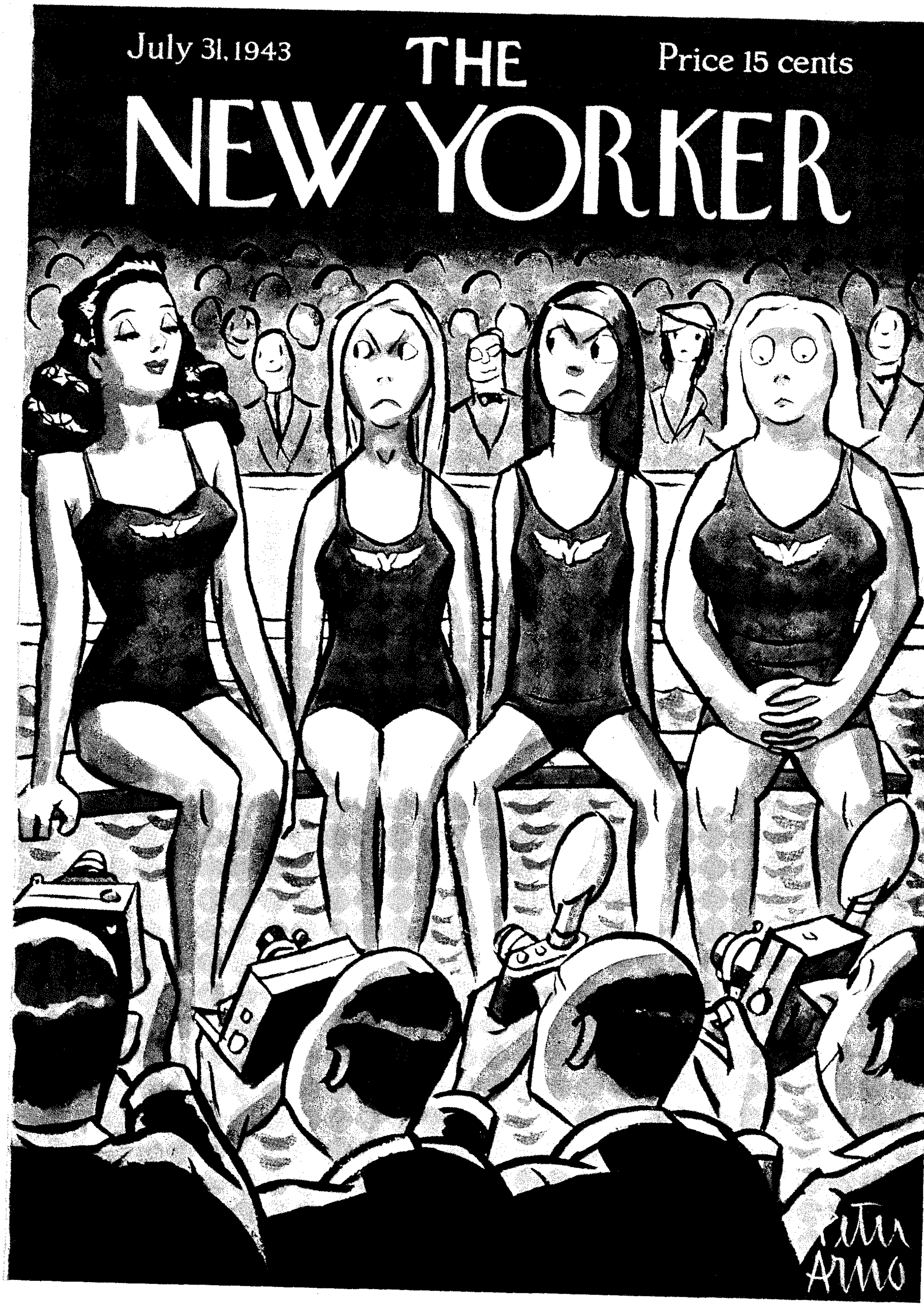
"What you saw was real," Schoening insisted. "This same type of stuff has come out of your dad, too. . . ."

"I couldn't talk. I couldn't move except to close the curtain," Chad went on. "The only thing I could feel is pressure on my chest."

"What was on your chest?" Peterson asked.

"Well, this is a different dream," Chad said, recalling a recurring nightmare of his adolescence. "Every time a train came by, a whistle would blow and a witch would come in my window. . . . I would wake up, but I couldn't move. It was like the blankets were tucked

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER



July 31, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

"He is physically able to wag his tail—given sufficient cause."

• •

under and . . . I couldn't move my arms."

"You were being restrained?" Peterson asked.

"Right, and there was somebody on top of me."

"That's exactly real," Schoening said excitedly. "That's the key, Chad. That's what was really going on."

"Chad, these things happened to you," Peterson insisted. "They assaulted your ability to know what was real."

"O.K. . . ."

"Pretty hard to remember this?"

"No, it was like it was yesterday." Chad then recalled that when the train whistle blew, he would find himself on the floor, and a fat witch with long black hair and a black robe would be sitting on top of him.

"Look at her face," Schoening said. "Who is this person? Somebody who is a friend of your family's?"

"It was usually dark. . . ."

"Who does this person remind you of?"

"I don't know."

"You don't want to know or you don't know?" Peterson asked.

"Probably I don't want to know."

"Somebody you respect?" Schoening asked.

"Right."

"Is there something there physically to keep your mouth from making noise?" Schoening asked.

"No, because I remember breathing."

"What's in your mouth?"

"I don't know. A cloth, maybe."

"It's very important, Chad. What's it feel like in your mouth?"

"Uh, it's not hard."

"Just let the memory come," Peterson advised. "It's not what you think about; it's what you're trying not to think about." When Chad resisted being steered any further, Peterson and Schoening told him that he had been programmed not to remember anything. "Why'd you have to run away from it?" Peterson demanded.

And Schoening added, "You wanted to go somewhere safe, right?"

"No, it was safe here," said Chad. "I've always felt safe."

"Even when all this was going on?" Schoening asked.

"Except for the dreams," Chad said, obviously bewildered. "I— Because I thought they were, I put them off as dreams."

"Destruction of his sense of reality," Peterson said authoritatively. "Destruction of any ability to feel. Total, absolute obedience and subservience to the group."

A few minutes later, Schoening said, "Let's go back to when you were fourteen to sixteen and this person's sitting on you." How much room did Chad think there had been between the witch's pelvic area and his chin? Chad supposed there had been a foot or so. "They would sit there real high," Schoening reminded him. "And you got something in your mouth."

"Yeah."

"And it's not cloth."

"Right."

"It's not hard, like a piece of wood."

"Right."

"What is it?"

Chad thought a moment about this riddle and then began to laugh nervously. "You just made me think— Oh, golly."

"What is it?" Schoening insisted.

"I don't know. I don't know."

"What were you thinking? C'mon."

"I thought it was a penis, O.K.? I— It could be."

"O.K., don't be embarrassed. It could be," Schoening said. "Let it out. It's O.K."

"I don't know what's happening to me," Chad said miserably.

Once the interrogators had been able to translate the nightmares into reality, the rest followed easily. The witch underwent a sex change, and Chad's initial certainty that he had never been abused was completely overturned. The little people of Chad's first dream, who had reminded him of the Seven Dwarfs, were reinterpreted as being members of a cult who regularly abused him over most of his life. But Chad had forgotten about all of it, the interrogators told him. He had been conditioned to accept the abuse and then to repress the memories.

"By God, those who've done this to

you ought to pay for what they've done," Peterson said. "And I'll tell you something, you have the right to sue these fuckers and get as much as you want from them."

"That'd be nice," Chad said.

"You're damn right it'd be nice. Pay for a college education."

"Yeah."

"Pay for a nice car. Get you started in life."

"Well, I've already got a nice car."

"Yeah, but do you have a BMW?"

"I want to see the faces so I can . . . say these are the ones that did it to me," Chad concluded. "I have to put a face to it."

At this point, the detectives turned off the tape.

Earlier, Chad had examined the same photo lineup that his sisters had seen, including some twenty driver's-license pictures, mostly of former sheriff's-office employees. Of those pictured, Rabie and Risch had been the closest friends of Paul Ingram and the ones most likely to be recognized by the children. Chad knew both men well; in fact, he had done odd jobs for them on several occasions. But when he was first presented with the lineup he couldn't identify any abusers. During the interval while the tape was off, however, Chad examined the pictures again.

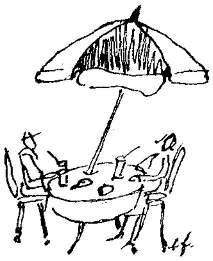
"Who's the face in the dream?" Chad was asked when the tape was turned back on.

"Jim Rabie," he answered.

The following day, Chad produced a memory of being assaulted by Ray Risch in the basement of the Ingrams' house when he was ten or twelve years old. At this point, Chad leaned forward and stared at the floor "in a trance-like state," Schoening's notes record. "Sometimes he would go for 5-10 minutes without saying anything and at one point, drool came out of his mouth and onto the floor."

RICHARD PETERSON had never been involved in a police interrogation before, and he had no official role in this one beyond determining whether it was safe for the suspects to be at large. His active presence and that of Pastor Bratun at several key interviews would later become a subject of controversy in the defense of Rabie and Risch. At the time, however, the detectives were grateful for Peterson's participation. They were groping to understand what was going on in their community—and, indeed, in their own department. All the familiar road signs of a typical police investigation had been turned upside down. The investigators were investigating not just one but several colleagues and former co-workers. The alleged central perpetrator was admitting to more depraved crimes than the victims were alleging. It seemed nearly impossible to coördinate all the accusations into a coherent set of charges. Moreover, the investigators realized that they were probing into strange and unsettling territory. Jaded detectives who regularly visited the worst precincts of the human psyche were thoroughly shaken by the emerging revelations of the Ingram case. Brian Schoening took to sleeping with the lights on. The hours and hours he spent interviewing members of the Ingram family were replayed in his mind as grisly nightmares. The memories that Paul Ingram was producing were at once fragmented and detailed: it was as if he could describe the ornate weave of an Oriental rug without being able to discern the overall pattern. Even more disquieting to the investigators was a growing conviction that the Ingram case was, as they frequently said to each other, "the tip of the iceberg"—the iceberg being a nationwide satanic conspiracy.

Peterson, at least, had some experience in these matters. He was a familiar presence in the jails and courtrooms of Washington State, where he was often called upon to testify about a suspect's mental condition. He also maintained a private practice in Tacoma. The year before, he had had the unnerving experience of encountering patients who remembered being victims of satanic abuse.



Thousands of therapists have reported similar cases in recent years, but to Peterson, in 1987, it was still rare enough to be surprising. "Survivor" stories began to surface with the publication, in 1980, of a book called "Michelle Remembers," written by a thirty-year-old Canadian named Michelle Smith and her psychiatrist, Lawrence Pazder (who later became her husband). The book describes Smith's memories of black-magic ceremonies and of atrocities she was subjected to by a satanic coven, which counted among its members Smith's mother. Smith recovered these previously buried memories while she was in therapy, and usually during a kind of self-induced hypnotic trance. Her account became a model for the many survivor stories that would follow, although, characteristically, there was no evidence that any of her story was true.

Most accusations of satanic-ritual abuse in the early eighties were attached to allegations of sexual molestation in day-care centers. In January, 1988, Memphis's daily paper, the *Commercial Appeal*, published one of the first skeptical examinations of the satanic-ritual-abuse phenomenon. The series reported that investigators and prosecutors in the day-care cases often used "Michelle Remembers" as a reference guide. The best-known of these cases involved the Virginia McMartin Preschool, in Manhattan Beach, California, and it engendered the longest and most expensive criminal-court case in American history. Peggy McMartin Buckey and her son, Raymond Buckey, along with five other child-care workers, were charged with molesting hundreds of children over a ten-year period. A number of children testified that they had been subjected to satanic rituals, such as animal sacrifices and sexual abuse inside churches. Michelle Smith and other "survivors" met with some of the children and the parents in the McMartin case. Eventually, most of the charges were dropped and the others resulted in acquittal or mistrial, but by then there had been more than a hundred cases around the country in which children made accusations of fantastic abuse, involving being taken on cross-country airplane trips and witnessing burials in open graves, cannibalism, and human sacrifices.

Peterson became sufficiently interested in the subject to conduct a casual survey of Tacoma and Seattle therapists in early 1988, and he found that a quarter of the respondents had treated victims of satanic-ritual abuse, or S.R.A., as it was coming to be known in the rapidly developing literature of the phenomenon. That same year, an influential paper appeared, under the title "A New

Clinical Syndrome: Patients Reporting Ritual Abuse in Childhood by Satanic Cults." The authors were two psychiatrists, Walter C. Young and Bennett G. Braun, and a psychologist, Roberta G. Sachs, who specialized in dissociative disorders. These are psychiatric disorders characterized by an unintegrated sense of identity, the best-known of which is multiple-personality disorder, or M.P.D. People who suffer from dissociative disorders also have disturbances of their memory function, which can range from dreamlike recall, to partial memory lapses—or fugue states—to complete psychogenic amnesia and out-of-body sensations. The authors interviewed thirty-seven people undergoing treatment for dissociative disorders who also spoke of having been victims of S.R.A. They found an astonishing similarity in the stories of the patients they analyzed. The most common abuses reported were of being forcibly drugged during rituals; of being sexually abused, often with sexual devices; of witnessing the abuse or torture of other people or the mutilation of animals; of being buried alive in coffins; of being forced to participate in the sacrifice of human adults or babies; of being ceremonially "married" to Satan; of being impregnated during a ritual and later having to sacrifice the fetus or infant to Satan; and of being made to eat human body parts. The stories also composed a virtual checklist of the atrocities originally described in "Michelle Remembers."

MY MOTHER'S PEARS

Plump, green-gold, Worcester's pride,
transported through autumn skies
in a box marked "Handle With Care"

sleep eighteen Bartlett pears,
hand-picked and polished and packed
for deposit at my door,

each in its crinkled nest
with a stub of stem attached
and a single bright leaf like a flag.

A smaller than usual crop,
but still enough to share with me,
as always at harvest time.

Those strangers are my friends
whose kindness blesses the house
my mother built at the edge of town

beyond the last trolley-stop
when the century was young, and she
proposed, for her children's sake,

to marry again, not knowing how soon
the windows would grow dark
and the velvet drapes come down.

Rubble accumulates in the yard,
workmen are hammering on the roof,
I am standing knee-deep in dirt

with a shovel in my hand.
Mother has wrapped a kerchief round her head,
her glasses glint in the sun.

When my sisters appear on the scene,
gangly and softly tittering,
she waves them back into the house

to fetch us pails of water,
and they skip out of our sight
in their matching middy blouses.

I summon up all my strength
to set the pear tree in the ground,
unwinding its burlap shroud.

It is taller than I. "Make room
for the roots!" my mother cries,
"Dig the hole deeper."

—STANLEY KUNITZ

"The lack of independent verification of the reports of cult abuse presented in this paper prevents a definitive statement that the ritual cult abuse is true," the authors wrote. "Despite the fact that some patients have discussed ritual abuse with other patients, and the fact that patients have had contact with referring therapists who may have provided information to them, it was our opinion that the ritual abuse was real." Many other therapists, counsellors, and psychiatrists were also coming to that conclusion. Furthermore, Braun saw a link between multiple-personality disorder and S.R.A.; he believed that of the two hundred thousand Americans that he estimated were suffering from M.P.D., up to one-fourth could be victims of S.R.A.

Dr. George K. Ganaway, who is the program director of the Ridgeview Center for Dissociative Disorders in Smyrna, Georgia, observed the same link but drew a different conclusion from it. Ganaway suggested that dissociative disorders might account for the S.R.A. phenomenon, because the alleged victims were highly hypnotizable, suggestible, and fantasy-prone. In a 1991 speech before the American Psychological Association called "Alternative Hypotheses Regarding Satanic Ritual Abuse Memories," Ganaway warned, "When individuals are highly hypnotizable, they may spontaneously enter autohypnotic trance states, particularly during stressful interview situations. . . . Experimental hypnosis evidence indicates that memories retrieved in a hypnotic trance state are likely to contain a combination of both fact *and* fantasy in a mixture that cannot be accurately determined without external corroboration. Furthermore, hypnosis increases the subject's confidence in the veracity of both correct and *incorrect* recalled material." Highly hypnotizable individuals suspend critical judgment while in trance states and compulsively seek to comply with the suggestions of the interviewer, Ganaway said. There was thus an obvious danger that an unwary therapist might unconsciously guide patients to conclusions that already existed in the therapist's mind. In an earlier paper, "Historical Versus Narrative Truth: Clarifying the Role of Exogenous Trauma in the Etiology of MPD and its Variants," Ganaway had proposed that much of what was being remembered as satanic-ritual abuse was in fact an invented "screen memory" masking more prosaically brutal forms of actual abuse, such as beatings, rapes, deprivations, or incarcerations. This paper became a touchstone for mental-health workers who believed that something awful had happened to their anguished patients but that, whatever it was, it was something other than satanic-ritual abuse.

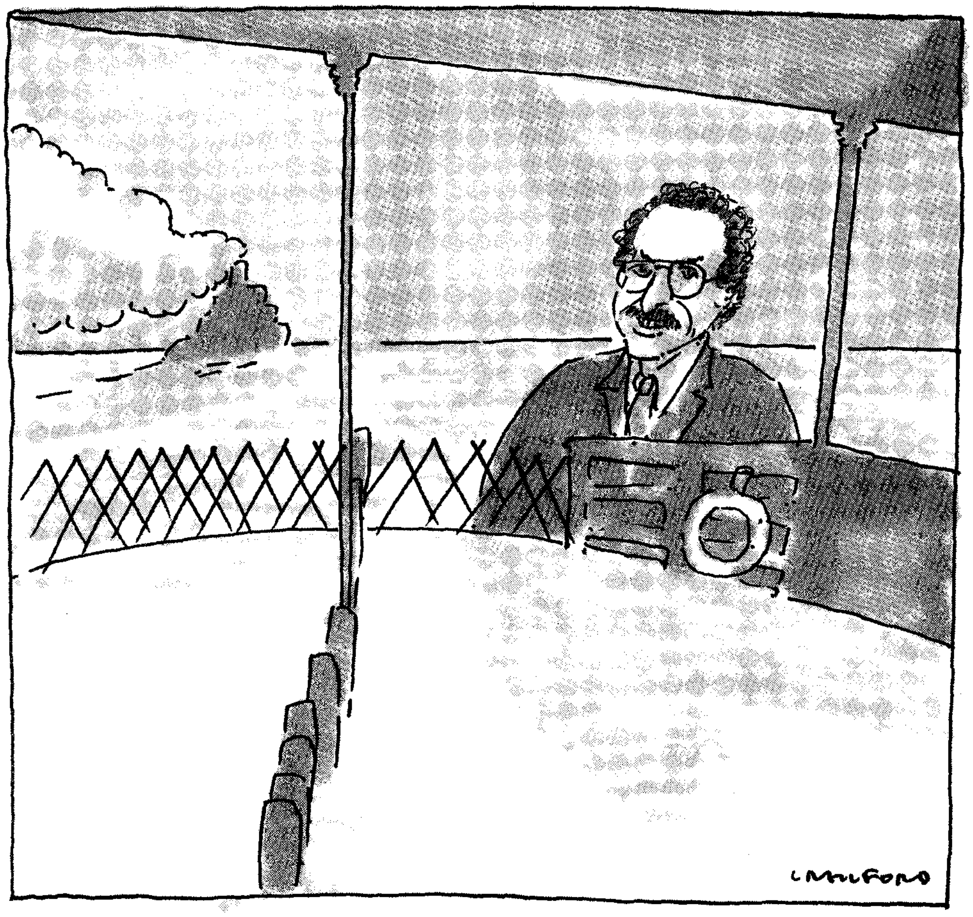
A 1991 survey of members of the American Psychological Association found that thirty per cent of the respondents had treated at least one client who claimed to have suffered from satanic-ritual abuse, and ninety-three per cent of those who completed a second survey believed their clients' claims to be true. Another poll addressed the opinions of social workers in California. Nearly half of those interviewed accepted the idea that S.R.A. involved a national conspiracy of multi-generational abusers and baby-killers and that many of these people were prominent in their communities and appeared to live completely exemplary lives. A majority of those polled believed that victims of such abuse were likely to have repressed the memories of it and that hypnosis increased the likelihood of accurately recalling what had happened.

The question of whether S.R.A. is real has riven the mental-health field. On the one hand, there are those who compare survivors of satanic-ritual abuse to people who claim to remember past lives or to have been abducted by aliens: the evidence—or lack of it—is about the same in each instance. On the other hand, there are those who compare survivors of S.R.A. to the survivors of less spectacular forms of child abuse. They point out that in many cases memories of what one might call ordinary abuse are forgotten, and are recovered only in therapy, through the same process that produces memories of ritual abuse. If some recovered memories are deemed authentic, they ask, then why not others? Where does one draw the line in deciding what to believe?

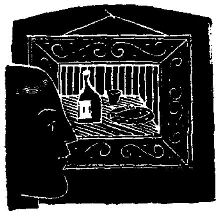
How delicate this argument has become was apparent at the August, 1992, meeting of the American Psychological Association, in Washington, D.C. Michael Nash, an associate professor of psychology at the University of Tennessee, presented a clinical account of a patient who had reported remembering an abduction by aliens. "I successfully treated this highly hypnotizable man over a period of three months, using standard uncovering techniques and employing hypnosis on two occasions," Nash, who took the position that the abduction story was relevant material but not literally true, reported. "About two months into this therapy, his symptoms abated: he was sleeping normally again, his ruminations and flashbacks had resolved, he returned to his usual level of interpersonal engagement, and his productivity at work improved. What we did worked. Nevertheless, let me underscore this: he walked out of my office as utterly convinced that he had been abducted as when he walked in. As a matter of fact he thanked me for helping him 'fill in the gaps of my memory.' I suppose I need not tell you how unhappy I was about his particular choice of words here." Nash went on, "Here we have a stark example of a tenaciously believed-in fantasy which is almost certainly not true, but which, nonetheless, has all the signs of a previously repressed traumatic memory. I work routinely with adult women who have been sexually abused, and I could discern no difference between this patient's clinical presentation around the trauma and that of my sexually abused patients. Worse yet, the patient seemed to get better as he was able to elaborate on the report of trauma and integrate it into his own view of the world."

The conclusion that Nash drew from this experience was that "in terms of clinical utility, it may not really matter whether the event actually happened or not. . . . In the end, we (as clinicians) cannot tell the difference between believed-in fantasy about the past and viable memory of the past. Indeed there may be no structural difference between the two." In reaction to Nash's speech, someone in the audience asked if he had ever considered another hypothesis in his treatment of the young man, which was that the alien abduction actually had occurred.

Therapists were not the only source



THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY AND HER LAWYER, ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ *of information on* S.R.A. *in* 1988. On October 25th, just before Julie wrote the second note to her teacher, disclosing the abuse by her father and the poker players, the Ingram family sat down together and watched a prime-time Geraldo Rivera special on NBC entitled "Devil Worship: Exposing Satan's Underground." It was one of the most widely watched documentaries in television history, although it was only one of many such shows. (The day before, the subject of Rivera's daily program had been "Satanic Breeders: Babies for Sacrifice.") "No region in this country is beyond the reach of the Devil worshippers," Rivera said from Nebraska. "Even here in the heartland of America, stories of ritual abuse crop up. The children you're about to meet were born into it. They say their parents forced them to witness bloody rituals and even, they say, to participate in ritual murder." Then he showed a clip of a young girl who testified, "My dad was involved in a lot of it. He's, like, one of the main guys; he's a leader or something. He made us have sex with him and with other guys and with other people."



That year also saw the publication of several more books on the subject, including "Satan's Underground," by a woman writing under the pseudonym Lauren Stratford, which purported to be a true account of abuse and sexual slavery she endured as a child. "Satan's Underground" became a paperback best-seller, and it was widely read in fundamentalist Christian congregations. For many religious believers, stories of satanic-ritual abuse merely confirmed a world view they already strongly held. Hal Lindsey and Johanna Michaelsen, two other popular Christian authors, endorsed "Satan's Underground," and thereby added considerably to its credibility. "If there is one thing that cult satanists do well, it's cover their tracks in such a way as to thoroughly discredit witnesses who might seek to come against them," Michaelsen wrote in the foreword. She elaborated on what has become the standard explanation for the lack of evidence of cult crimes: "Animals are indeed killed and buried, but are later dug up and disposed of elsewhere. The children are frequently given a stupefying drug before the rituals so that their senses and perceptions are easily manipulated in the dim candlelight of the ritual scene. The pornographic photographs taken of the children don't show up because they're carefully kept in vaults of private collectors." Eventually, however, the original publisher decided to withdraw "Satan's Underground," after a well-researched article in *Cornerstone*, a Christian magazine, attacked the book as a hoax, and portrayed the author as a deluded and unfortunate woman from a rigid, Presbyterian family, who had a history of self-mutilation and of making sexual accusations that were never verified. It chanced that in the summer of 1988 Ericka Ingram had noticed a copy of "Satan's Underground" on the coffee table of a house where she was babysitting and had asked if she could borrow it. When she returned it, she said she had read it all the way through, but she later told police that she had read only a few chapters, then tossed the book into the back seat of her car, because the shock of recognition had been too great for her to bear.

Thus, two communities that normally have little to do with each other—fundamentalist Christians and a particular set of mental-health professionals—found common ground in the question dominating any consideration of satanic-ritual abuse: whether to believe that it actually exists. In the absence of evidence that these stories or memories of satanic-ritual abuse were real, one could either reject them as absurd, withhold judgment until evidence appeared, or accept them on faith. The middle ground was rapidly shrinking as the proselytizers for both groups spread the word that S.R.A. was real and anyone who doubted it either was "in denial" or was part of the satanic underground. (Interestingly, the rise in reports of S.R.A. coincided with the collapse of international Communism, to suggest that one external enemy was being replaced by another, closer to home. Braun made the connection explicit in a speech in 1988, describing the satanic conspiracy as "a national-international type organization that's got a structure somewhat similar to the communist cell structure, where it goes from . . . small groups, to local consuls, regional consuls, district consuls, national consuls and they have meetings at different times.")

The Los Angeles County Commission for Women formed a task force in 1988 to call attention to the purported rise in satanic-ritual abuse, thereby claiming S.R.A. as a women's issue, ostensibly because women and children were the main victims of cult crimes. The commission issued a report that defined satanic-ritual abuse as "a brutal form of abuse of children, adolescents, and adults, consisting of physical, sexual, and psychological abuse, and involving the use of rituals," and continued:

> Ritual does not necessarily mean satanic. However, most survivors state that they were ritually abused as part of satanic worship for the purpose of indoctrinating them into satanic beliefs and practices.
>
> Ritual abuse is usually carried out by members of a cult. The purpose of the ritual elements of the abuse seems threefold: (1) rituals in some groups are part of a shared belief or worship system into which the victim is being indoctrinated; (2) rituals are used to intimidate victims into silence; (3) ritual elements (e.g., devil worship, animal or human sacrifice) seem so unbelievable to those unfamiliar with these crimes that these elements detract from the credibility of the victims and make prosecution of the crimes very difficult.

The report goes on to say that the central feature of ritual abuse is mind control, which is achieved through the sophisticated use of brainwashing, drugs, and hypnosis: "The purpose of the mind control is to compel ritual abuse victims to keep the secret of their abuse, to conform to the beliefs and behaviors of the cult, and to become functioning members who serve the cult by carrying out the directives of its leaders without being detected within society at large."

Elizabeth S. Rose (the pseudonym of a free-lance writer who says she herself is an S.R.A. survivor) wrote in a recent cover story in *Ms.*, "People would rather believe that survivors—particularly women survivors—are crazy. This keeps many survivors from coming forward." The cover line read, "BELIEVE IT! CULT RITUAL ABUSE EXISTS." At Safeplace, the rape-crisis center where Julie Ingram sought refuge, counsellors say that the disbelief that usually greets such charges parallels the incredulity that often greeted bona-fide allegations of incest and sexual abuse only a few years ago. Nevertheless, the counsellors have frequent internal debates about whether the increasing numbers of women who come to them talking about satanic-ritual abuse and human sacrifice are telling the truth. "Here's my dilemma," Tyra Lindquist, the administrative coördinator of the center, said recently. "We are already struggling against a tidal wave of disbelief—it's a tidal wave! Nobody wants to believe how bad it really is for women and children. Whoever walks in or calls us on the phone will tell us what she needs to tell us to survive this minute, this day. Our job is to help her survive through recovery. It's not our role to believe or disbelieve."

"I love being on the mommy track."

A fourth group to become concerned with the S.R.A. phenomenon were the police detectives charged with looking into the crimes of the alleged cults. Joe Vukich recalls going to a homicide seminar in Portland, Oregon, where a detective from Boise, Idaho, gave a presentation on cult crimes. "Folks, I'm here to tell you this stuff is going on!" the detective said. Vukich turned to an officer sitting next to him and remarked, "Not in my department. I'd know about it." Soon dozens of police workshops around the country were discussing the phenomenon. Michelle Smith and Lawrence Pazder were often featured speakers, along with specialist "cult cops," who were likely to be fundamentalist Christians. During the Ingram investigation Schoening and Vukich travelled to Canada to participate in an S.R.A. workshop. They were shocked to find themselves greeted as experts on the subject. Before long, they and other Olympia detectives were besieged by calls from police officers around the country who were engaged in investigating recovered memories of satanic-ritual abuse.

Early in the Ingram case, Under-Sheriff McClanahan called Supervisory Special Agent Kenneth V. Lanning at the behavioral-sciences unit of the Federal Bureau of Investigation Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Lanning, the F.B.I.'s research expert on the sexual victimization of children, had been hearing stories of sexual abuse with occult overtones since 1983. At first, he had tended to believe the stories, but as the number of alleged cases skyrocketed he had grown skeptical. Soon hundreds of victims were accusing thousands of offenders. By the mid-eighties, the annual number of alleged satanic murders had reached the tens of thousands. As a result of information provided by a prison official in Utah, word circulated in the police workshops that satanic cults were sacrificing between fifty and sixty thousand people every year in the United States, although the annual national total of homicides averages less than twenty-five thousand. Believers contend that no bodies are found because satanists often eat their victims and have access to sophisticated methods of disposal. It amazed Lanning that police officers, who regularly complained about inaccuracies in the media and often joked about tabloid-television accounts of "true" crimes, were susceptible to such material when it involved Satanism. Yes, there were psychotic killers who heard the voice of Satan, just as there were psychotic killers who heard the voice of Jesus, but that didn't mean that they were members of an organized religious cult, Lanning argued. If satanic-ritual murder was defined as a killing that was committed by two or more people whose primary motive was to fulfull a prescribed satanic ritual, then Lanning could not find a single documented case of the phenomenon in the United States. He worried that many officers were allowing their personal religious beliefs to affect their judgment. (McClanahan, as it happened, had converted to Catholicism just a few months before the Ingram case broke, but he believes that religion had no effect on the investigation.)

Lanning told McClanahan that after looking into hundreds of similar stories he had come to the conclusion that they were merely a symptom of modern hysteria. McClanahan replied that the Ingram case was different: he had a perpetrator who was confessing to the crimes and implicating other members of the cult, and there was a likelihood that he would obtain other evidence, such as scars and photographs. "Well, you've got more than anybody else," Lanning conceded. When McClanahan hung up, it struck him that the Ingram case was much more important than anyone had realized—that it was the one case in America that could prove, finally, that satanic-ritual abuse was real. ♦

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

POSTSCRIPT

CESAR CHAVEZ

BY PETER MATTHIESSEN

CESAR CHAVEZ was on union business when his life ended quietly in his sleep, at 10:30 or 11 P.M. on April 22nd, in the small border town of San Luis, Arizona, thirty-five miles and sixty-six years distant from the childhood farm in the Gila River Valley which his parents lost at the end of the Depression. On April 29th, in ninety-degree heat, an estimated thirty-five thousand people, in a line three miles long, formed a funeral procession from Memorial Park in Delano, California, to the burial Mass, at the United Farm Workers field office north of town.

With the former scourge of California safely in his coffin, state flags were lowered to half-mast by order of the governor, and messages poured forth from the heads of church and state, including the Pope and the President of the United States. This last of the U.F.W. marches was greater, even, than the 1975 march against the Gallo winery, which helped destroy the growers' cynical alliance with the Teamsters. "We have lost perhaps the greatest Californian of the twentieth century," the president of the California State Senate said, in public demotion of Cesar Chavez's sworn enemies Nixon and Reagan.

For most of his life, Cesar Estrada Chavez chose to live penniless and without property, devoting everything he had, including his frail health, to the U.F.W., the first effective farmworkers' union ever created in the United States. "Without a union, the people are always cheated, and they are so innocent," Chavez told me when we first met, in July, 1968, in Delano, where he lived with his wife, Helen, and a growing family. Chavez, five feet six, and a sufferer from recurrent back pain, seemed an unlikely David to go up against the four-billion-dollar Goliath of California agribusiness. Not until January, 1968, after many hard years of door-to-door organizing of uneducated and intimidated migrant workers, had his new independent union felt strong enough to attempt a nationwide boycott of table grapes, publicized by the first of many prolonged religious fasts. On July 29, 1970, the main Delano growers all but ended the boycott by signing union contracts with the U.F.W.

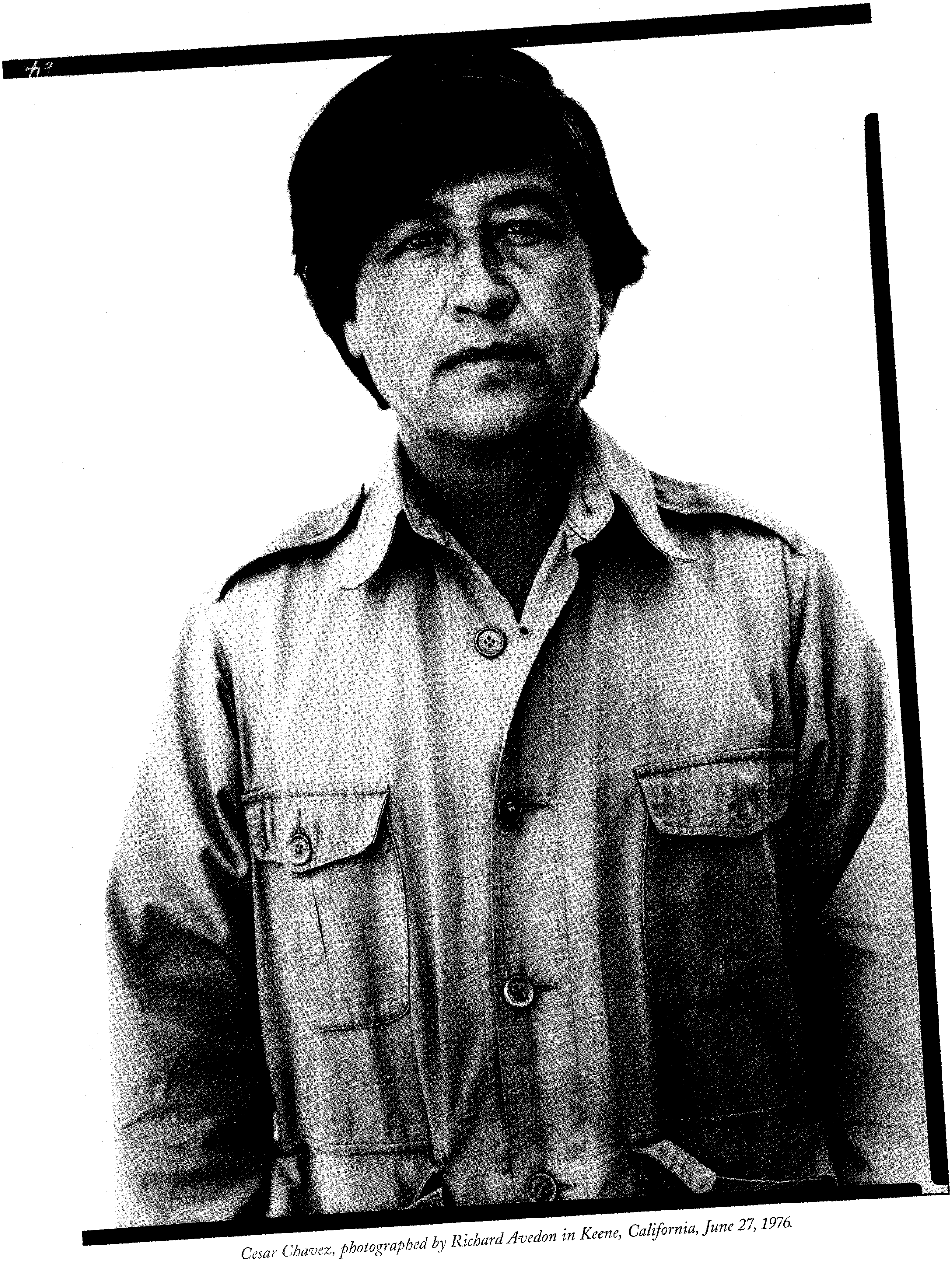
This historic victory was no sooner won when the U.F.W. was challenged by the Teamsters Union, which rushed in to sign up lettuce workers in the Salinas Valley. Chavez was angered by the perfidy of the growers, who were bent on conspiring with the Teamsters to steal from behind the U.F.W.'s back what it had won in a fair, hard fight. He also resented the hostility of almost all municipal and state officials, from the ubiquitous police to Governor Reagan, which exposed his farmworkers to an unrestrained climate of violence and took the lives of five U.F.W. members in the course of strikes and organizing campaigns. For Chavez, that hostility led to a resurfacing of emotional injuries he had suffered as a child, all the way back to the bank foreclosure on the small family farm and the brutal racism in such signs as "No Dogs or Mexicans Allowed." "Getting rejected hurts very deep," he told me once, recalling a time in Indio, California, during his migrant days when he followed his father into a decrepit diner to buy morning coffee, only to be contemptuously ordered out. To this day, he said, he could remember the expression on his father's face, and though it has been twenty years or more since Cesar told me that story, I can still recall his expression when he told it—that seraphic Indian face with the dark, sad, soft eyes and delighted smile turned crude and ugly.

In recent years, beset by the unremitting prejudice of California's Republican administrations, which were elected with the strong support of agribusiness, the embittered Chavez embarked upon a table-grape and lettuce boycott against nonunion growers, protesting the use of dangerous pesticides, which threaten the health not only of farmworkers but of the public. The new boycott never took hold. What was lacking seemed to be the fervor of those exhilarating marches under union flags, the fasts, the singing, and the chanting—*"Viva la huelga!"*—that put the fear of God in the rich farm owners of California. These brilliant tactics remained tied in the public perception to La Causa, a labor and civil-rights movement with religious overtones which rose to prominence in the feverish tumult of the sixties; as a mature A.F.L.-C.I.O. union, the U.F.W. lost much of its symbolic power. Membership has now declined to about one-fifth of its peak of a hundred thousand.

With the funeral march over, the highway empty, and all the banners put away, Cesar Chavez's friends and perhaps his foes are wondering what will become of the U.F.W. A well-trained new leadership (his son-in-law has been named to succeed him, and four of his eight children work for the union) may bring fresh energy and insight. But what the union will miss is Chavez's spiritual fire. A man so unswayed by money, a man who (despite many death threats) refused to let his bodyguards go armed, and who offered his entire life to the service of others, was not to be judged by the same standards of some self-serving labor leader or politician. Self-sacrifice lay at the very heart of the devotion he inspired, and gave dignity and hope not only to the farmworkers but to every one of the Chicano people, who saw for themselves what one brave man, indifferent to his own health and welfare, could accomplish.

Anger was a part of Chavez, but so was a transparent love of humankind. The gentle mystic that his disciples wished to see inhabited the same small body as the relentless labor leader who concerned himself with the most minute operation of his union. Astonishingly—this seems to me his genius—the two Cesars were so complementary that without either, La Causa could not have survived.

During the vigil at the open casket on the day before the funeral, an old man lifted a child up to show him the small, gray-haired man who lay inside. "I'm going to tell you about this man someday," he said. ♦



Cesar Chavez, photographed by Richard Avedon in Keene, California, June 27, 1976.

PERSONAL HISTORY

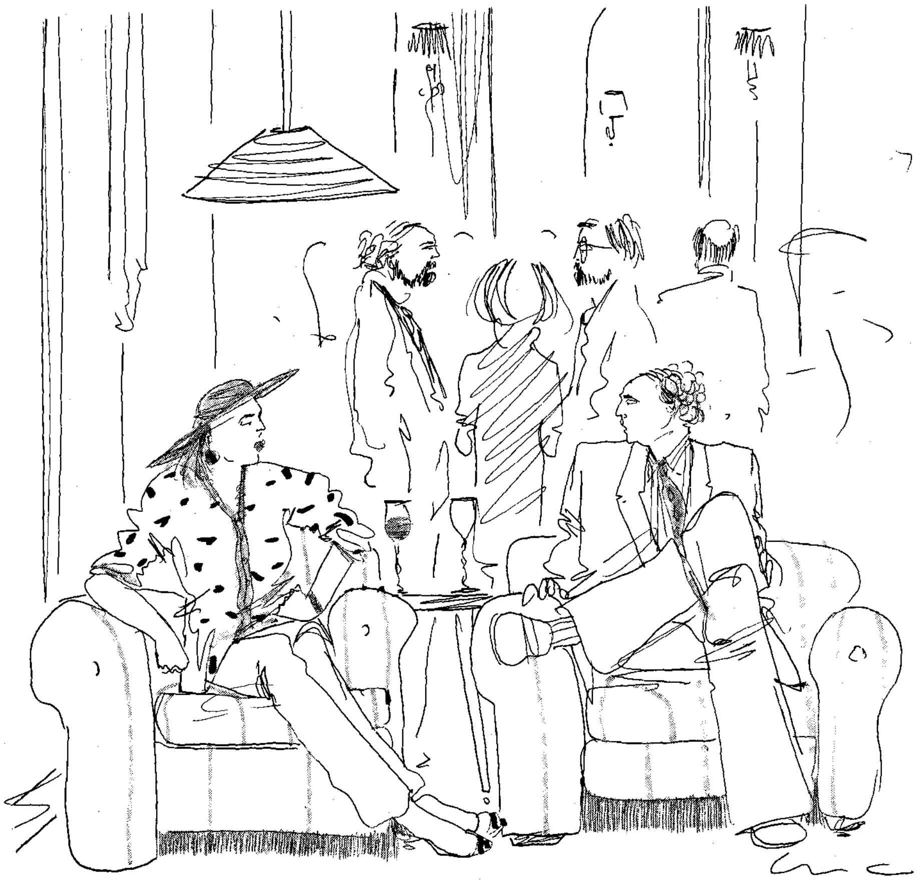
FIELD OF BATTLE

BY WILLIAM TREVOR

MY father was a big, healthy-looking man with a brown bald head and brown tobacco fingers. He liked to tell stories rather than jokes—stories about people or events that amused him. He smoked Sweet Aftons, drank anything he was offered, and had a flair for picking winners, always turning first to the sports pages of the *Irish Times* and the Cork *Examiner*. As he advanced in his career as a bank official he became skilled at guessing which farmers to lend money to. He was popular with the townspeople he lived among, popular with country people because he understood them.

My mother was tiny, capricious and beautiful, firm of purpose, fiery, and aloof, with a sharp tongue and an eccentric sense of humor which often took you by surprise. She had a faint Northern Irish accent, and used to say she supported the North when in the South and the South (the Free State, as it was then called) when in the North. She was a great reader: Philip Gibbs, Francis Brett Young, A. J. Cronin, Warwick Deeping. In the succession of small towns where we lived she borrowed their books, in brown-paper jackets, from the nuns at the convent, or from a branch of the Argosy circulating library, usually to be found at the back of a sweetshop. She had a weakness for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

My father hardly read at all and although he willingly accompanied my mother to "Top Hat" and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," his preference was for gangster adventures featuring Edward G. Robinson or James Cagney. They agreed about the "Thin Man" series—a favorite with both of them—but to their three children it often seemed that they agreed about little else. Accord was short-lived, increasingly so as the years went by.



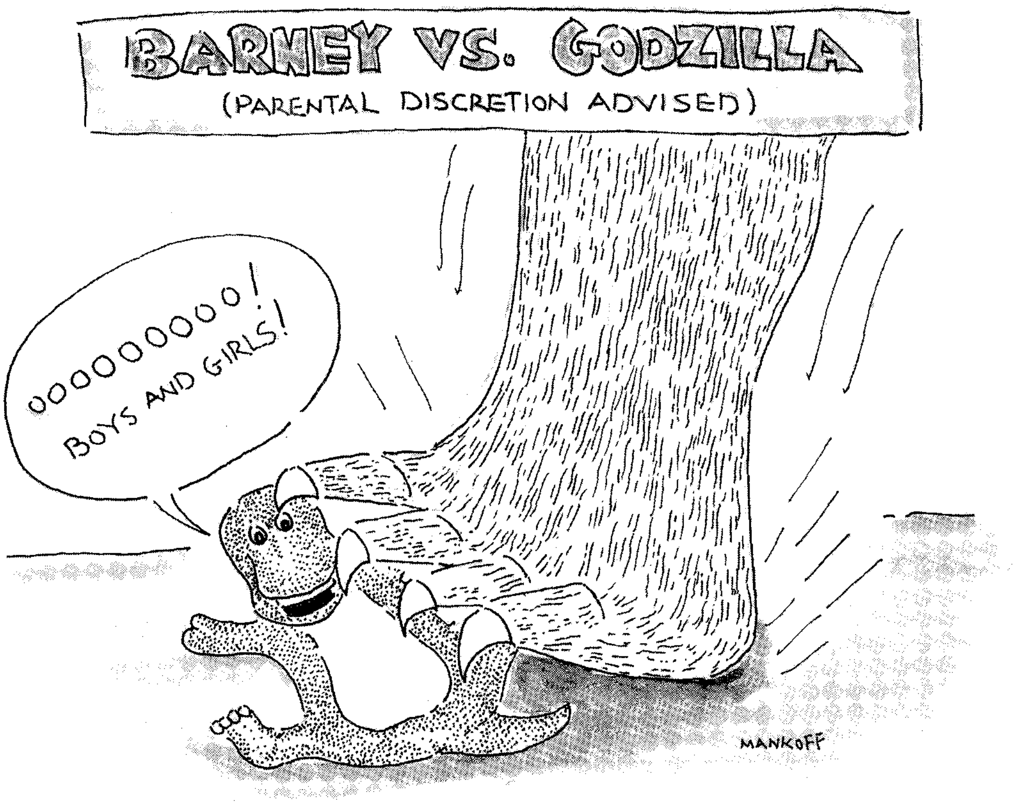
"Is it you or a Cindy Sherman version of yourself?"

What children of a marriage rarely witness is the nature of the love that brought the whole thing—themselves included—into being in the first place. The marriage of parents is almost always mysterious: the sensual elements scarcely bear thinking about, the romantic past can only be guessed at, and all such curiosity invariably comes too late.

What inadequately fills the vacuum now is sun-browned photographs of a young man in plus fours with hair brushed straight back. He stands by a motorcycle, and there's a misty image of the girl in the sidecar, her face mostly turned away. She disliked being photographed—an odd distaste in a beautiful woman. He didn't mind: in other snapshots he is at the wheel of an open-hooded Morris Cowley; striding across the square in Mount Bellew, lighting a cigarette. They are together, newly engaged, two in a family group: his white-bearded father and upright, handsome mother, his brothers and sisters and unidentified friends, all sitting on the grass at Millbrook, the County Roscommon farm, which owing to some misfortune was soon to slip out of the family's grasp. Honeymooning, they are together again, strolling on the promenade at Bray.

They met in Dundalk, he a bank clerk in the Bank of Ireland, she the first "lady clerk" ever to be employed by the Ulster Bank. Their backgrounds were not dissimilar: she, too, came of farming stock, from the apple country of Armagh, a small farm near the village of Loughgall. There wasn't much money on either side, none at all to spare for this marriage, for any kind of dowry or for a few sticks of furniture; love and optimism were all it had.

Both were charming in different ways, and all their lives remained so. But their charming each other, their pride in each other, their pleasing each other—in



later years it was hard to believe any of that had ever been there. What had lasted was a kind of rivalry that once, perhaps, was playful. Otherwise no effort was made, there was no give and take. Speculation charts a marital progression: from being lovers to becoming enemies in love, and then that rivalry turning sour.

The cold facts, all that is known, tell nothing; what happened, or did not happen, is private territory, a disappointment guarded in life and death. They made no bones about their shattered relationship, yet in all the quarrels that exploded, in all the accusations and recriminations, in all the brooding silences, there never was a clue to the truth that lay at the root of its failure.

In the places where they lived together, shackled within convention—in Dundalk, Mount Bellew, Mitchelstown, Youghal, Skibbereen, Tipperary, Enniscorthy, Portlaoighise, Galway—indifference drifted into irritation, into hatred in the end. Yet now and again, as though in mockery, there were faint echoes of what had once so briefly been, hints at least of a companionship, if never of the passion that had burned away. Once in a while, not often, there was a visit to a race meeting together, a variation of the Saturday-afternoon journey to one of the cinemas in Cork. Parties were attended in each other's company, and parties given. One summer, the family spent four or five weeks in a remote bay along the Waterford coast, he making the daily journey back to the bank in Youghal when his own holiday came to an end. Tents, including a marquee, were hired, and erected in a field on a cliff. Chests of drawers and dressing tables, beds, chairs, oil stove, and wireless set were conveyed in a borrowed lorry to the cliff-top site. Camping wasn't common in those days, and had a pioneering feel to it. Milk had to be fetched from a distant farmhouse, and baskets of potatoes and peas, and water from a spring. There was a sense of enjoyment about the adventure, which stretched a skin over whatever wounds there were, and while that summer lasted there was a fragile harmony.

In the evenings the big paraffin lamps were lit in the marquee and a record played on the windup gramophone: "Red Sails in the Sunset," "Isle of Capri." He set snares for rabbits and never caught any; she laughed at him and he didn't take offense, getting his own back by trying to take a photograph of her. But, even so, they never addressed each other with endearments, or by their Christian names. And suddenly, out of nowhere, something would go wrong and silence would cut the chatter short. Halcyon days could not be counted on. Nothing could.

The divide widened: the last good family memories are of that cliff-top habitation and the sea below. In the bleakness that possessed the marriage all the love was given to its children, who would happily have settled for less. Only they were optimistic now, hoping without encouragement that miraculously everything would change, that when a silence of months came to an end the communication that replaced it would not be short-lived. But it always was.

The autumn following that last summer dragged by, then winter and spring. Morosely, he worked the hand pump in the yard, twice a day conveying water to the tanks in the loft. On Sunday mornings he carried tea to her in bed, but no words were exchanged. Gregariously, he went about his business, and frequented bars more than once he had. She took up leatherwork.

Their spirit was not broken. Both laughed a lot, but differently, and not in one another's company. Both were clever, but in different ways. Both were perceptive, but did not share the nature of their perception. Perhaps she was too complicated for a simple man, he too undemanding for a demanding woman. Yet all this might have been overcome, and often is in marriage. What could not be was that she had borne three children and was left with no further purpose. He was making his way; for her, as he did so, there was the claustrophobia of small-town existence. Her frustration was that she was the victim of circumstance, his that he could do nothing about it.

In September, 1939, soon after the war broke out, there was the move from Skibbereen to Tipperary, and life became even more confined. The cinemas of Cork, where she had eased her mind, were no longer within reach. Gone, too, were its clothes shops, which she loved, and late-night suppers while the voices of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald still echoed. Without petrol, there was no escape, without love no release.

He strolled down the street to Dobbin's Hotel and to the club next

"THE BEST TRAVEL CLOTHING IN THE WORLD"

PITY THE PICKPOCKETS!

Of the 25 pockets in Susan and Alex Tilley's "endurables," only 11 are ***not secure, hidden...or ultra secret.***

Wash them in a hotel sink in the evening; wear them neat and dry to breakfast!

Begun as a hobby in January 1980, **TILLEY ENDURABLES** is considered to make the best travel and adventure clothing in the world. *Sir Edmund Hillary: "I wear it; it's jolly good stuff."*

Smart-looking, long-lasting, classically styled, comfortable clothes with Velcro-closed **security pockets** for your valuables, **secret pockets** for your peace of mind, and washing instructions you can swear by: **"Give 'em hell!"** *And they're not just for travel!*

The free, 64-page catalogue will give you many a smile; phone or write for yours today!

1-800-338-2797

Tilley Endurables

3525 Seneca Street,
West Seneca, N.Y. 14224

FREE GIFT WRAP! CARD TOO!

STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER AND BUFFALO

We do not solicit the patronage of those who make or promote tobacco products.

MEDICAL ? SCHOOL

Pruett Associates specializes in premedical counseling and placement programs for non-traditional applicants.

Pruett Associates, Inc.
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010
(215) 525-4607
Fax (215) 525-0544

Program limited to 40 candidates per year.

Dr. Patricia Pruett was Associate Dean and Premedical Advisor at Bryn Mawr College for 30 years.

Call or fax for information/application.

ALL THE THEATER THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

THEATERWEEK is the sophisticated weekly guide to what's happening in the theater. In addition to news, we publish provocative essays, interviews, profiles, and reviews of the latest plays and musicals. It's serious fun. 26 weeks $39 or 52 weeks $59. Check, Visa, MC to **THEATERWEEK**, Dept. N, 28 W. 25th Street 4th Floor, N.Y., N.Y. 10010. Tel (212) 627-2120, Fax (212) 727-9321.

EXPLORE ANTARCTICA...

... A land like no other in the geography and *history of the world...aboard the legendary* 138-passenger *World Discoverer.*

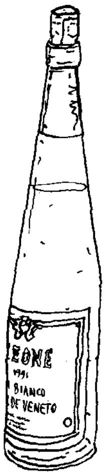
1-800-227-4099

CLIPPER ADVENTURE CRUISES
7711 Bonhomme Ave. ◆ St. Louis, MO 63105
World Discoverer, Liberian Registry

door, where he played cards. When he returned in the middle of the night the sound of quarrelling would begin in their children's dreams and then become real. He joined the Local Defense Force and would disappear into the Galty Mountains on maneuvers. Another excuse for drinking, she said.

Christmas was a time when the fragments of the family uneasily came together. He still sent to Switzer's in Dublin for scents and cosmetics he had seen advertised in their catalogue, and these would be waiting for her at breakfast Christmas morning. She still bought him things herself, scarves and ties mainly, sometimes a pullover. Gratitude for these gifts would be conveyed in a roundabout way, through admiration of the articles received. But as the years went on all that broke down: Christmas became a bad time because of the nature of the occasion, because of the extra drink or two in Dobbin's, and because, for her, the Argosy Library wasn't up to much, restricted in what it could offer owing to the war, not enough to see her through those empty festive days. There was a dearth of social life. Tipperary's one small cinema burned down.

She took to creating drama out of unpromising splinters of everyday life. One of these was a love affair between a clergyman and a lady doctor, both of them middle-aged and married to other people. They had met when the former was summoned to administer the last rites at a deathbed, the latter having already done what she could. Waiting in the house for the inevitable death, the erring couple fell in love, and the rest had to do with the rector's car being observed late at night in places where it should not be. The town now was Enniscorthy, and County Wexford tongues—Catholic as well as Protestant—joyfully wagged. The respectable caught with their dirty linen in disarray—medicine and the Church canoodling in the back of a Ford V-8—was relished with a vengeance. The unfortunate cleric's churchwardens carted him around the parish, from house to house, urging his parishioners to give him a talking to. "As good as the pictures," my mother remarked. "As good as Warwick Deeping." But such real-life drama was rare, and, as time went on and the removal vans came again and again, this rootless life increasingly took a toll on its own account. For almost half a lifetime new friends hadn't had a chance to become old ones; there'd been endless adjustments to different houses and surroundings, yet another wearying beginning in place after place. Behind the lace curtains that had been altered to fit windows all over the south of Ireland, life stumbled on, until it stumbled to a halt.



Abruptly they separated and did not ever meet again. They had stayed together for the sake of the children, and the children were now grown-up. It might have been better had they not done so, but in retrospect there is something gallant about their efforts to hold together the family their onetime love had brought into existence. Their perseverance was full of a self-sacrifice that was not apparent while they were making it, and there was a courageous honesty in their refusal to hide from their children the plight their marriage had become. They did not cover up; there was no hypocrisy.

My mother died a crippled and unhappy woman, in 1965. On a freezing snowy day her body was conveyed from Dublin to County Armagh and buried beside her father's in the small Church of Ireland graveyard at Loughgall. All the way along the route, eighty or so miles, people crossed themselves as the hearse went by, and since Catholics had always respected the firm Protestant she'd been, it seemed apt enough. Apt, too, that the husband she had married forty-four years ago wasn't there.

He died ten years later, of a heart attack, while he was drying his hands. He was eighty-four and still attending race meetings.

"It was all my fault," she said in a vague moment toward the end of her life. He might have said the same, but I doubt that that was where the truth lay. They were victims of their innocence when chance threw them together and passion beguiled them, leaving them to live with a mistake and to watch their field of battle expanding with each day that passed. They gave their love to their children and were loved in turn, fiercely, unwaveringly. But not for a moment could that heal the wounds they carried to their graves. ♦

ADVERTISEMENT

R. S. V. P.

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

An invitation to receive more information from *New Yorker* advertisers.
Simply circle the corresponding number(s) on the attached card and mail.

REAL ESTATE

1. Fisher Island. 206 exquisitely restored acres, a 7-minute ferry boat ride from Miami, a community with luxurious seaside residences; unmatched amenities. (800) 624-3251.

2. Kiawah Island, Charleston, SC. 10 miles of beach. 4 courses by Nicklaus, Player, Fazio, and Dye, host of the 1991 Ryder Cup. Call (800) 277-7008 for a free brochure.

3. Las Campanas. Sante Fe's enchantment. Jack Nicklaus' artistry. Together they form a private club community. Homesites start at $150,000. Membership included. Call (800) 237-0088, ext. 1111 for free brochure.

4. The Village of Fearrington. Our scrapbook will introduce you to the charms of Fearrington Village and Chapel Hill, NC, one of the nation's top retirement cities. Call (800) 277-0130.

TRAVEL & RESORTS

5. Arkansas. Arkansas is a colorful place to visit during spring and summer. Send for your free Vacation Planning Kit. Call (800)-NATURAL.

6. Aruba Tourism Authority. Visit the tropical island where it hardly ever rains, with beautiful beaches and blue water. Call your travel agent or (800) TO-ARUBA.

7. Australian Tourist Commission. Come to Australia and experience the wonder of a world that evolved differently. Send for your free 130-page travel guide.

8. Bermuda. Pink-sand beaches, pastel towns, glorious golf, old-world charm — less than 2 hours from the East Coast. For a vacation kit, call (800) BERMUDA; Canada, (800) 567-4678.

9. British Virgin Islands. Discover Nature's Little Secrets: Experience unspoiled beaches, bays and nature trails, as well as water-related vacations and treasure coves. Accommodations offer every amenity.

10. Celebrity Cruises. Allow us to exceed your expectations with a Celebrity Ultimate Caribbean 10- or 11-night cruise aboard the Meridian. Send for our free brochure 426MR, or call (800) 395-2300, 24 hours.

11. Columbus Caravelle/MarQuest offers unique expedition cruises to the Amazon, Antarctica, and Iceland/Greenland. Call (800) 854-4080. Free brochure.

12. Cotton Bay Club, Eleuthera. managed by Sofitel. Visit the quintessential island getaway. A luxurious retreat with a championship golf course, tennis center, and amenities of a 4-star resort. Call (800) 221-4542. Free brochure.

13. Cunard's Queen Elizabeth 2 World Cruises. Visit 6 continents and 30 spectacular ports, including Africa, Australia, the South Pacific and Europe. Book early and get up to 20 days free.

14. Cunard's Sagafjord 1994 World Cruise. The ultimate discovery vacation. Visit Rio, Antarctica, Mombasa, Alexandria and more. Book early and get up to 20 days free.

15. European Travel Commission. *Planning Your Trip to Europe* is a full-color guide to 23 countries, covering attractions, events, entertainment, accommodations, transportation, food and drink. With maps. Free. Call (800) 424-9969.

16. French Government Tourist Office/Air France. Free 1994 France Discovery Kit includes itineraries, listings of inns and hotels, and an AT&T France coupon book. Experience the fine art of flying to France on Air France.

17. Grand Lido Negril. Ultimate luxury all-inclusive. 3 superb restaurants, 24-hour room service, spectacular beach. No tipping. If it's exquisite, it's included.

18. The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. A Mobil Five-Star and AAA Five-Diamond resort offers a full-range of sports and leisure activities, including three championship golf courses.

19. Inter-Continental Hotels European Spectacular. This summer, our low rates include a luxurious guest room, full American breakfast for two daily and more. For information and reservations, call (800) 327-0200.

20. Jamaica Tourist Board. To get information about travel to Jamaica, send for your free colorful Jamaica vacation kit. Come to Jamaica and feel all right.

21. Jet Vacations. A forerunner in custom-designed travel and low-cost flights to all of Europe. New for '93 — Tahiti and the French Caribbean! Call (800) JET-BROCHURE for catalogues; (800) 538-0999 for reservations.

22. Le Toiny Resort. Peaceful, elegant and private. St. Barth's newest small luxury hotel. Private villa suites with classic hotel services, a gourmet restaurant and captivating views. For rates, reservations and free brochure, call WIMCO at (800) 932-3222.

23. London/British Airways. Send for a free London brochure including information on extra value vouchers, plus British Airways special London hotel package offers.

24. Maui Prince Hotel. This all-oceanview luxury resort features one of the most beautiful sand beaches in Hawaii, championship golf, tennis, catamaran snorkel sails and world-class dining. Call (800) 321-MAUI. Free brochure.

25. Milford Plaza Hotel. The Lullabuy of Broadway, the Heart of Theatre only steps away, moderately priced. Call (800) 221-2690.

26. Palmetto Dunes. With miles of wide, white sand beaches, four golf courses, free tennis, and luxurious, full furnished one to four bedroom villas.

27. Passport Newsletter®. Hard-to-find information and recommendations about the best travel destinations. Free brochure. Passport Newsletter®, 350 W. Hubbard Street, Suite 440, Chicago, IL 60610; (800) 542-6670.

28. Portugal. Come on over. See for yourself our colorful history, our welcoming pousadas and our great golfing facilities. Write for a free colorful information package.

29. The Princess. Bermuda's elegant landmark hotel, majestically reigning over Hamilton Harbour. Just minutes from Bermuda's quaint capitol. Truly Bermuda at its best.

30. Puerto Rico Tourism. A Caribbean paradise with a Spanish heritage offering a colorful history dating back almost 500 years, plus wonderful dining and festivals.

31. Sandals Resorts. A luxury Caribbean resort for couples only. One low all-inclusive price. Simply the best vacation for love or money.

32. The Savoy Group of Hotels and Restaurants. Experience the best, staying 7 or more nights at one or more Savoy Group Hotels in London, the Cotswolds, or Paris. Call (800) 63-SAVOY.

33. SeaQuest Cruises. Exploration cruises of adventure to the exotic destinations of China, Australia, Vietnam, Antarctica and Indonesia. Call (800) 854-8999. Free brochure.

34. South Carolina. Free travel guide and map. 120 pages of beautiful beaches, championship golf, scenic foothills, historic plantations, gracious gardens, colorful festivals, outlet shopping and events. Call (800) 346-3634.

35. Tourist Office of Spain. Spain boasts the treasures of countless civilizations with monuments and masterpieces dating back millennia. Come enjoy some of Europe's oldest cities and villages. Call (212) 759-8822.

36. Special Expeditions, Amazon. Explore the Amazon's natural history and culture aboard the 80-passenger POLARIS. For information, call (800) 762-0003.

37. Star Clippers. Tall ship cruising. 7- and 14-day Caribbean and Mediterranean sailings. Transatlantic crossings. Free brochure.

38. Sun Line Cruises offers cruises to Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and Israel on its fleet of luxury ships. Air/Land/Sea packages available. Free brochure. (212) 397-6400 or (800) 468-6400.

39. Texas Department of Commerce-Tourism Division. TEXAS is like a whole other country. To see why, call (800) 8888-TEX for your free 264-page TEXAS Travel Book.

40. Tourisme Quebec. From fairy-tale chateaus to fabulous shopping, musical festivals to haute cuisine, summer feels so different in Quebec. Call (800) 363-7777, operator 127 to receive free summer holidays brochure.

41. United States Virgin Islands. St. Croix, St. John, and St. Thomas. The American paradise. Year-round destination. Free brochure.

42. Vail, Colorado. Summering in the Vail Valley. Experience summer paradise in the mountains with golf, rafting, biking, concerts, and the hospitality of Vail, Avon, and Beaver Creek. Free 80-page Vacation Guide.

43. Virgin Atlantic Airways. Planning your summer holiday? Why not consider London via Virgin Atlantic Airways. Britain's Favourite Airline. Call (800) 862-8621.

44. Virginia. For lovers of beaches, mountains, and history. Write for a free, full-color vacation planning guidebook. Virginia is For Lovers.

45. Wintergreen. 11,000 acres of Virginia countryside located 128 miles from Charlottesville and 148 miles from Washington, D.C. Many amenities and recreational facilities in an unspoiled area.

46. World of Oz — Tours to Turkey. Private yacht cruises along Turkish Aegean Coast. Weekly May through October from $675 land packages. Turkey, Greece, Israel.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

47. Invesco Funds Group. This no-load equity income mutual fund, designed for investors seeking income along with capital growth, can help reach long-term goals. For more information and a free prospectus, call (800) 525-8085.

48. John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated. To find out more about Nuveen quality tax-free investments, please call (800) 962-9012. Read the prospectus carefully before you invest.

49. Twentieth Century Mutual Funds. Find out more about Twentieth Century's family of no-load mutual funds. Call (800) 345-2021.

MISCELLANEOUS

50. Levenger. Enhance your environment. Specializing in furniture, lighting, and equipment designed to make you more comfortable at home and more productive at work.

51. Lindal Cedar Homes. Vaulted ceilings, expansive decks, and award-winning architecture. Call (800) 426-0536 for the 240-page Lindal Planbook. $15.00

52. Saab Cars. For information and the location of the nearest Saab dealer call (800) 582-SAAB.

53. Tabasco. Free 125th Anniversary of Tabasco Country Store catalogue. 24-pages, full-color! It's filled with great gift ideas for friends, the kitchen, and your home.

Note: If response card is missing, send your request to THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 5347, Pittsfield, MA 01203-9892. Offer valid until August 9, 1993.

FICTION

A RIVERINE TALE

BY DANIEL LICARDO

WHEN I was a young scalawag, the river used to flow. We'd scramble down through the thicket to the riverbank and take our clothes off and run in, and bathe and swim and play water hockey. We'd have dirt-clod fights, chase a loose pig into the water, hunt for crawdads, and have contests to see who had the thickest feet, and the most dirt in his hair.

I always washed myself with a bar of hypo-allergenic aloe soap, because I inherited Pa's sensitive skin and Ma's fondness for all-natural skin-care products. I carved a Styrofoam-battleship soap dish to keep the bar of hypo-allergenic aloe soap afloat, so it wouldn't get small right away. After washing, I'd leave the Styrofoam battleship dry-docked between two outcroppings of schist behind the diving boulder. Everyone knew where I hid it, but it stayed put because people respected one another's property in those days.

Hardly anyone bathed alone back then. The average person did not associate hygiene with privacy. Some pond dwellers took to solitary laving, but most folks enjoyed a thorough scrubbing alongside their neighbors.

Swarms of freshwater fish swam in that river. We had aukfish and pinochle and wab and dobrotail and buckfin and good old dumpike, which tasted like soft-shell crab if you baked it in gray river mud under glowing embers.

Late afternoons, you could make out hundreds of campfires along both banks—the smell of fish frying, anise, and malt vinegar mixing with that gritty ammonia smell of night earth. Small children would gather plants by the river, and the older boys and girls would turn these pickings into refreshing salads, adorning each other's glowing bodies with necklaces of inedible berries. The men would pull streams of hot milk from the swollen udders of cows that came to the river to drink. Broad-shouldered townswomen brought out platters of multigrain bread from brick ovens. We ate together naked, on super-absorbent towels, singing songs about the fecundity of all living things. I accompanied us on guitar. Playing guitar in the nude was painful, since its sharp edges dug into your arms and thighs, leaving conspicuous red marks. I never complained, though. People didn't complain much back then.

We used riverside herbs for treating a variety of illnesses and for tuning in to other galaxies. Powdered ribbonwort was good for fungi and diseases of the groin. For liver ailments and pneumonia you boiled the ashes of the acuma fern and inhaled the steam until you threw up, which was the first sign of recovery. Tea made from the edgewater rush soothed most common respiratory problems faster than the leading adult nighttime cold medicine. If you drank it while in good health you'd come down with a nasty flu and then recover again within minutes.

Different herbs put you in touch with different galaxies and star clusters. I was partial to ravenna. Sprinkle crushed ravenna leaves on your tongue and within minutes your pituitary gland would vibrate with strong radio emissions from the Crab nebula. Ravenna caused temporary blindness, but it also conferred on the user the faculty of echolocation commonly attributed to bats.

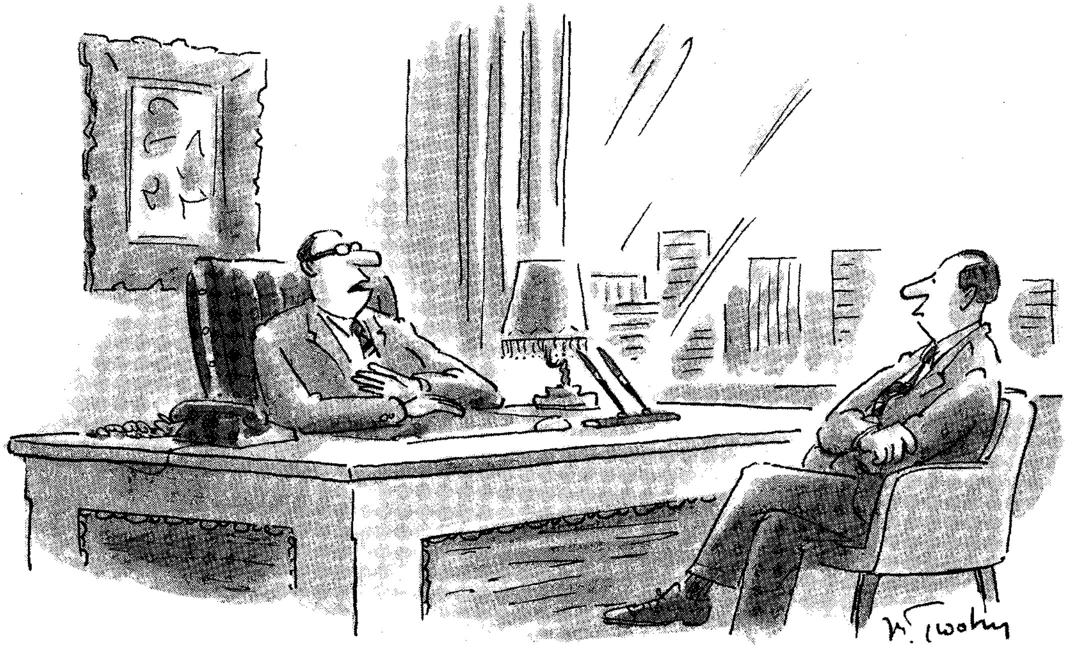
I remember jaunting on ravenna one night up in a tree with some friends. The signals came fast and loud. Bursts of indigo alternated with waves of sidereal symphonies. Then came the words, as though announced through a bullhorn the size of a planet:

ABOUT THE WOODLANDS I WILL GO
TO SEE THE CHERRY HUNG WITH SNOW

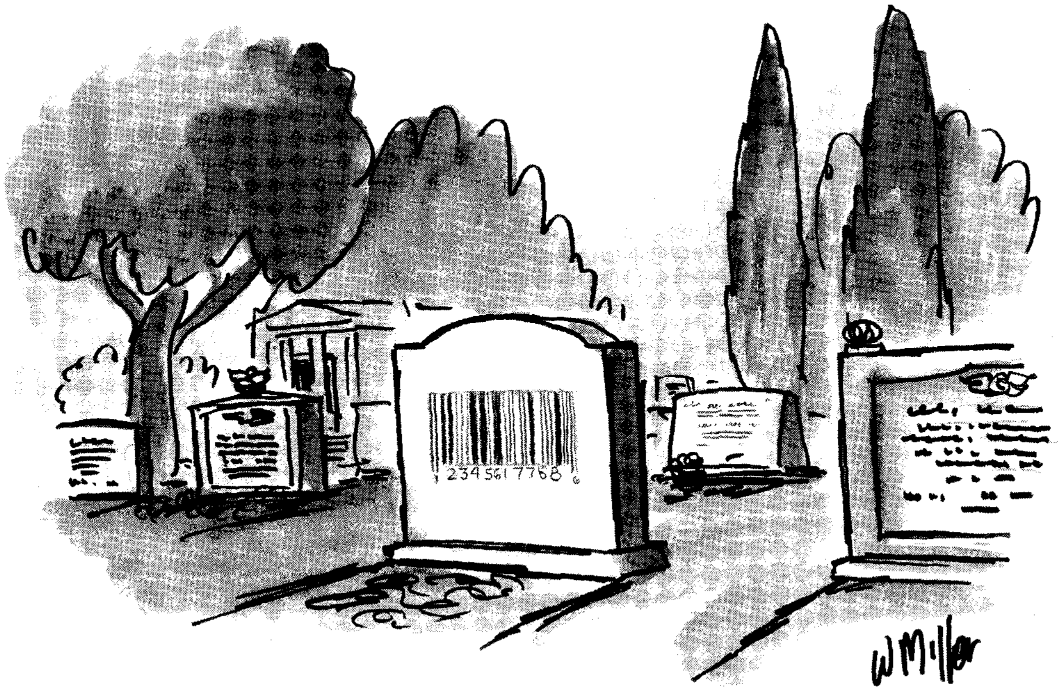
It was A. E. Housman. The Crab nebula had quoted from "Loveliest of Trees."

I REMEMBER how it all changed.

The day started out brilliant and stayed brilliant, peaking in brilliance around lunchtime. A woman with a good spine on



"I like to think of myself as a nice guy. Naturally, sometimes you have to step on a few faces."



her paddled up to me as I was applying S.P.F.-45 PABA-free sunblock and challenged me to a swimming contest. We swam out past Honorine's Bend. Since she hadn't told me where the finish line was, I followed close behind her until she stopped and yelled "I win!" upon reaching a little cove.

"No fair," I protested, disguising my amazement at how beautiful she looked up close. We were both naked.

"You lose, so you have to give me a rabbit massage," she said, clambering up the bank to the flat grass above. I went after her. She lay down on her stomach and I knelt beside her, trying to conceal my excitement. I kneaded her shoulders, her lower back, the backs of her legs. Turning over, she smiled and drew my hands across her nipples and along the plane of her stomach, down to her humid mound of Venus. "My name's Harper," she said, slowly pulling me down on her, guiding me with her hand. She had tremendous lower-body strength.

When I regained consciousness, I asked, "What happened?"

"La petite mort," she replied. "The little death. You fainted, overcome by the intensity of our lovemaking." We cuddled and snuggled. Harper humored me. I ran my tongue in figure eights around the two dimples just above her lovely, fruity ass.

Harper and I went to the cove once a week. I wanted to go every day, several times a day. But she went to the cove every day with a different person. Once I saw her paddle alone past Honorine's Bend on a red inflatable sea horse.

In the fifth week of our acquaintance, Harper and I swam out to the cove under a roiling sky. We took shelter in a tiny nook and clung to each other like chimps. The clouds broke open, and sheets of water exploded down. Lightning struck the river, creating momentary blue plates wide as forest glades. Thunderclaps shook the air.

"Cool!" Harper said. "The Lord is doing His work." Harper came from a transcendentalist background and always got a thrill from a demonstration of God's power.

"Yes," I said, burrowing into her like a scared animal, "and I'm trying to do mine." Goose bumps formed on her hips, making it easier to grip her in all that confusion.

The heavens raged for a hundred days.

I lost patience waiting for my weekly turn. I started taking different people to the cove. I took Electra, Meg, Kezia, Pasifa, Stacey, and Thora—girls I had grown up with, now brazen young women. Sometimes we went in combinations: Thora, Kezia, and me; Meg, Thora, and me; Electra, Pasifa, Thora, Clark (Meg's brother), and me; Stacey, Amber (Thora's mom), Meg, and me. Amber came just that one time. I discovered that I could love a lot of people and that I had a lot of love to give, sequentially and simultaneously. Harper had freed my mind.

The sky gave itself up to chaos.

The river overflowed its banks and flooded the towns. People drowned. Houses fell and washed away. Dead animals—cattle, fowl, beast, and every creeping thing—floated with the current like so many loose logs. The water rose fifteen cubits high.

Then a great wind passed over the earth. Whirlpools pocked the seascape. The storm stopped. The water subsided. The river flowed again within its banks. When we came down from the hills, the land looked freshly shaved.

I had lost Pa and Ma. I had lost many friends. I went back to the two outcroppings of schist. The water had swept away the Styrofoam-battleship soap dish containing my bar of hypo-allergenic aloe soap.

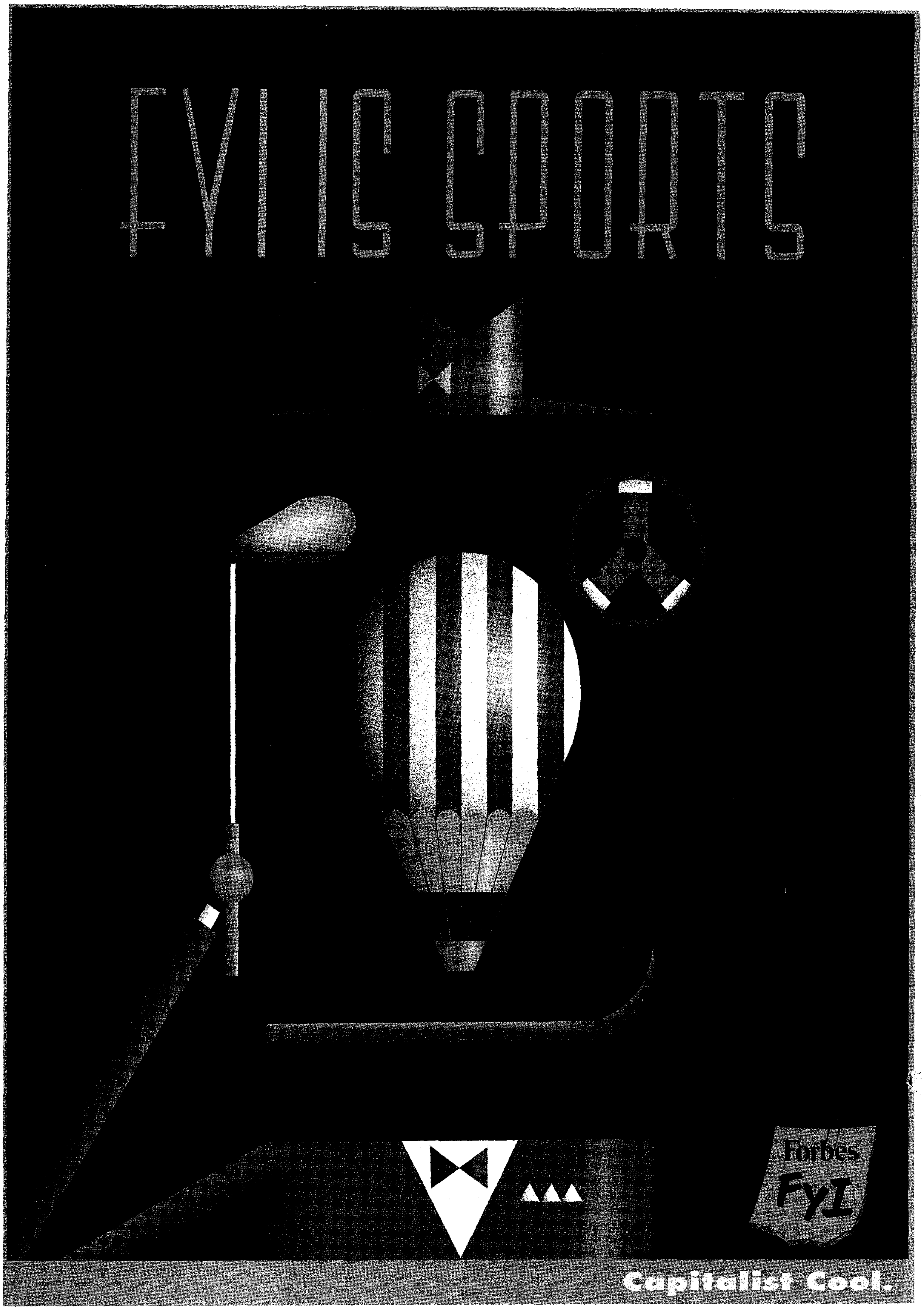
We had an early frost that year. The cold was hard and snowless. The river froze over, and people walked across it to the waste places on the other side. No one realized that the winter was going to be permanent.

Harper came to my fire one night and told me she was pregnant. I advised her not to have a child so late in the millennium.

"Fuck you," she said. "I'll do what I want." She went ahead and had the baby, a boy she named Forever. He was not my baby. He was Clark's baby, but Clark was dead. A lot of people were dead. Harper managed.

I married Kezia, and we huddled together. She bore us seven children. Four survived childhood, and they would grow to be giants.

Everyone still living reproduced often. That was the marvel of it: you could have all the warmth in the world taken away and still make, furtively, bushels and bushels of babies. ♦


FYI IS SPORTS
Forbes
FyI
Capitalist Cool.

Source: MMR 1992. FYI is a supplement to FORBES. For further information contact Ellen Dweck, Director of Advertising FORBES FYI, at 212-620-2450.

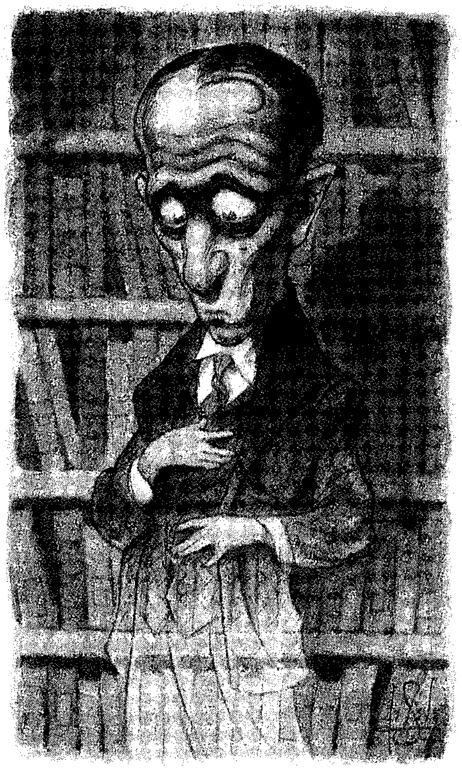
THE CRITICS

BOOKS

EXILE ON MAIN STREET

BY JOHN UPDIKE

Sinclair Lewis is at last fading from the bookshops. About ten of his twenty-three titles are still in print, but I recently found not even a paperback "Babbitt" on store racks where works by Jack London, Edith Wharton, Theodore Dreiser, and Scott Fitzgerald were being plenteously offered to fin-de-siècle buyers. Have his novels gone the way of Booth Tarkington's and Zona Gale's—souvenirs of a Midwestern America whose power to charm or to oppress has receded into cultural history? Even the Library of America's shiny new edition ($35) of "Main Street" (1920) and "Babbitt" (1922)—the two novels that contributed bywords to the English language—has something halfhearted about it, something thin. In a format that has permitted editions of over fifteen hundred pages, and cheerfully accommodates four novels at a time, Lewis's texts, along with copious notes by the book's editor, the late John Hersey, occupy less than nine hundred pages. The Library of America's policy of carrying no introductions to its selected classics prevents us from sharing the editorial rationale behind this relatively parsimonious volume; we are left to conclude that Lewis is a dwarf classic. Melville, by contrast, for all the hurry and derangement of some of his prose, gets a full, three-volume treatment, including the virtually unreadable "Mardi" and the quaint oddity "Israel Potter." Edith Wharton and Willa Cather, contemporaries and admirations of Lewis's, have been awarded several plump volumes each, as have Jack London and Richard Wright. The Library of America, one imagines, is getting near the bottom of its barrel of crème de la crème, and offers with the wry shrug of a depleted merchant these two literary products in which an awkward, homely, hyperactive, crudely ambitious scribbler from small-town Minnesota managed to strike a national nerve and in the bargain delivered most of what life had taught him.



Is Sinclair Lewis vanishing from the American literary pantheon?

For this reader, both novels were slow going. The conflicts in neither lend themselves to sweeping dramatization—to illustration, rather, so that what we get are level stretches of minor incidents. It is not just "Main Street" 's heroine, Carol Kennicott, who longs to get out of Gopher Prairie, with its dreary buildings and hard winters and impassioned petty gossip and self-righteous Republican selfishness; it is the reader as well. And yet this novel, with all its vacillations and ambiguities of artistic purpose, has a reach of greatness to it, a sense of human softness and helpless witness, which the brisker, more polished satire and sentiment of "Babbitt" lack. Its well-known story is simple: Carol Milford, a young woman of good looks, good family, and directionless idealism, leaves her job as a St. Paul librarian to marry Dr. Will Kennicott, a "thick tall man of thirty-six or -seven," who practices in Gopher Prairie, a Minnesota town of some three thousand, surrounded by lakes and wheat farms. Anticipating her impression of the town's isolation and provinciality, Kennicott, a loyal native, urges, "Come on. Come to Gopher Prairie. Show us. Make the town—well—make it artistic. . . . Make us change!" She tries, but her feeble attempts, such as throwing a relatively jazzy party, organizing a dramatic group, and sitting on the town library committee, fall short and flat, and eventually she leaves, to live with her small son in Washington, D.C., as a clerk in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. Though she forms friendships in the capital and comes to feel "that she was no longer one-half of a marriage but the whole of a human being," when Dr. Kennicott, after a year, comes re-wooing with uncharacteristic cunning and tact, she returns to Gopher Prairie and bears him a daughter.

The publishing firm of Alfred Harcourt expected that the novel might sell twenty thousand copies; in a little over six months it had sold a hundred and eighty thousand. It was, according to Mark Schorer's biography of Lewis, "the most sensational event in twentieth-century American publishing history." Its popular success was matched by its praise from literary lights. The young F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote Lewis:

> I want to tell you that *Main Street* has displaced *Theron Ware* in my favor as the best American novel. The amount of sheer data in it is amazing! As a writer and a Minnesotan let me swell the chorus—after a third reading.

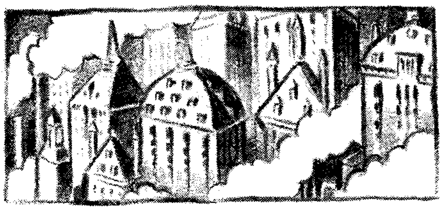
H. L. Mencken, at the peak of his power and prestige, had met Lewis at least once, at a party where, according to the exaggeration-prone George Jean Nathan, "a tall, skinny, paprika-headed stranger" put a stranglehold on both men and announced that he was the best writer in the country and had just written "the gottdamn best book of its kind that this here gottdamn country has had and don't you guys forget it!" Three days later, Mencken wrote Nathan:

> Grab hold of the bar-rail, steady yourself, and prepare yourself for a terrible shock! I've just read the advance sheets of the book of that *Lump* we met at Schmidt's and, by God, he has done the job! It's a genuinely excellent piece of work. Get it as soon as *you* can and take a look. I begin to believe that perhaps there isn't a God after all.

The popular success of the book derived, I suspect, not from Mencken's approbation or the novel's revelation of small-town narrowness (such American exposés go back to Hawthorne, who wrote a short story called "Main Street") but from the identification of many female readers with the heroine. Their lives, like hers, were stuck in domestic routines and puritanical, provincial, mercantile, male-dominated societies, and all their rebellious impulses came, like Carol's, to little more than a few unsuitable friendships, a flirtation or two, vaguely good works, and poetic daydreaming.

I remember my mother's copy of "Main Street," as it sat on the shelves of our little family library, in the dusty company of Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay," and W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions." We did not own many books, and they consisted mostly of my mother's college texts and subsequent purchases. The bold spine, blue with an orange mock label—a distinctive format that Harcourt gave all of Lewis's books—had an aggressive air, and I more than once in boyhood pulled it out and read the opening pages, in which Main Street is ironically evoked as "the climax of civilization" and the college-age Carol is described standing in relief on a hill "where Chippewas camped two generations ago," her taffeta skirt bellied by a prairie breeze "in a line so graceful, so full of animation and moving beauty, that the heart of a chance watcher on the lower road tightened to wistfulness over her quality of suspended freedom. . . . A girl on a hilltop; credulous, plastic, young." My mother's maiden name was carefully inscribed inside. She had not been among the first waves of purchasers; her edition, which has now descended to me, was from the thirteenth printing, in January, 1921. She was seventeen then; probably she bought the book a few years later, secondhand. Its spine is rubbed and worn as if by several readings. I felt there was something *frightening* about the book, and something intimately related to her. Not that she ever pressed "Main Street" upon me; her repeated recommendation, when I got to be a teen-ager, was "Madame Bovary." I avoided reading both volumes. I did not want to know about my mother's unhappiness; I wanted her to be happy, and to stand still, and to let me grow up in a calm and pleasant atmosphere. When, after her death, her "Main Street" came into my hands, I looked through it for a marginal note in her writing, even some underlining, that would bear out my intuitive, dread-filled sense of her closeness to Carol Kennicott with her "quality of suspended freedom," her air of longing and discontent. I found nothing, not a mark, not even a "How true!" or a "Yes" or an asterisk next to Carol's eloquent feminist plaint to Guy Pollock in Chapter 16:

> I think I want you to help me find out what has made the darkness of the women. Gray darkness and shadowy trees. We're all in it, ten million women, young married women with good prosperous husbands, and business women in linen collars, and grandmothers that gad out to teas, and wives of underpaid miners, and farmwives who really like to make butter and go to church. What is it we want—and need? . . . I think perhaps we want a more conscious life. We're tired of drudging and sleeping *and dying*. We're *tired of seeing just a few* people able to be individualists.



It is commonly said that Carol Kennicott is based on Lewis's first wife, born Grace Livingstone Hegger—a smart New Yorker who was working at *Vogue* when he courted her. In her copy he inscribed, "To Gracie, who is all the good part of Carol." The novel originally had a male central character, the languidly disaffected lawyer Guy Pollock, who was apparently based upon an acquaintance Lewis had made in his home town of Sauk Centre in 1905, an eccentric young attorney called Charles T. Dorion. When Lewis and his bride visited Sauk Centre in 1916, the shift to a female protagonist began. Schorer conjectures, "It was as if, in 1916, seeing his wife and his father and his brother Claude, together, he had asked himself, 'Suppose Grace had married a man like Claude or my father instead of me, and suppose they . . . stayed here?' "

Grace in fact didn't have to cope long with life in Sauk Centre, but another woman Lewis knew well and loved did: his stepmother, Isabel Warner Lewis, whom the novelist later described as "more mother than step-mother" and "psychically my own mother." (His own mother, whom he strikingly resembled, died when he was six.) Just as the fictional Dr. Kennicott took Carol away from St. Paul, Dr. Edwin Lewis brought Isabel from Chicago, where she had been the daughter of the house in which he roomed as a medical student. Carol's busy but unsatisfying club life echoes Isabel Lewis's vigorous involvements in the Musical Club, the Congregational Church, the Order of the Eastern Star, the local library, the Embroidery Club, and a self-improvement group called the Gradatim Club. "Pleasantly ambitious" was how Lewis described his stepmother, and her town involvements seem to have been *triumphant*. But perhaps there was an underside of painful adjustment as the Chicago girl came to Sauk Centre, which her youngest and most observant stepson helplessly witnessed. The communal institutions of Gopher Prairie—its churches, lodges, and betterment campaigns—form a comically small theatre for Carol Kennicott's portentous social agonies, but to a local boy, and to the earnest settlers of the vast prairie, such organizations undoubtedly loomed in a larger scale. Carol's curiously hectic and variable adventures in attaching herself to the local fabric gain dignity and peril if they are felt not as a city wife's visit to the boondocks but as a maternal figure's efforts to make a place for herself in an alien environment.

Imagining "Main Street" as a small boy's point of view helps account for Will Kennicott's oscillations, in the style of a father, between being a boor and being a hero, and for Carol's virtual sexlessness. Mary Austin, a contemporary writer and friend of Lewis's, early remarked, "One wonders if he was fully aware of how much of Carol Kennicott's failure to find herself in Gopher Prairie was owing to the lack of sex potency, a lack which he records without relating it to any other of her insufficiencies." Her frigidity drives her husband into the arms of the plump, "messy-minded" Maud Dyer; Maud is inferior in almost every regard except that, he admits to himself, "she's got more life to her than Carol has." To Carol he cries, "I don't expect you to be passionate—not any more I don't," and insists, "No matter even if you are cold, I like you better than anybody in the world." She is a Madame Bovary without lovers. The author heads her toward a succession of possible flames—Guy Pollock, Miles Bjornstam, Erik Valborg—but nothing kindles; the defiant, yea-saying, ruinous affair the reader awaits never develops. Even a year on the loose among handsomely uniformed men in Washington generates no romance for Carol. Not only Maud Dyer but Bea Bjornstam and, at another level of intelligence and social status, Vida Sherwin Wutherspoon seem to be set forth as contrasts: all these women find their life's meaning in their relations with a man, while Lewis's feminism disdains any such resolution of his heroine's discontent. Yet he no more knows what to do with her than she knows what to do with herself. Unable to conceive of any better fate, the author brings her back, her burden of motherhood doubled, to Gopher Prairie, to the common-sense, pragmatic, conservative American practicality that was, after all his forays into satire, socialism, and building Pre-Raphaelite castles in air, what he knew best and trusted most. Having mentally entertained his heroine's restless unhappiness, he safely ends by remarrying her to Dad.

"MAIN STREET" is subtitled "The Story of Carol Kennicott," but insofar as it portrays purposeful action it is the story of Will Kennicott; he wins and transplants Carol, ministers to the realities around them, and makes money out of the prairie. When she rebels, he knows when to indulge her and when to reconquer her. Similarly, "Babbitt" might be called the story of Myra Babbitt, the eponymous George F.'s almost invisible wife. It is she who is the effective agent of the circumambient society. It was she, we are told, who initiated the engagement, against Babbitt's better judgment; it was she, as the daughter of the hard-nosed real-estate man Henry Thompson, who determined Babbitt's professional career; it is she who contains his middle-aged rebellion by ignoring it and then, with a divinely inspired attack of appendicitis, brings him back into the warm fold of Babbittry. Her first appearance in the novel excites one of its most memorable sentences: "She was a good woman, a kind woman, a diligent woman, but no one, save perhaps Tinka her ten-year-old, was at all interested in her or entirely aware that she was alive." Toward the end, precariously ill and about to be taken to the hospital, she offers to die, in the novel's most moving, nakedly emotional scene:

> He was on his knees by the bed. While she feebly ruffled his hair, he sobbed, he kissed the lawn of her sleeve, and swore, "Old honey, I love you more than anything in the world! I've kind of been worried by business and everything, but that's all over now, and I'm back again."
>
> "Are you really? George, I was thinking, lying here, maybe it would be a good thing if I just *went.* I was wondering if anybody really needed me. Or wanted me. I was wondering what was the use of my living. I've been getting so stupid and ugly—"
>
> "Why, you old humbug! Fishing for compliments when I ought to be packing your bag! Me, sure, I'm young and handsome and a regular village cut-up and—" He could not go on. He sobbed again; and in muttered incoherencies they found each other.

The reader, against all the doctrinal trends of this most celebrated satire of Middle American values, finds himself

HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C.

SOLAR POWERED VACATION

COME where the sun stays warm and welcoming. Where golf, tennis sailing and the beach are sports for all seasons. Shopping and dining begin with the charming waterfront village of Shelter Cove Harbour.

Stay in luxurious 1 to 4 bedroom villas on the ocean, harbour or fairways.

1-800-845-6130
A Mobil Four-Star & AAA Four-Diamond Resort

PALMETTO DUNES RESORT
P.O. Box 5606,
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

"Thoroughly researched, well-written . . . absorbing . . ."

- *Golf Magazine*, April, 1993

The *Golf Travel* newsletter eliminates guesswork and costly mistakes from your golf travel. *Golf Travel* evaluates the greatest ... and most overrated ... golf destinations in the world in an unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent style. Published monthly. The perfect gift idea. $67 per year. Your satisfaction is fully guaranteed. Check, VISA, or MasterCard. Tel. 800-225-7825.

GOLF TRAVEL
The Guide for Discriminating Golfers

Golf Travel: P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903

French Holiday Rentals

Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.

Catalog available. Call (510) 559-8080 or
write 2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704

VILLE ET VILLAGE

MAINE DEEPWATER PROPERTIES

SORRENTO - Light-filled contemporary residence perches over 800' rocky beach waterfront with tiny private island. 36 superb woodland acres. Asking $595,000.

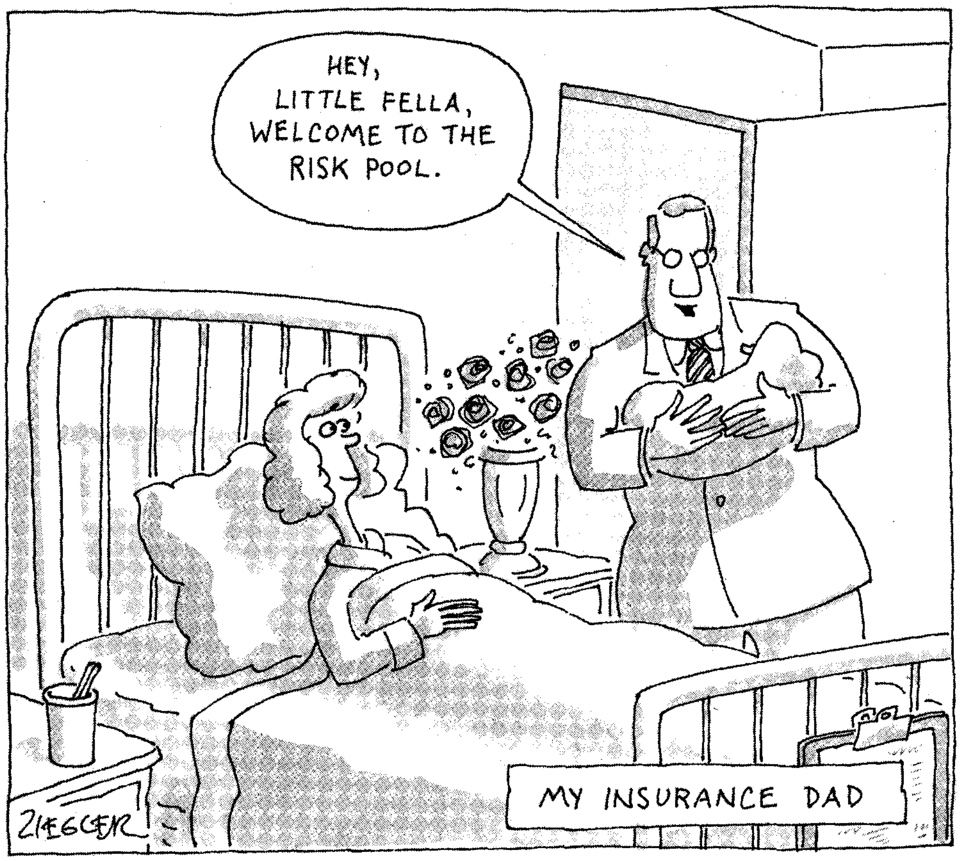
EAST SULLIVAN - Architect-owned, state-of-the-art residence designed around ancient barn timbers. Splendid view of Frenchmans Bay and mountains. Asking $475,000.

J. F. Singleton, 41 High Street, Ellsworth, ME 04605
Telephone: (207) 667-6144; evenings (207) 422-6875

rejoicing that Babbitt will be after all allowed into the right-wing Good Citizens' League and will resume his petty rounds of professional chicanery and family-bound numbness. "Babbitt," though it was published less than two years after "Main Street," was written by a different man—one much better positioned to extoll the joys of conformity and humble drudgery. The phenomenal success, both popular and critical, of "Main Street" had lifted him up from the limbo of struggling free-lancers into a dizzying limelight, and launched him on the life of rootless travel and reckless living whose details are summed up in the harrowingly crowded thirty-six-page biographical chronology that Hersey provided for the Library of America. "Babbitt" was composed in Cornwall, Kent, Paris, Rome, London, and Forest Hills, while Lewis's marriage to Grace was showing stress and his drinking was becoming, occasionally, a problem.

In the wake of "Main Street" he had gone on a lecture tour of the Midwest, taking notes on the middle-sized cities—"not NY or Chi but the cities of 200,000 to 500,000," he explained in a letter to Mencken—that were to be the scene of his next novel, whose central figure was to be "a Solid Citizen, one George F. Babbitt." Lewis continued, "The book is not altogether satire. I've tried like hell to keep the boob Babbitt from being merely burlesque—hard tho that is at times, when he gets to orating before the Boosters' Club lunches. I've tried to make him human and individual, not a type." The novel never declares exactly where its city of Zenith is—much further east than Gopher Prairie, certainly, and east of Chicago—but Cincinnati seems to have been especially fruitful for his researches. From there he wrote Alfred Harcourt in 1921, "Bully time, met lots of people, really getting the feeling of life here. Fine for *Babbitt.*" When the book was further along, he wrote a friend that "it was very useful for me to go to Cincinnatti—it gave me a renewed sense of the exact flavor of a large American city of today." Between Sauk Centre High School and Yale, Lewis had spent six months at the academy of Oberlin College, and later credited that interim as giving him "a notion of the Eastern Middlewest, in which is situate Zenith."

But Ohio is never named; Zenith belongs to a state of the American mind. It materializes on the novel's first page as a vision of towers, "sturdy as cliffs and delicate as silver rods," and of limousine-laden highways, "a city built—it seemed—for giants." George F. Babbitt, however, is discovered asleep on his sleeping porch, his face "babyish in slumber, despite his wrinkles and the red spectacle-dents on the slopes of his nose." For the next seven chapters and ninety pages, the author follows Babbitt through his rounds, returning him to the sleeping porch and framing his sleeping form within another omniscient overview of the city. The mock-epic note and the absurdist diurnal inventory are so strikingly reminiscent of another novel published in 1922, Joyce's "Ulysses," that one wonders if Lewis, in his wide reading, had encountered any of the *Little Review* excerpts. He was not above borrowing tricks from the avant-garde; some surprising stream-of-consciousness passages appear in "Main Street."

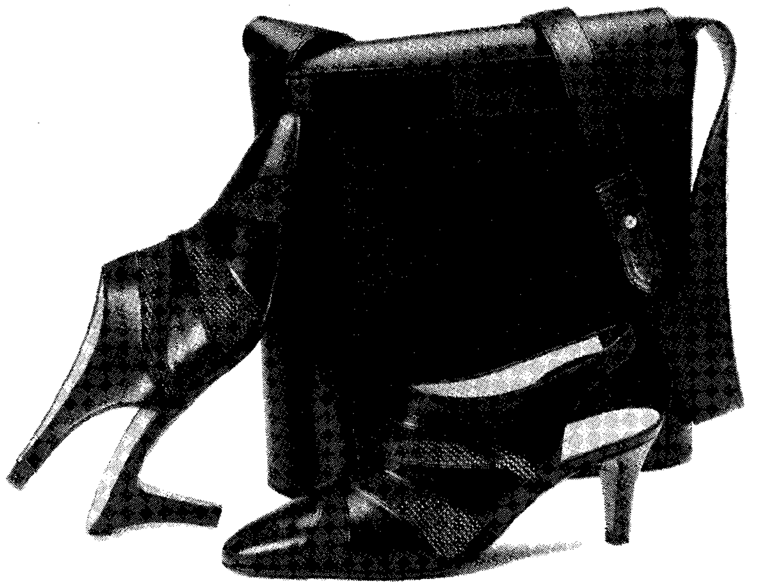

HEY, LITTLE FELLA, WELCOME TO THE RISK POOL.
MY INSURANCE DAD
ZIEGLER

Babbitt's specimen day concluded, Lewis embarks upon a series of set pieces, asking us alternately, and even simultaneously, to laugh at Babbitt's crass speechifying and opinionating and to sympathize with his longing for something beyond all this. He recurrently dreams of "the fairy child, a dream more romantic than scarlet pagodas by a silver sea. . . . She was so slim, so white, so eager! She cried that he was gay and valiant, that she would wait for him, that they would sail." Closer to earth and to Zenith, he cherishes a sentimental friendship with the introverted, Guy Pollock-like Paul Riesling: "He was an older brother to Paul Riesling, swift to defend him, admiring him with a proud and credulous love passing the love of women." If Mark Schorer's exhaustive yet tart biography has a dominant point about Sinclair Lewis, it is his loneliness, his inability to make and keep friends. "Babbitt" 's attempt to show an intense male friendship comes through with a poignant unreality surpassing that of the fairy child. Paul has his own discontents—"I ought to have been a fiddler, and I'm a pedler of tar-roofing"—and a wife, Zilla, who is more troublesome, expensive, and nagging than Myra Babbitt; Babbitt's slide out of Babbittry is accelerated by his dismay when Paul shoots Zilla (nonfatally) and is sentenced to three years in jail. Into Paul's place as a tempter to apostasy briefly steps an old college classmate, Seneca Doane, a onetime corporation lawyer who "had turned crank, had headed farmer-labor tickets and fraternized with admitted socialists." A certain furtive respect for

Doane, plus a new daring that allows Babbitt to acquire a mistress, Tanis Judique, and to party night after night with her bohemian set, leads him to resist when Vergil Gunch, a staunchly pro-business coal dealer, presses him to join the right-wing Good Citizens' League. This resistance is about to cost the Babbitt-Thompson Realty Company some profitable shady dealing with the Street Traction Company when Myra's appendix opportunely restores the social order.

A happy ending of sorts ensues. Ted Babbitt, George's son, elopes with the girl next door, Eunice Littlefield, whom the senior Babbitt has always seen in a glimmering light: "Eunice was a midge in the sun. . . . The agreeable child dismayed him. Her thin and charming face was sharpened by bobbed hair; her skirts were short, her stockings were rolled, and, as she flew after Ted, above the caressing silk were glimpses of soft knees which made Babbitt uneasy, and wretched that she should consider him old. Sometimes, in the veiled life of his dreams, when the fairy child came running to him she took on the semblance of Eunice Littlefield." So the son wins the fairy girl. Bravely, stoutly, Babbitt gives his blessing and releases the boy, whose only aptitude is mechanical, from the paternal imperative to fulfill Babbitt's own frustrated hope of becoming a lawyer: "Take your factory job, if you want to. Don't be scared of the family. No, nor all of Zenith. Nor of yourself, the way I've been. Go ahead, old man! The world is yours!" Thus raggedly does the heritage of dreams descend through the generations.

My father as well as my mother figured in my ominous early sense of Sinclair Lewis's world. A schoolteacher and deacon, my father didn't make it into the Babbitt circles of our little town—he was never invited, for instance, to join a fraternal lodge—but he hovered on their edge, both admiring and skeptical. The jargon of boosterism, of getting ahead, was much in his mind, as a code he could not quite crack. (Curiously, an Updike plays a peripheral part in "Babbitt"—Horace Updike, "Zenith's professional bachelor," a suave, slender man Babbitt's exact age of forty-six—and two of Lewis's few close friends in young manhood were named Upson and Updegraff.) One of my first thoughts about fiction, arrived at in the near-

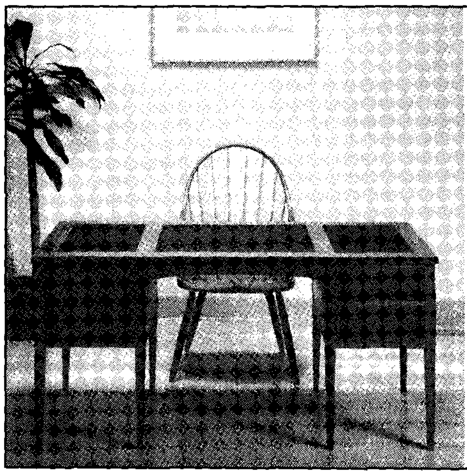


A CERTAIN WORLD WALKS IN ROSSETTI

Women's Available sizes 5 to 10 *Hers $235*

New York: 601 Madison Avenue
NYC 10022 Tel. (212) 888-5107
London: 196 Sloane Street
SW1 Tel. (71) 2596397
Paris: 54 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré
75008 Tel. (1) 42652660

FRATELLI ROSSETTI



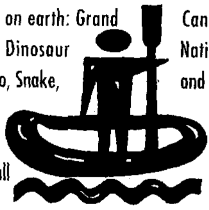
THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

At Thos. Moser, we design and build elegant hardwood furnishings. Each piece is created by hand, and captures the comfort and beauty of classic American styling. Designed for both traditional and contemporary homes, Thos. Moser furniture will gracefully endure for generations to come.

CATALOG $10

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
SAN FRANCISCO 415-931-8131

415R CUMBERLAND AVE., PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791



GRAND CANYON

Rafts offer effortless conveyance to the most spectacular landscapes on earth: Grand Canyon, Canyonlands, and Dinosaur National Parks on the Colorado, Snake, and Salmon Rivers. Trips vary from a week-end to two weeks, starting at $324. Call for a free catalog.

HOLIDAY RIVER EXPEDITIONS
1-800-554-RAFT
544 E 3900 S, SLC UT 84107 (801) 266-2087 FAX (801) 266-1448

Türkiye
the native perspective
Yacht cruises & tours of Turkey
Club Voyages, Box 7648, Shrewsbury
NJ 07702 / **908-291-8228**

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
JONATHAN KELLERMAN DEVIL'S WALTZ
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Rentals
• Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

Keltic Lodge
A resort on cliffs overlooking the ocean, commanding a view like no other. A majestic location on Nova Scotia's world-famous Cabot Trail.
1-800-565-0444

"A terrific book, a smart, honest account of the making of a writer."
–Russell Banks
I HAD A FATHER
A Post-Modern Autobiography
CLARK BLAISE
"Clark Blaise is a born storyteller and an easy writer to like, to savor."
–The New York Times Book Review
ADDISON-WESLEY

HOOP EARRINGS
A set of comfortable, simple, wire hoops in 3 sizes. 3 pair to a set. Handmade Sterling $15.00/set. 14K Gold $45.00/set. $3.00 S&H
actual sizes
HARD TO FIND
SCREW DOWN HOOPS
Solid, simple, sturdy, screwdown hoop earrings. A welcome gift. 6 sizes available. FREE CATALOG AVAILABLE
Actual size
Spring City Craftsman
190 N. Main, Spring City, Utah 84662
1-800-262-6026
Sterling $20.00 pr., 14k $68.00 pr., $3.00 s&h MC, Visa, Check, MO

perfect literary vacuum of my early adolescence, was that it was wrong, morally and aesthetically, to write of common American life as Lewis did, satirically. Life was life, I figured, unique and problematical everywhere. I must have had my family's complicated socioeconomic struggles in mind; it was as if Lewis were peering in our windows and sneering. When at last I came to read "Babbitt," it was because its central character's name rhymed with that of a fictional character of my own. The parallels astonished me—the bondage to one's father-in-law's business, the baffled love for one's son, the dips into low life, and the scared skid home.

When, in 1930, Lewis became the first American to win the Nobel Prize, Sherwood Anderson found the result "depressing," writing to a friend, "Dreiser has had real tenderness in him. Lewis never. It seems to me that Lewis must have got it out of European dislike of America rather than liking." Yet, at least in "Main Street" and "Babbitt," lack of overt tenderness is not the fault. Not only are the two central malcontent dreamers given the author's ardent sympathy but their entire constricting milieu is finally endorsed as being without a practical alternative, and the milieu's enforcers are perceived as basically decent folk. Babbitt's lunch-table companions at the Zenith Athletic Club, as rowdy a crowd of capitalist small fry as one could wish, with Vergil Gunch at their head, are lovably silent in regard to Babbitt's grief over Paul Riesling, and win him back to the Good Citizens' fold as tactfully as Will Kennicott woos back Carol. Accused of hating Main Street and its inhabitants, Lewis insisted on his "love of Main Street, from a belief in Main Street's inherent power." To a correspondent who said he would rather live in Gopher Prairie than New York, Lewis mildly suggested that he try it for three years, adding, "Mind you, I *like* G.P., all the G.P.'s; I couldn't write about them so ardently if I didn't." His idealism had turned from a youthful immersion in Christianity, which lasted into his second year at Yale, to socialism, and he has telling points to make about Main Street's mercantile exploitation of the farmers, its ferocious resistance to any farmers' coöperative that would diminish its middleman's role, the savage war upon striking workers that galvanizes Zenith's nicer sort, and the conspiratorial venality of the real-estate game. Yet none of these points, however clearly made on his map of society, sink into the fabric of his characters' lives and determine their dooms. Dreiser is much his superior in making the weight of society palpable, as it crushes those who stray from their niche, like Hurstwood in "Sister Carrie," or who aspire too high, like Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy." Our depths of wanting, and the world's depths of denial, were impressed upon Dreiser with a force the more intellectually nimble Lewis felt mainly in his head. A doctor's son (John O'Hara was another) possibly gains a precocious sense of a community's sufferings, but at a slightly clinical and superior remove. A Yale education—and Lewis had a genuinely scholarly side—added to the remove; he became an anthropologist among his own people.

Lewis's star rose in the very year when William Dean Howells died, 1920. Though the younger writer was to speak dismissively of Howells in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, the two Midwestern bards of middle-class America had much in common, besides diligence, socialist leanings, and popular success. Their instinct was to write comedies; their sense of American life was of a dull but smiling surface over which blame and woe were so evenly distributed as almost to evaporate. Where Lewis has potential villains, like Gunch in "Babbitt" or Will Kennicott's odiously interfering parents in "Main Street," the plot tames them and moves on to portray other conflicts and crises, which, in turn, as crises do in real life, blow over. Life, usually, goes on. Neither Howells nor Lewis believes in catastrophes as typical; their realism is a network of ripples in a shallow pond. Excused from disaster (except to minor characters such as Fern Mullins and Bea Bjornstam in "Main Street"), the reader moves through a world lifelike in its brilliant parts yet in sum lacking life's total resonance, and faintly tepid and inconsequential therefore.

For all the abrasive pronouncements that attended his well-lubricated peregrinations as a world-class author, Lewis was not a political radical, even to the extent that Shaw and Mencken were. Carol's distaste for Gopher Prairie is almost entirely aesthetic: the buildings are plain and ugly, the movies at the downtown theatre are idiotic, the dramatic arts are in sorry shape, and there is not a single cathedral or great museum in sight. It is Henry James's catalogue of not-theres (in his book on Hawthorne) all over again, with little consideration of what America *was* offering its eager immigrants in those pre-First World War years, and how that freedom and opportunity were being polluted by exploitation's workings. Nor does much seem wrong with Zenith that an honest traction company and a Dante Society wouldn't fix. According to Vergil Gunch, "I suppose Dante showed a lot of speed for an old-timer—not that I've actually read him, of course—but to come right down to hard facts, he wouldn't stand one-two-three if he had to buckle down to practical literature and turn out a poem for the newspaper-syndicate every day, like Chum [T. Cholmondeley Frink, the local poetaster] does!"

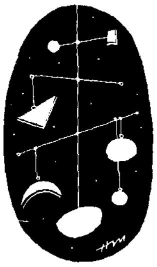
The names! The slang! One wonders if Hemingway had Lewis in mind when he advised his sister in a letter, "All slang goes sour in a short time." (In a letter to Maxwell Perkins he said of Lewis, "If I wrote as sloppily and shitily as that freckled prick I could write five thousand words a day year in and year out.") In Mark Twain and Ring Lardner, the slang and idiom have the charming music of an exotic tongue preserved by transcription; Lewis uses slang from above, as a protest on behalf of the King's English. Did men ever greet each other as noisily as Babbitt and Paul Riesling do?

> "How's the old horse-thief?"
> "All right, I guess. How're you, you poor shrimp?"
> "I'm first-rate, you second-hand hunk o' cheese."

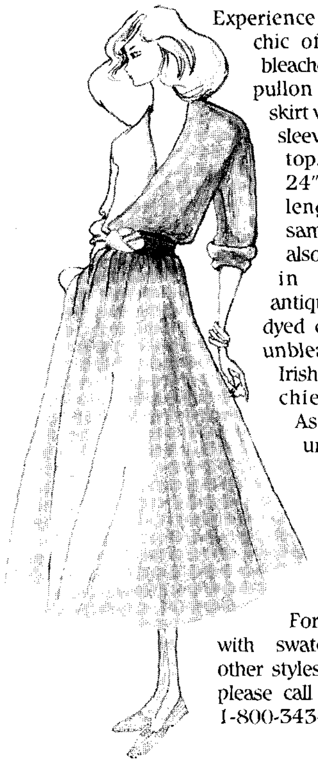
Even a character we are meant to respect, like Will Kennicott, talks to himself in corn-pone accents:

> "By golly, she's taking an awful big chance, though. You'd expect her to learn by and by that I won't be a parlor lizard. . . . Be switched if sometimes I don't feel tempted to shine up to some girl that has sense enough to take life as it is; some frau that doesn't want to talk Longfellow all the time, but just hold my hand and say, 'You look all in, honey. Take it easy, and don't try to talk.' "

The awkward jocosity of American ice-breaking—"You can call me Sam—anyway, I'm going to call you Carrie, seein' 's you've been and gone and married this poor fish of a bum medic that we keep round here"—looks blatant in print. Phonetic spellings give a surreal look to American pronunciation: "Jever realize that?," "Have smore chicken," "But zize [as I was] saying." The bright motley of such diction keeps us from taking these characters quite seriously, and makes us wonder if Lewis, American though he was, took them seriously enough.



Perhaps his long stays and, ultimately, his death in Europe enacted a deeper escapism. It is surprising to read, in Hersey's sketch and Schorer's biography, how much of Lewis's mature energy went into plays—not just writing them but acting in them, sometimes opposite the fairy-child ingénue of his early dotage, Marcella Powers. He was a tireless and eventually tiresome mimic. Drunk or sober, he tended to perform—to clown and to monologue—when a little calm interaction was called for. The beginnings of his narrative art lay in his family's barn, where he would play alone for hours with, as he confided to his journal at the age of seventeen, "the old 'key-people,' i.e., keys which I used as semi-dolls, or, better, as puppets in many a play hour. They lived, died a number of times, fought battles, had houses ect. ect." This memory of solitary boyish make-believe, while Sauk Centre bustled about its business and the prairie stretched to the horizon, seems as sad as Sinclair Lewis usually looks in his photographs. A connection might be made between the little metal key-people and the plethora of characters who, no two notched quite alike, clatter through his novels. From "Babbitt" on, his technique was to assemble pages of thumbnail portraits, expert testimony, detailed plans of fictional houses and locales—"Sheer data!"—before he began to write, not trusting to his powers of improvisation or to an invisible or silent mulling. In artistic procedure so methodical, the method tends to take over; his characters do sometimes seem animated notes, with their best bits left back in the notebooks. Seventy years after their composition and sensational success, his two masterpieces have a tinny, unintegrated feeling. There was dreaming on the one hand, and the world on the other; the dreamers had his sympathies, but the world had the facts, and the facts remained somewhat repellent. ♦



THE GO EVERYWHERE SKIRT

Experience the easy chic of our unbleached muslin pullon country skirt with a roll-sleeve surplice top. Choose 24″ or 34″ length. The same pieces also available in thirteen antique hand-dyed colours in unbleached or Irish handkerchief linen. As sketched, unbleached muslin skirt $150 top $125

For catalogue with swatches and other styles & fabrics please call Margo at 1-800-343-3062.

RUTH KISHLINE'S
COUNTRY CLOTHES SHOP

9215 Old Petersburgh Rd. - Evansville, IN 47711
370 12th Avenue South - Naples, FL 33940

Maui For Only $709 per pers. dbl. occ.

Relax for a week at the Napili Kai Beach Club, Maui's most Hawaiian resort on Napili Bay. Enjoy 7 nights in a deluxe ocean-view room with complete kitchenette, chilled champagne and tropical flowers, a full American Breakfast each morning, plus an air-conditioned car with unlimited mileage. *Ask for "The New Yorker Special."*

CALL TOLL FREE 800-367-5030
NAPILI KAI® BEACH CLUB
MEMBER Resorts of ALOHA

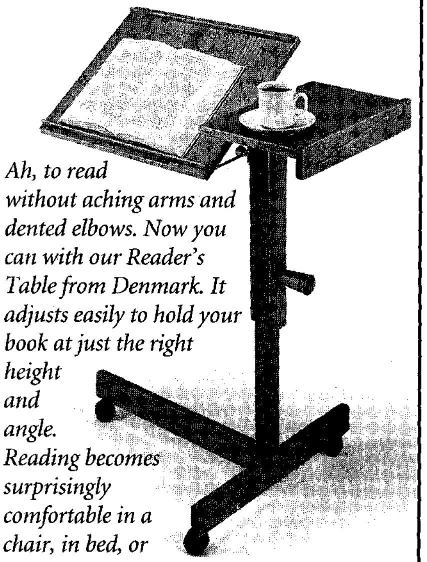
Adults LEARN FOREIGN LANGUAGES! Children
Fun! Spanish French German Italian Easy!
Berlitz Think and Talk™
For Macintosh or MPC computers with CD-ROM
Great Graphics and Sound! Ages 10 and up.
$189 (Add $5 S/H)
1-800-982-5298 Check or AMEX
Kasan ImPrints, 1239 Nile Dr. Ste 3. Corpus Christi, TX 78412

After 200 years of practice, bike tours through France have become slightly more civilized.

Experience the scenic Loire Valley and Ile de France by Bicycle

American Media Tours, Inc. 1(800)969-6344

Lay Down Your Arms



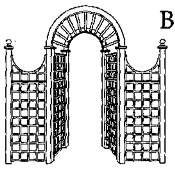
Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, oak or black ash.

$199 + **$11.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT40, Delray, FL 33445

VIRGIN GORDA
Biras creek

Lie on the beach or "Sailaway" to explore the islands. Call 800-223-1108 for a brochure or ask your travel agent

Garden Furnishings & Arbors



Benches • Chairs • Tables
Swings • Planters
Interior & Exterior Use
Free shipment from stock
Country Casual
17317 Germantown Road - Suite 216
Germantown, MD 20874 - 2999
56 page colour catalogue $3.00 **1-301-540-0040**

ISRAEL
Vacations from Sea to Sea
For People 50 Plus
17 Days via EL AL incl. JERUSALEM, TIBERIAS, TEL AVIV, EILAT + Red Sea Cruise; 5-star Hotels; 2 meals daily; in-depth tours; Dinner-Cruise on the Sea of Galilee & much more. Dep. thru March '94.
For free brochure call: (718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002

MUSICAL EVENTS

THE SINGING ARCHITECT

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

WHAT A MAN DOES THA

Tales of Taliesin: A scene from the début of "Shining Brow," an opera about Frank Lloyd Wright.

THERE are several stories within and around "Shining Brow," the opera with music by Daron Aric Hagen and words by Paul Muldoon that had its first performance last month in Madison, Wisconsin. The most sheerly heartening is the story of a small company striding out from its regimen of a twice-yearly "Barber of Seville" or "Carousel" to commission and perform a big new piece, thanks to the determination of a bunch of local people that Madison Opera should present an opera about Madison's most famous son, or stepson, Frank Lloyd Wright, who spent his high-school and college years in the city. Then, there's the story the opera explicitly tells, of Wright's outgrowing those he once needed: his mentor Louis Sullivan, his first wife, Catherine, and his mistress Mamah Cheney, all sacrificed to what we may see, variously, as the daemon of architecture or rampant egomania. But more interesting than that parable are the separate stories underlying the action in the sometimes fused, often contradictory contributions of the composer and the librettist: stories of opera meeting Broadway musical in Mr. Hagen's work, and of words striving to sound their own music in Mr. Muldoon's text.

Arriving at the opera stage door as a distinguished poet, Mr. Muldoon inevitably took Auden—already a model and even a subject in what he calls his "regular" poetry—as his mark. However, as he has said, Auden's influence "was less in how he did it than that he did it at all." The two poets' departure points are different. Where Auden in "The Rake's Progress" took his directions from verse made for singing (ballad opera, madrigal, the pinnacles and pratfalls of Da Ponte's Mozart librettos as put into English), Mr. Muldoon's primary tradition is that of his own earlier poetry, which is a poetry of the page. His rhythm and his rhyme depend crucially on lineation, which tends to be independent of the phrasing that grammar and meaning might suggest. Mr. Hagen's setting, quite naturally, follows the phrasing rather than the lineation, with the result that much of what makes these words special is ignored, forcing the conclusion that poetry is what gets lost when you sing it.

The junking can happen even in those rather rare passages where Mr. Muldoon is using a song form or style, as in the barbershop quartet of newshounds in the second act, where his libretto includes these lines:

> Nineteen twelve. The Greeks and
> Turks
> fight a familiar duel.
> The Piltdown Men of Planter stock
> scuttle Irish Home Rule.

One can leave aside the fact that the quatrain includes an awful lot of semantic content for words meant to be heard sung from the stage: "Planters" were Protestants planted in Ulster, men prehistoric in their allegiances—and mistaken, too, in the Irish Republican view, which would justify the reference to a fraudulent fossil—while "scuttle" suggests another event of 1912, the Titanic disaster, mentioned in the next line. As far as all that is concerned, Mr. Hagen's simple, syllabic, solo settings at least offer as little hindrance as possible. But what the music doesn't save is the verse structure. The date is separated off, and the rest of the quatrain becomes a couplet:

> The Greeks and the Turks fight a familiar duel.
> The Piltdown Men of Planter stock scuttle Irish Home Rule.

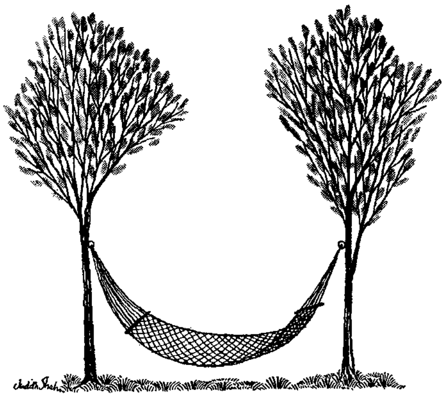
It's worth noticing what's happened here, since the changes—and no doubt they're necessary changes, in terms of the music Mr. Hagen had to write—are typical of the work as a whole. The new line-breaks, with the insertion of a definite article, destroy the effect of iambic tetrameters marked, characteristically Muldoonianly, by a half-rhyme that is also almost a phonetic anagram ("Turks"/"stock"). Another consequence is that "fight a familiar duel" loses its distinction as a little anapestic line, one where the word "familiar" is at once part of the rhythm and a description of it: the music even reads "familiar" as a three-syllable word, and throws the phrase against an iambic rhythm. Finally, "scuttle," being no longer at the start of a line, no longer has its particular scuttling hurry: that hurry is shared with the two preceding words, because this welded line is longer than its mate. The original four lines, highly wrought, have become a dateline and a rhyming couplet that is banal in sense and flat-footed in sound.

As I've tried to suggest, one shouldn't blame Mr. Hagen for this transmogrification, or suppose that another composer could have done more to keep the poetry alive: there were bound to be problems with verse shaped so much by the way it appears in print. (To take one more, tiny symptom from the same number, it's hard to make "belt" rhyme with "Model T" except visually—which might provide an argument for the surtitles supplied in Madison.) One grieves, to paraphrase Mr. Muldoon, not because of how the job of setting his libretto has been done but because it has been done at all. Still, the publication of the text in book form (Faber & Faber; $8.95) will assure it an autonomous life, as a dramatic poem that—like his last work, "Madoc"—at once recuperates and wildly extends his earlier achievements.

In this purely verbal "Shining Brow," there are phrases, and sometimes whole miniature scenes, that are, as Mr. Muldoon has bemusedly noted, more direct than anything he might have done without the cover of music. When, for instance, Wright is confronted by slavering reporters and prudish neighbors on his return from Europe with Mamah Cheney, he speaks to himself in the most everyday language: "The truth is that I feel nothing, not the merest hint of remorse. Not a pang of guilt." Louis Sullivan's brandy-doused resentment is also expressed straightforwardly, even blisteringly, and there are little moments of social comedy in what the chorus has to do.

On the other hand, many passages are deeply underlain with allusion or, more commonly, as in the example from the barbershop quartet, with subtleties of metre, rhyme, and assonance—subtleties often attained by a springing against historical forms. Mamah in Berlin—where she has gone with Wright on leaving the man who was at once her husband and his client—has a long solo in terza rima, and elsewhere Muldoon proves himself a virtuoso in the Da Ponte-ish trickery of enabling different people to express different things in similar sounds. In a trio for Wright and the Cheneys, for instance, Edwin Cheney complains of finding "no salve" for his jealousy, while Mamah states herself strengthened in "my resolve" to leave Cheney, and Wright's word, indicatively, is "myself." This ingenuity isn't anything new for Mr. Muldoon: though he confesses himself an operatic novice, his earlier poetry used exactly the same opera-ensemble technique.

What is, however, decidedly new in the libretto, and responsible for much of its particularity, is the extent to which words and images repeat themselves from mouth to mouth, so that the individualities needed for characterization—and, to a degree, plot—are eroded by iterations. "I know, I know, I know, I know, I know" is the simplest of these verbal tics, pressing in upon Wright as the opera moves toward a final climax, and echoing further through the echoings of other key words: "kowtow," "brow." ("Shining Brow" is a translation of the bard's name that Wright gave to the house he built for himself and Mamah: Taliesin.) "I know, I know." There is nothing new. There is no possibility of doing anything about events except recognizing them as they come along. The people of the libretto—moments of baldness or wit aside—seem to be caught up in a cat's cradle of words: of words put into their mouths, of words that have their own lives, meandering from mouth to mouth. Currents of words carry the piece on; who speaks or sings them is irrelevant. And all the while Mr. Muldoon takes the opportunity of a libretto to unfold in practice what had been compacted into an image at the end of one of his earliest published poems, "Identities"—an image of "streams/That had once flowed simply one into the other,/One taking the other's name."



The sole character who streams with his own words is Carleton, the black chef at Taliesin, whose hot utterance springs across the gap from ecstatic African-American preaching to the Welshness of Wright's ancestry and Mr. Muldoon's "Madoc":

> I am the hart. I am the hind.
> I am the green and burning tree.
> I am the cloud no bigger than a hand.
> I will go down in history.

It is Carleton who, on the plot level, is responsible for the culminating catastrophe, the burning of Taliesin with Mamah and her children inside, and who, below the plot, challenges the other characters with the certainty and uniqueness of his language. To emphasize the point, this language is spoken—or, rather, declaimed—while the orchestra stays silent. Mr. Hagen's nobility is to leave Carleton's self-statement outside the purlieu of music that thrusts this sophisticated libretto into a world compounded of American vernacular, "Peter

TRY A LITTLE
Tenderness!®

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) **FILET MIGNONS,**
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95... *for just* **$29.95!**
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 6/30/93
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD3052 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Authentic NYC Token Golf Gift Set

Green Repair Tool & 2 Ball Markers
Actual Tokens used 1953 - 1980 in Antique Brass Finish
$33 includes Shipping, Subway Map Gift Box & Authenticity Card.
In NY add 8.25% tax
Also, Cuff Links, Key Rings, Earrings etc. Great for Corporate Gifts.
Tokens & Coins, Inc. PO Box 240 NY NY 10012
(212) 460-5508 • M-F • 9-6 EST • Visa, MC, Check

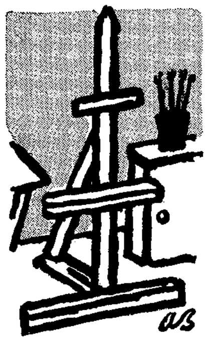
CINNAMON REEF
a very private resort in Anguilla, British West Indies
For brochure call: 1-800-223-1108

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

Grimes," and "Der Rosenkavalier." The dedication of the score to the memory of Leonard Bernstein is apt—except that Mr. Hagen shows the talents of the pasticheur more than the knack and energy and enjoyment of the man who has to tell you a musical story, and has to tell it as his own.

In the Americana department, the barbershop quartet is as well done as these things ever can be: all barbershop quartets sound the same, so it must be taken as a mark of success that this one does, too. Mr. Hagen also provides a stirring, Shakerish hymn tune for Mamah's translation of a Goethe poem, and a haunting blues melody for the workmen building the Cheneys' residence. (James Demler gives the blues phrase a splendidly easy first airing.) But though these might be pleasant as incidental details, they're pushed hard—especially the hymn tune, which we hear first in a brass interlude between the first and second scenes, then in a full-blown choral number after the second scene, and then in several later reminiscences. It's a nice tune, but it isn't the opening of "Tristan."

Mr. Hagen makes more than the most, too, of other ideas, such as the vocal figure of a rising octave (sometimes diminished) followed by a scalewise descent, recalling Grimes's "What harbour shelters peace?" Like Britten, he associates it with discontented searching, which in "Shining Brow" is a way of life for at least the two central male characters: for Sullivan, scanning his alcoholic memories, and for Wright. However, because the libretto is what it is, the nature of Wright's discontent is confused. Mr. Hagen seems to want to stick close to the ostensive story, the one about the pioneering artist who has to exile himself from the comforts of being nice to teachers and family. The other, more interesting tale—that of the man trying to find his own pathway of words through the labyrinth of echoes and resemblances—goes unregarded by the music, and quietly undermines the novelettish biography that the score is trying to put on show.



This friction may account for the uncertainty of, for example, a scene in which a waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier" is wheeled on. Mr. Hagen writes a sequence of spirited variations on the Strauss, cast for orchestra with onstage piano trio and diverse vocal ensembles (we're at a cocktail party, hearing wisps of conversation), but the scene doesn't get us anywhere. It's a showpiece, made for delight and admiration. Wright's words resounding through the libretto—"Form and function are one"—are denied by the opera in which they appear; so is Sullivan's insistence that "art and architecture . . . should be more than mere ornament," which comes as part of a long passage significantly cut from the libretto in the setting. Mr. Hagen is a wizard at ornamentation, at form without function, at rhapsodic revellings in rhapsodic Strauss, at A-minor monologues, at perky orchestration, at blues and hymn and barbershop. What's missing is the larger purpose.

In Madison, though, the larger purpose was simply that of getting the piece on. The Madison Symphony was made to soar and ring with enthusiasm under Roland Johnson, and there was zealous work from the chorus, most of whose members had some opportunity to shine in a solo phrase here or there. (This was an admirably courteous gesture of Mr. Hagen's to those who would be putting their vim into his piece.) Stephen Wadsworth's production—no doubt wisely, given the nature of the occasion and the music—clung to plain and simple storytelling, and David Birn's set made effective use of modest resources to contrast Sullivan's architectural style (a row of proud fronts) with Wright's (earth-colored, lopsided, at once quaint and wondrous).

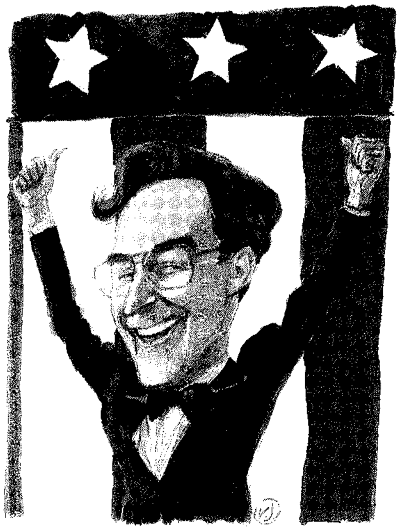
In the cast, Carolann Page was appropriately warm and despairing as Mamah, and Mimmi Fulmer made a bright effect as the Maid, given a slightly crazy signal to announce each new Strauss variation—"Canapé?"—and a mad song. The two architects, conceived by Mr. Hagen, seem to divide the musical character of Britten's Grimes between them: to Sullivan goes the exposed tenor register and the whine, to Wright the ardor and the concluding dissolve. Barry Busse was effective in the former role; Michael Sokol needed a little more thrust and command to give us Mr. Hagen's Wright but had the poetry for Mr. Muldoon's. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

DAVE KOVIC (Kevin Kline), the hero of Ivan Reitman's "Dave," is in all respects but one a regular guy: the irregularity is that he's a dead ringer for Bill Mitchell, the President of the United States. For a living, Dave runs a hectic, ragged office-temp agency; he picks up a few bucks on the side by impersonating the President at cheesy ceremonies like car-dealership openings. He's a happy man, utterly at ease with himself, because his heart is pure: as we watch him hustling for jobs for his desperate clients, he seems more like a social worker than like a businessman. One afternoon, he arrives home—in a sunny mood after a successful day of arm-twisting on behalf of a single mother—to find a pair of glowering Secret Service agents waiting in his living room. The government wants to hire Dave, for one night, to double for the President: all he has to do is walk through a hotel lobby, wave, and step into a limo. The screenplay, by Gary Ross, contrives to turn Dave's one-shot gig into a long-term engagement. Mitchell (also, of course, played by Kline) has a stroke and falls into a coma while he's screwing his young blond secretary in the hotel, and the President's handlers persuade Dave to carry on the imposture a [illegible] longer. The hero—who is, in accordance with the Capra-derived conventions of populist social comedy, a true innocent—accepts the White House staffers' weaselly (and characteristic) rationale for the deception: in the interests of national security, they say, the public must believe that Mitchell is still running the show.



Running the show: Kevin Kline in "Dave."

The central joke of the picture is that President Mitchell, a vapid political opportunist who has the air of a mean and boring and satisfied-looking C.E.O., never *did* run the show: he's a figurehead, a puppet manipulated by his crafty chief of staff, Bob Alexander (Frank Langella). The idea that the occupant of the Oval Office is merely a mouthpiece for the interests of shadowy, sinister powers has more than a little credibility, and "Dave" works best when it appeals to our natural cynicism about our elected representatives. In the first half hour or so, while Reitman and Ross are setting up their elaborate comic premise, the picture is hilarious, because its humor is mostly destructive. Kline plays Mitchell as a nightmarish combination of Bush-like lack of conviction and Reagan-like distractedness and vanity. He creates a chillingly funny portrait of Chief Executive as empty suit, and that's the concept that gives the movie's early scenes their satiric kick: if the President is an empty suit, just about anyone could be poured into it and we'd never know the difference.

But the picture quickly abandons its tone of gleeful sniping at the powers that be and sets about the task of winning us over to a more positive view. "Dave" makes the leap that populist critics of the system always make when they transform themselves from analytic observers into vote-hungry candidates. The analyst's message—a compelling one—is "Any fool could run the country as badly as the guys we have in office." The candidate's message is "Any one of us decent, hardworking ordinary citizens (me, for example) could do the job *better.*" The second formulation sounds like an inevitable corollary to the first, but it isn't. At

Adventure in Paradise. Your Quest Stops Here.

This summer, explore the exotic islands that retain more original culture than anywhere else in the South Pacific. Let SeaQuest℠ introduce you to the myth and magic of Melanesia.

■ No tourists, no lines. Just the beauty and adventure of lands largely unexplored until the 1970s. Surprisingly, the summer months in Melanesia have the least rainfall and the lowest humidity. And more festivals than any other time of year. ■ The ship's Zodiac will transport you to coral reefs and crystal clear waters that are excellent for diving and snorkeling. ■ Your ship, the M.S. Frontier Sprit, designed to provide comfortable on-board style that enhances exploration travel and renews you for the discoveries of each new day. ■ For your free 52-page *New Explorer*℠ magazine describing Melanesia and other unique SeaQuest voyages, call your Travel Agent, mail this coupon or call **1-800-854-8999.** ■ If you've ever dreamed of exploring Paradise, Your Quest Stops Here.

SEAQUEST CRUISES

SeaQuest Cruises™
600 Corporate Drive, Suite 410, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33334
Please send me your free 52-page *NewExplorer*℠ Magazine.

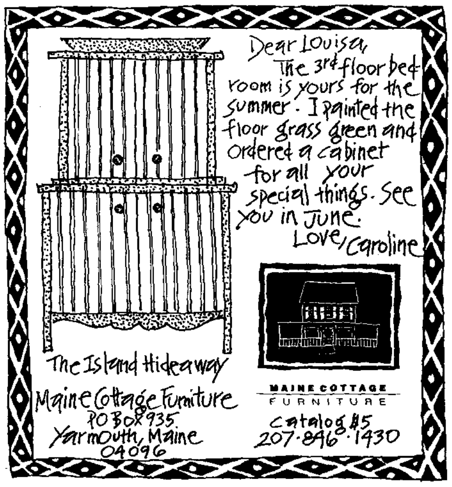
Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Travel Agent NKRMEL5.93

©1993 SeaQuest Cruises. All rights reserved. Ship's Registry: Bahamas



Dear Louisa,
The 3rd floor bedroom is yours for the summer. I painted the floor grass green and ordered a cabinet for all your special things. See you in June.
Love, Caroline

The Island Hideaway

Maine Cottage Furniture
PO Box 935
Yarmouth, Maine
04096

MAINE COTTAGE FURNITURE

catalog #5
207·846·1430

IS CHRONIC FATIGUE SYNDROME AIDS?

A new book exposes the cover-up.

- Read *50 Things You Should Know About the Chronic Fatigue Syndrome Epidemic* by Neenyah Ostrom.

At bookstores everywhere or from St. Martin's paperbacks. 1-800-288-2131 $3.99 (ISBN 0-312-95043-8)

NORTHWOOD INN

Bed & Breakfast

"1991 Beautification Award"
Cape May County Chamber of Commerce

- *Nine distinctively decorated guest rooms*
- *Private Baths*
- *Central Air Conditioning*
- *Complimentary Beach Tags*
- *Hearty Gourmet Breakfast*
- *Cool Porches...Carolina Rockers*
- *Open Year Round*

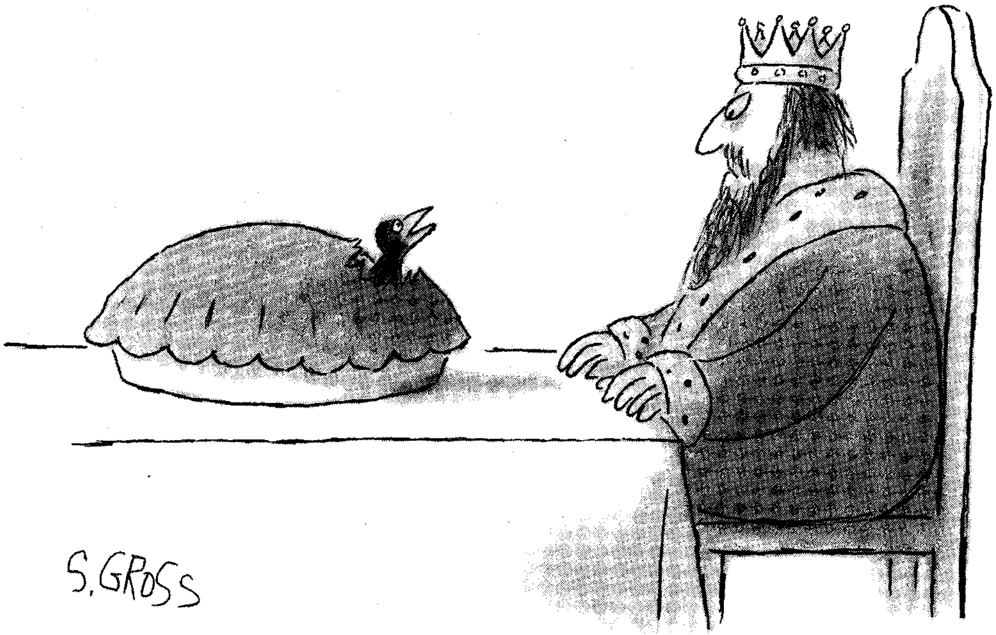
401 WESLEY AVENUE – OCEAN CITY, NJ (609) 399-6071

a certain point in "Dave," the impersonator-hero begins to identify with the role he's playing—to ignore the evil puppeteer and use the power of the office to do what he thinks a President *should* do. He cuts wasteful expenditures, restores funding for homeless shelters, and generally conducts himself with an unpretentious, can-do enthusiasm that lifts the spirits of the entire country—including those of the First Lady (Sigourney Weaver), who discovers the imposture but doesn't blow the whistle, because the bogus Bill Mitchell is so much nicer than the slimy, bloodless philanderer she's actually married to. After its promisingly nasty beginning, "Dave" settles into a sort of campaign mode, lulling and flattering the audience with a fairy-tale vision of the common man's victory over the Washington establishment, and embellishing the message with a love story that taps into a potent romantic fantasy: when the First Lady finds herself attracted to Dave, what she's falling for is an airbrushed version of her husband—the man she once loved, but new and improved, with all the flaws and scars of their disillusioning years together magically eliminated. "Dave" encourages us to dream about turning back the clock on corrupted government (by means of a rededication to old-fashioned American idealism and common sense) and on soured love (by means of something that amounts to moral cosmetic surgery). This picture's bound to be a hit: it's "Mr. Sommersby Goes to Washington."

"Dave" is an extremely pleasant, sweet-tempered movie, and Kline and Weaver are genial and skillful enough to hold our attention even as the story grows predictable. (As Dave, Kline is more convincingly likable than ever before onscreen. The character's ebullience suits his flamboyant style, but he doesn't sell his effects as hard as usual; the performance is a deft cartoon of blissful naïveté.) The problem with "Dave" is that its crowd-pleasing agenda inexorably saps the picture's comic energy. The movie goes on life-support at about the same time President Mitchell does. Reitman and Ross, working with a large Hollywood budget, are willing to sacrifice bite for across-the-board appeal, and they wind up with a political comedy that has no politics. The stands that Dave takes as "President" won't generate arguments (or thought of any kind) in the audience. With the help of his accountant buddy, Murray (Charles Grodin), who is, like him, a middle-class working stiff, Dave manages to bring home the budgetary Holy Grail: he finds a dollar of prudent, painless cuts for every humanitarian dollar he proposes to spend. No foreign-policy crises or inner-city disturbances cloud his brief tenure. And the issue that ultimately brings the bad guys down seems to have been chosen for maximum inoffensiveness: it's the savings-and-loan scandal, which implicated Democrats and Republicans alike. Comedy and political caution are incompatible partners, as decades of humorless Presidential campaigns have demonstrated. When you're trying to be all things to all people, it's hard to be funny. To the candidate with his or her eye on tracking polls and focus-group data, the electorate is like an audience full of hecklers who can't simply be put down or thrown out, and a performer who stops to defend his act against every skeptic isn't likely to have crack timing.

Ivan Reitman's sense of comic rhythm has always been a little sluggish. In "Dave," as in his earlier films ("Stripes" and "Ghostbusters" are the liveliest), he seems content to turn the camera on and wait for the actors' energy to jolt the scenes to life. His style has the comforting blandness of motel-chain décor: it couldn't be more anonymous if it had been designed by a government panel. Hollywood is no less an establishment than Washington is, and major studio players like Reitman know how to hang on to their power—by making hits. "Dave" is reasonably diverting middle-of-the-road entertainment, but it would be more persuasive, and probably a lot funnier, if its populist message didn't feel so precisely tuned, so laboriously worked over by expert handlers. Hollywood populism usually bears at least a whiff of bad faith, because movies are made by people who believe, rightly or wrongly, that their talents are unique; they feel in their bones (and in their bank accounts) that the man or woman on the street really couldn't do their job any better than they do. This doesn't make filmmakers jerks, necessarily; it's just the nature of things. But when they start insisting too much on the superiority of the common folk we should remain slightly skeptical. Try to imagine a movie about a powerful producer-director who is incapacitated in the middle of a shoot and replaced by an extra who looks just like him—and who then turns a dull, venal piece of hackwork into a great humanist masterpiece, like "Grand Illusion." That story might not sound any more plausible than the one "Dave" has to tell. Then again, given the number of empty suits in the Americ[illegible] film industry, it might.

THE impersonation that the hero of "Dave" pulls off is child's play compared with what the young actor Jason Scott Lee is asked to do in "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story." Bruce Lee, a kung-fu master and the star of the 1973 martial-arts extravaganza "Enter the Dragon," had the sort of talent that even the most gifted mimic couldn't do justice



"Nevermore."

to. "Dragon" is full of spectacular fight scenes, in which Jason Scott Lee (who is not related to the man he's playing) kicks and spins and reels off barrages of punches with terrific power and enthusiasm, yet these violent production numbers don't quite capture the excitement—the aesthetic thrill—of a performance by the real Bruce Lee. Extraordinary physical grace isn't inherently more mysterious than, say, literary genius, but it's a bigger stumbling block in a movie biography. An actor playing James Joyce doesn't actually have to write "Ulysses"—he only has to look as if he could. But what can a performer do to persuade us that he's Astaire or Baryshnikov or Willie Mays or Michael Jordan? If he doesn't move as beautifully as the subject does, the illusion of the performance dissipates in an instant. We're aware that something is missing, and it is, unfortunately, the something that biographical films purport to account for—the spark of inspiration, the elusive quality that defines a one-of-a-kind artist.

And Bruce Lee, whatever you think of his art, *was* one of a kind. Most martial-arts pictures are crudely made and grindingly monotonous. When they're enjoyable, it's usually because the stunts are cleverly staged, and have the effect of good slapstick: their ingenuity and their improbability make you laugh. Bruce Lee's fight scenes make you gasp. His moves are fluid and impossibly fast, but there's nothing blurry about them: he snaps off each gesture so decisively, so precisely, that it imprints itself on the mind's eye, and every battle also accommodates moments of exquisitely posed stillness. The rhythm of these scenes is virtuosic, exhilarating. You feel as if you were watching a form of expression that transcends knockabout comedy and macho brawling. (You sort of forget about the star's opponents.) What Bruce Lee does in these set pieces, which constitute the only real value of the crummy-looking and absurdly plotted movies that contain them, is more like inventive choreography superbly executed. James Coburn, who was a student and a friend of Bruce Lee's, called him "the Nijinsky of martial arts," and that's not a ludicrous judgment. Bruce Lee turned aggression into a thing of beauty, a ballet of revenge.

"Dragon," which is based on a memoir by Bruce's wife, Linda (played here by Lauren Holly), is speedy and fairly absorbing, but it doesn't answer, or even formulate, the really interesting questions about its subject's odd life and unlikely career. The filmmakers—Rob Cohen directed, and wrote the script in collaboration with Edward Khmara and John Raffo—refuse to speculate on the circumstances of Lee's sudden death, in 1973, at the age of thirty-two. The official cause of death was cerebral edema (a buildup of fluid in the brain), but there have always been rumors that foul play was involved. Lee's premature demise is part of his legend, and the movie's inability to dramatize it feels like an evasion. Instead of dealing with the death directly, Cohen fills the picture with a sense of doom, the suggestion that the hero is the victim of some sort of ancestral curse; several dream sequences show Lee being threatened by a masked warrior, representing a demon whom his father has warned him of in an early scene.

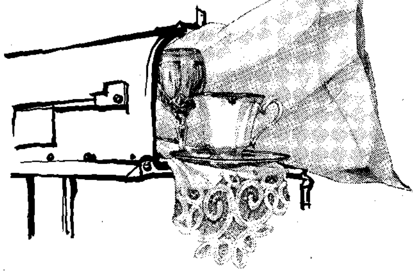
This demon is also the only explanation that "Dragon" gives us for why this phenomenally gifted man chose to express himself through *combat.* When Bruce moves from Hong Kong, where he grew up, to the United States, the filmmakers lay on some scenes of overt racial bias to account for the hero's obsessive need to prove himself, but that supposed motivation seems too little, too late; the movie has established that he was already a martial-arts wizard as a Hong Kong teen-ager. (We are not told that Lee's family in fact sent him to America to save him from juvenile delinquency; he was constantly getting into fights on the street, and may have been running with a gang.) The picture never acknowledges that kung fu (or, as Lee called his own system, jeet kune do—the way of the intercepting fist) is a peculiar discipline for someone whose temperament is essentially that of an artist; no one seems to have wondered what it means to devote your life to the perfection of controlled, stylized rage. This movie's Bruce has a few moments of frustration and those jarring nightmares about the demon, but for the most part he's presented as a sweet, even-tempered young man—just another optimistic American chasing a dream of success. What's most disappointing about "Dragon" isn't that Jason Scott Lee can't re-create Bruce Lee's unique physical skills; that was inevitable. The crippling failure is the filmmakers' unwillingness to explore the dark impulses of their subject's weirdly luminous art. ♦

TRAVELLN' POCKETS
These pockets go with you anywhere. By plane, train or ship. By elephant, camel or subway. This incredible vest has eleven of them. A pocket for your plane tickets. Another for your passport. For your wallet, keys and sunglasses. Guide book, camera and film. Slightly padded shoulders take the strain out of carrying luggage. Epaulets hold the camera. Wear it over a T-shirt and stay cool or adjust the side tabs and slip it over a sweater to stay warm. In it you'll look smart, worldly, important. You can even wear it practically empty at the Cuban eaterie on the Upper West Side. Tri-blend fabric, cotton soft; contains enough nylon to be user/abuser friendly.
Black, Gray, Tan, S, M, L, XL
Made In USA, $129+s/h, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
To order: 1-800-826-7221
The Authentic Traveller™
Travel Gear By Tamrac
9240 Jordan Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311, Dept. NT3

Recorded Books™
NEW Driving Force
by Dick Francis
Unabridged on cassette
Call now for a free catalog:
1-(800)-638-1304
Ask about our quick and easy rentals by mail.
Recorded Books, Inc.
Prince Frederick, MD 20678

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.97 EACH Trim Size: 5½"x 8½" for 500 copies, 96 pg., Perfect Bound book.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

THE SANDAL CATALOG
Comfort for Adventure & Leisure
FREE CATALOG 1-800-756-8344



How to get a bed and breakfast in your mailbox.

Here's a real eye-opener. The free South Carolina travel guide. We'll mail you 120 pages of charming places to visit, including a list of bed and breakfast homes and unique inns. For your free travel guide write or call **1-800-346-3634.** And wake up to a dream vacation.

South Carolina
Smiling faces. Beautiful places.
P.O. Box 78, Columbia, SC 29202-0078

INSEPARABLE
14K GOLD/STERLING COMBINATION RINGS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Also available in 14K white/yellow gold

1/4" width - $178
Sizes over 8 - $210
3/8" width - $235
Sizes over 8 - $268
State ring size when ordering
VITTI ARTISANS GALLERY
Since 1974
590 Valley Rd., Upper Montclair, NJ 07043
(201) 746-1715
Call for FREE brochure
Major Credit Cards & Checks
Postage Included, NJ Residents Add Sales Tax.

What's in Turkey?
Prophet Abraham, St. Paul, St. Nicholas, Homer, Herodotus, Strabo all lived there.
Troy, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Antioch, Aphrodisias, Cappadocia and Mt. Ararat are all in Turkey.
Cultural Folk Tours Int'l & Bora Özkök
present 15th year TOURS OF
TURKEY
GOOD QUALITY - REASONABLE RATES
GREAT HOTELS, CUISINE & PHOTOGRAPHY
For a free brochure:
9939 Hibert Street
Suite 207
San Diego, CA 92131-1031
Call:
1-800-935-TURK
8875
(619) 566-5951

ON TELEVISION

SWEATY PALMS

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Bruce Wagner's "Wild Palms": The future as a bad acid trip.

DAVID KORESH won't be the last babbler to crown himself King Jesus. As the millennium draws near, every visionary nut seems to be running for God. With so many signs of The End at hand (war, famine, Liz Smith in bell-bottoms), it doesn't take a false prophet to exploit the jitters in the air. As befits a major spectacle sponsored by Oliver Stone, ABC's "Wild Palms" (May 16th-19th) is a miniseries with a messianic streak. It plugs itself into the apocalyptic mode, portraying the future as a bad acid trip, where nothing natural bears fruit beneath the thin ozone. The white sky has a windshield glare. The palm trees, their leaves rustling in the ominous wind, seem to have their own secrets. "I would tell you things only the wild palms know," croons the series' villain—like Koresh, a guru gone gaga.

The television event of the spring, "Wild Palms" is a cult show in both senses of the word. In Los Angeles, where the series is set, it's been dubbed "Twin Palms," a play on David Lynch's "Twin Peaks." With its hypnotic synthesizer score, by Ryuichi Sakamoto, and its Psych. 101 symbolism (a rhinoceros raising its phallic horns), "Wild Palms" is "Twin Peaks" without the Bates Motel décor and dreamy languor. Like "Twin Peaks," it's a way-out, prolonged Pop-art piece with a sharp commercial eye for possible products. In the spirit of Laura Palmer's diaries, there's already a "Wild Palms Reader," a hypertext pastiche featuring input from William Gibson, Mary Gaitskill, and Jane Pratt, among others. Which raises a question. It's one thing for a hokey suburban hit like "Star Trek" or "The Brady Bunch" to become a cult favorite over time through dumb familiarity. But when a show sets out to achieve cult status, instant cult status at that, can it avoid becoming self-consciously clubby and clever—in-groupy? "Twin Peaks" couldn't.

Although Oliver Stone flexed his Popeye biceps as the executive producer of "Wild Palms" (he also makes a funny cameo appearance, accepting vindication for "JFK"), the series is actually the mutant brainchild of Bruce Wagner. He is the creator of the comic strip in *Details* on which the series is based; he has peppered the script with personal jokes, such as naming one of the doctors after his own Beverly Hills dermatologist; and a prominent character—Nick Mancuso's Tully, an artist who dresses like a black dot—is played as a dead ringer for Wagner. As a writer, Wagner draws from the shadows. His work is a series of weird negatives. One X-ray was the farcical script for "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Wagner was raised in Beverly Hills—Rodeo Drive was Main Street for him, he says), in which the rich folk and their hired help formed a daisy chain of debauchery. The dialogue sounded like a Spanish soap opera translated into porn: "Hey, chocolate mama. She's got a stomach like a Hershey's snare drum." The chagrin of being a screenwriter (and perhaps the storminess of having been married to a movie star—Rebecca De Mornay) fed the episodic absurdism of Wagner's 1991 novel, "Force Majeure." Heralded as the hip successor to "The Day of the Locust," jewelled with jerk-off brilliance as it was, it lost out as the inside-Hollywood book of choice to Michael Tolkin's "The Player." It didn't have a suspense hook on which to hang its social observations.

"Wild Palms" does. From the outset, the series keeps us guessing. The year is 2007. An underground war is being waged by two rival sects, the Fathers and the Friends. People are dragged from restaurants as everyone else goes on with their eating. The MacGuffin that will determine the outcome is a piece of software called the Go chip, its name taken from the strategy board game. (There's a nod in the script to the Japanese novelist Yasunari Kawabata, author of "The Master of Go.") Whoever possesses the Go chip possesses the "techno-shamanistic key to eternity," which sure beats mowing the lawn. Searching under every sofa cushion for this miracle chip is the church founder, entertainment mogul, Presidential candidate, Zen master, and toastmaster general Anton Kreutzer (Robert Loggia), a polished knob of Nietzschean will. From his desert lair at Rancho Mirage, he heads the Wild Palms Group, a wackier version of the Trilateral Commission. According to "The Wild Palms Reader," its members include Henry Kissinger and Microsoft's Bill Gates. Scaring everyone she meets is Kreutzer's sister Josie, played by Angie Dickinson, who dresses like the last member of "Dynasty." Together, they preside over a pretend world of propaganda, escapism, and paranoia made possible by virtual reality. Through virtual reality's interactive imagery, every mind can become a 3-D video palace.

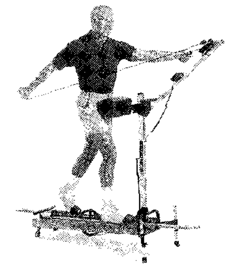
The most amusing parts of "Wild Palms" are the holograms that pop into everyday life and average households. TV no longer requires a screen. Sitcoms and commercials are beamed into the living room. Poolside at Kreutzer's estate, a trio of Japanese women in sequinned dresses lip-synch to the Supremes—with a flick of his remote control, they become a pair of sumo wrestlers getting ready to bump bellies. When the holograms acquire tactile capability, they fulfill Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" vision of "feelies." With inflatable-doll fantasies available at the press of a button, who needs real people and their problems?

Until life-size holograms replace human life-forms, however, Hollywood will have to make do with actors, which may explain why James Belushi is in the cast—starring, no less. As a corporate suit sucked into the samurai surrealism of "Wild Palms," Belushi is meant to be

Six reasons why over 1 million people choose NordicTrack...

1 NordicTrack burns more calories.
Research found that you can burn more calories from a 20-minute NordicTrack® workout than you would on other exercise machines — up to 1,100 per hour. You'll lose weight faster and more easily with NordicTrack.

2 NordicTrack is "The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®".
NordicTrack exercises both your upper and lower body, so you use more muscles than you would on machines that work only your lower body.



3 NordicTrack is safe to use.
According to research, users find the patented flywheel design of NordicTrack more comfortable than shuffle skiers. And NordicTrack is so safe, doctors and physical therapists recommend it for their patients who have sustained injuries.

4 NordicTrack is the best cross-country ski machine available.
Fitness experts agree that cross-country skiing is the best aerobic exercise available, and find NordicTrack is the best cross-country ski simulator available today.

30-day in-home trial

Models priced from $339⁹⁵

NordicTrack
A CML Company

©1993 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company
All rights reserved.

5 NordicTrack is the program people stay with.
Studies show that after 5 years, 7 out of 10 NordicTrack owners still use their machines an average of 3 times a week.

6 Owners love their NordicTrack exercisers.
97% of NordicTrack owners would recommend NordicTrack to friends and relatives.

FREE Video and Brochure
Call 1-800-328-5888
Ext. 265E3
or write: NordicTrack, Dept. 265E3
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355
☐ Please send me a FREE brochure
☐ Also a FREE VHS videotape
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ___ Zip ______
Phone (   ) ______

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

JACKSON HOLE®
Summer!
800-443-8613 ext. 92
AIR-INCLUSIVE CONDOMINIUM RENTALS

A professional travel planning service providing detailed information and personalized itinerary planning that discerning travelers require including bookings in special, high-value hotels.
Marjorie Shaw's
INSIDER'S ITALY
For a brochure:
7 EDGEHILL ROAD
NEW HAVEN, CT 06511
TEL/FAX 203.865.8605

Special Care for Special People

Progressive education, home environment for the mentally handicapped child and adult. Opportunity for educational progress at any age – multiple recreational and social activities. A year-round program with an active and full lifestyle among friends on a 600-acre bluegrass estate. Est. 1893.

Phone 502-875-4664 or
write for brochure

THE STEWART HOME SCHOOL
Box 26, Frankfort, KY 40601

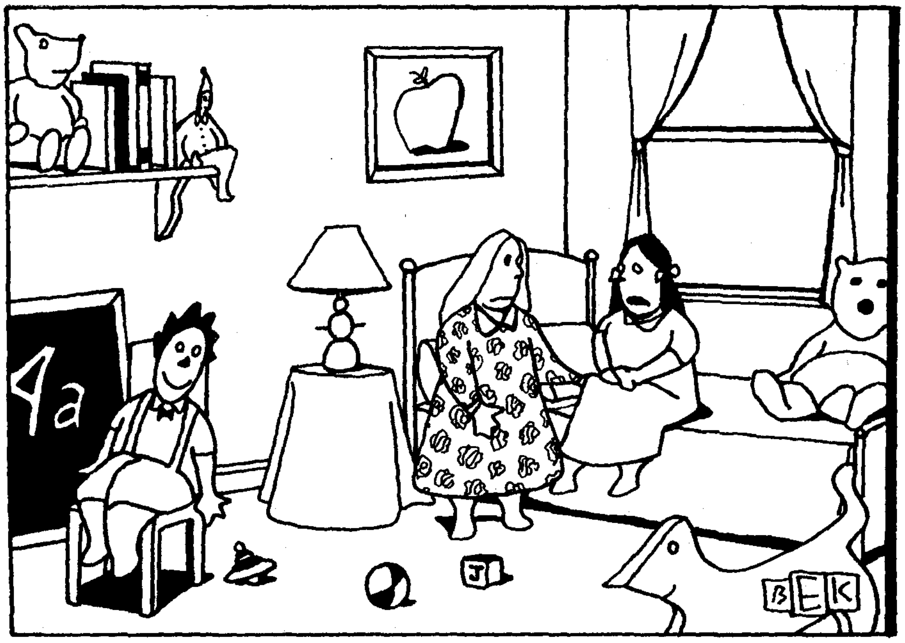
John P. Stewart, M.D., Resident Physician

the audience's stand-in, a nice guy searching for a safe exit from this experiment in fear. Belushi, more of an action lunk, doesn't have the sensitivity meter to portray innocence lost in a maze. He looks like he'd rather be knocking back a few Buds. Not that the rest of the cast betrays much subtlety. Awarded rave reviews for his hotheaded performance in the series "Mancuso, F.B.I.," Robert Loggia now can't resist gnawing the last bit of meat off the bone in his new phase as Earth Father. Angie Dickinson, never a natural, recites her lines as if they were being radioed from a relay station in her hair. As Kreutzer's mistress, Kim Cattrall has excellent posture.

Only Dana Delany, as Belushi's wife, supplies sustenance. As she showed in Paul Schrader's "Light Sleeper," Delany knows how to establish a comfort zone of tender repose within a highly conceptualized floating headache of alienation. In the closed system of "Wild Palms," no mercy is meted out to those who don't get with the program. As if rephrasing Orwell's prediction that the future will be a non-stop boot to the face, her character's downfall is beamed into homes on hologram and replayed until it becomes a sacrificial rite. In tomorrow's techno-pop tyranny, reruns are the basis of order.

Cautionary tales like "Brave New World" and "1984" warned against the threat that technology and totalitarianism will overwhelm and undermine the last holdouts of human individuality. By dissolving the self through sex, drugs, torture, rupturing of family ties, and religious and political indoctrination, bureaucratic bullies could structure a new society of obedient blanks with button faces. The mind-warp wizards in "Wild Palms" practice a kinkier line of destabilization, fragmenting their foes through child-snatching, borderline incest, brainwashing, hallucinogens, brute force, tattoos. One side effect of all this disorientation is a toxic fatigue called "image sickness," akin to the "information sickness" that Ted Mooney diagnosed in his novel "Easy Travel to Other Planets." Even sleep offers no solace, since computer scientists have programmed viruses to pillage inner cyberspace. The bed becomes but another sweatbox. "I wake up at night and I can't breathe," Kim Cattrall's Paige says. The entire series is paced like a panic attack. Kreutzer himself feels he's drowning in sand.

There's a big difference between Wagner and previous dire forecasters. In "Wild Palms," the choking dread is mixed with giggle dust. Although the script laments the normal ties that have been lost (Belushi wants to find "a decent place, where people respect reality"), you feel that Wagner isn't truly disturbed by the dystopia he pictures. It seems to give him a sick kick. The sickest kicks in "Wild Palms" come not from the holographic fantasies but from the camp misogyny that marks all of his work. The women in "Class Struggle" were various flavors of fruitcake. The Jewish mom in "Force Majeure"—oy, what a monster. The bravura camp outrage in "Wild Palms" occurs when Angie Dickinson, moving like a drag queen in a remake of "The Mummy," blinds the artist Tully. With his hands covering his bleeding face, he staggers toward the camera, moaning, "The bitch took out my eyes!" He later avenges himself by gouging out hers, lovingly pressing his thumbs against her lids. Another victim dies with his mouth stuffed, still another suffers an attack of what I can only describe as oral fisting. Any way he can, Wagner sticks it to his characters. There's almost an obsessive urge to tear a new hole in the body. But Wagner has too brittle a humor, too bric-a-brac a brain, too posey a manner, to strap the audience into the window seat of his imagination to share his joyride beyond taboo. He's something of an old-fashioned decadent, an aesthete who dabbles in damnation. He doesn't need devotees. He's a cult of one.



"I'm trying to remember a happier time."

The marvel is that Wagner's designer death-kit will be offered first-class, on mainstream TV. It'll be an interesting test of how cool we all think we are. The hype for "Wild Palms" demonstrates that the snob line between TV and movies is now little more than chalk dust. As the networks lose an ever larger slice of the audience to cable (and, eventually, to pay-per-view), they feel the need to blitz the competition at the high and low ends of the spectrum. The low end: tabloid quickies like the Amy Fisher telefilms. The high end: prestige projects that pull in Hollywood hired guns. Among the directors on "Wild Palms" are Kathryn Bigelow ("Blue Steel," "Point Break"), Phil Joanou ("State of Grace," "Final Analysis"), and Keith Gordon ("A Midnight Clear"). Gordon scores the most thrilling audiovisual coup: Kim Cattrall standing alone under an archway as the camera swoops toward her and the guitar pickings of the Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter" begin on the soundtrack. It's an isolated lift of lyricism. The truth is that TV is most at home not trolling the low end or romancing the high end but working the laconic, everyday middle. By middle, I mean "Roseanne," "Cheers," "The Simpsons," and "Seinfeld." "Wild Palms" aspires to the big screen, where fancy goulash has room to fly. ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Proofs and Three Parables

by George Steiner
(Granta/Penguin; $10)

GEORGE STEINER, one of the chief constables of Western culture, has been moonlighting on the other side of the fence, writing elegant, politically charged fiction in the neglected tradition of Koestler, Orwell, and Silone. As this collection of three stories and a novella makes apparent, he hasn't completely changed his stripes. The weight of history, the persistence of evil, the burden of individual responsibility—all of Steiner's lifelong critical themes and concerns are in evidence. But the best of these pieces are more than dramatized debates or ideological allegories. The novella, for example, is a touching account of a middle-aged Italian proofreader, a stickler for detail and accuracy and a devoted Communist (he believes that the Party is history's way of correcting errata), who, ironically, finds himself losing his sight even as the Iron Curtain is collapsing. The piece achieves its effects as much by intensity of feeling as by profundity of thought, and it suggests a witty, affectionate side of Steiner that his constable guise—the thornproof greatcoat, the bulging casebook—may have partly concealed.

21 Sugar Street

by Lynn Lauber
(Norton; $19.95)

IN this sequel to "White Girls," beautiful Loretta Dardio is again the principal white girl in question, growing up in the conventionally segregated town of Union, Ohio, in the nineteen-sixties. When she hits adolescence, it is with the force of a natural disaster, transforming everything in her vicinity. One so transformed is Luther Biggs, a black teenager in a red Mustang who has slept with lots of white girls but never meant to fall for any of them. To Luther's consternation, Loretta—allergic to her own parents—loves crossing the tracks to hang out in his mother's kitchen, at 21 Sugar Street, eating salt pork and listening to her talk. These unholy alliances seem to last for only about five minutes before Loretta is pregnant and is being packed off to a home for unwed mothers, but their consequences multiply over the following decades. This novel, which cuts back and forth through time and includes families on both sides of town, is looser and more ambitious than the author's last; it is as much about how children can both capsize and salvage their parents' lives as it is about race. It is also very funny—especially the sections told from the point of view of Loretta's geeky and devoted younger brother, who bemoans the fateful day his sister was fitted with contact lenses.

GENERAL

Ablaze: The Story of the Heroes and Victims of Chernobyl

by Piers Paul Read
(Random House; $25)

ON April 26, 1986, an explosion in Unit No. 4 at the Chernobyl nuclear power station set the reactor's graphite core ablaze, jeopardizing the entire reactor complex and spewing into the winds radioactive debris that threatened human health and the food chain even beyond the vast area of Ukraine. More than thirty of the reactor operators, guards, and local firemen who fought to contain the damage and extinguish the fire died from radiation poisoning. Soviet spokesmen initially tried to conceal the extent of the disaster, but the growing demands of *glasnost* soon forced them to reveal it and the hazards arising in its aftermath. Official inquiries blamed the operators, covering up the share of responsibility that later assessments assigned to the reactor designers and to policies that discouraged what one report called "safety culture" in nuclear plants. Read's account of the disaster and of the fears, uncertainties, and upheavals it engendered is evenhanded, comprehensive, and gripping. His narrative has the dense vitality of a Russian novel, interweaving the stories of actors and innocents in a context of bureaucratic indifference and political defensiveness. He convincingly portrays the Chernobyl nuclear plant as a scientific system that was mismatched to the idiosyncrasies of human behavior and, as such, was a metaphor for the failures of the Soviet system.

G. M. Trevelyan: A Life in History

by David Cannadine
(Norton; $32.95)

FOR much of this century, George Macaulay Trevelyan was the most widely read British historian. His career traces the fortunes of nineteenth-century Liberalism, for he was born (in 1876) into a family of Whigs who had become Liberals, and he grew up among optimistic and moralistic Victorians—well-to-do, well-connected, hardworking reformers. But the First World War made Trevelyan doubt the inevitability of progress, and his work became more patriotic and less partisan, revealing an appreciation of the usefulness of Tories which he had lacked as a young man. Even before his death, in 1962, Cannadine reports, younger historians regarded him as passé, a judgment the author refutes. Primarily, he reminds us that Trevelyan's aim was different from that of younger academics: he thought of history as a branch of literature, and tried to write for the educated general reader rather than for other specialists; he emphasized narrative, and relegated interpretations and analyses to appendices. In short, Cannadine is telling us that it is possible to be at once scholarly and popular. His own effort is clear, judicious, and highly readable.

FROM OUR PAGES

Genie: An Abused Child's Flight from Silence, by Russ Rymer, has been published by HarperCollins ($20). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Curriculum Vitae, an autobiography by Muriel Spark, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($22.95). Some of the contents first appeared here. ♦

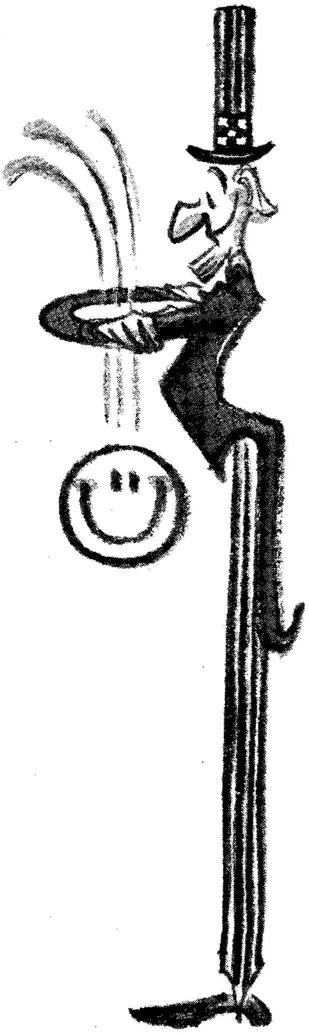
SHOUTS AND MURMURS

SWISH!

BY ROGER ANGELL

The problems of America proliferate, as solutions to once clear challenges grow increasingly elusive and then disappear under obfuscating clouds of technological complexity, conflicting social pressures, budgetary concerns, political rhetoric, urban and rural violence, commercial hype, and deepening public apathy. Until now, that is—or, rather, until April 14th, when, following the event of the year, America smiled, cheered up, and resumed its old habits of optimism, trust, kindness, upbeat daily discourses, hard work, and faith in the future. The event—need I explain?—was the seventy-nine-foot basketball shot made by twenty-three-year-old Don Calhoun, of Bloomington, Illinois, who was picked at random out of the stands before a Chicago Bulls–Miami Heat N.B.A. game at Chicago Stadium and given a one-time-only chance to throw a basketball from one foul line back almost the full length of the court at the opposite basket, with the promise of a million dollars if he sank the bucket. He sank the bucket. The basket blew away the odds and, almost miraculously, the event itself: a third-quarter publicity stunt sponsored by Coca-Cola, the Bulls, and a local restaurant chain, all of them transformed on the instant from commercial agents into godlike instruments of the possible. The shot made the late news, coast to coast, then the morning papers and morning network shows, and then the evening network news (including "MacNeil/Lehrer"), while Don Calhoun, a five-dollar-an-hour salesman in an office-supplies store, became at once Charles Lindbergh, General MacArthur, Rocky Balboa, John Glenn, and Nadia Comăneci, only quicker. Hearing the news made me laugh and yell. Talking about it to this day, with anybody, lights up the room. Like, wow.

If we can agree to call Calhoun's basket a sporting event (he threw it overhand, after a graceful little three-step run-up), it appears to offer a tonic and clarifying response to every one of the depressing problems that surround contemporary sports. One need only list a few of these and then realize, again envisioning Calhoun's ball swish through the hoop, that nothing is nearly as insoluble as it looks.



1. *Sports raise undue expectations in a fundamentally unfair world.* Expectations of Calhoun's success were close to zero among the 18,676 spectators in Chicago Stadium, then rose thrillingly and were absolutely fulfilled.

2. *Troubling questions about amateurism afflict American sports these days.* Don Calhoun, a part-time junior-college player before he dropped out of school, was an absolute amateur (he had two dollars in his pocket that night) and then, zap, a consummate pro.

3. *There is a rising tide of violence in contact sports.* There was no contact in Calhoun's event—not even between ball and rim.

4. *Sports clichés swarm around every event, diminishing players' feats and the rarity of the moment.* Don Calhoun, having offered no pre-game or pre-season prognostications, limited himself to a single, apposite post-game cliché: "I knew it was in the moment it left my hand."

5. *Endlessly replayed tapes of great sports moments blunt our memory of their wonder.* Let's play this one again.

6. *The awesome skills, gigantic size, and inflated salaries of contemporary professional athletes breed bad character and an unpleasant hauteur among the superstars, removing them from our everyday world.* The Chicago Bulls, at courtside during a time-out, went wild at Calhoun's basket, burying him in high fives, backslaps, and delighted embraces. Michael Jordan hugged him lengthily.

7. *Athletes are overpaid.* A million bucks is perfect.

8. *Sports are too complex, inviting undue interference by officials, delays in the action, too many time-outs and penalties, too many commercials, and games that go on forever.* The action in Calhoun's game was continuous, and clear in its meaning. Then it was over.

9. *Contemporary pro athletes tend to prolong their careers excessively and sometimes wear out their welcome.* Don Calhoun went from unknown rookie to starter to regular to veteran and to retirement (and lasting fame), all in the space of 1.93 seconds.

10. *There is an overemphasis on sports in America today.* Get lost. Sports are great. America is great again: ask anybody. Ask Don Calhoun. ♦

Park Avenue could be the best luxury car buy in America.

But don't take our word for it.

For the past thirty years, *Consumers Digest*, an independent publication, has published its "Best Buy" list to help sort automotive fact from fiction. And fact is, the Buick Park Avenue is its choice for a "Best Buy" among luxury automobiles for the second consecutive year.

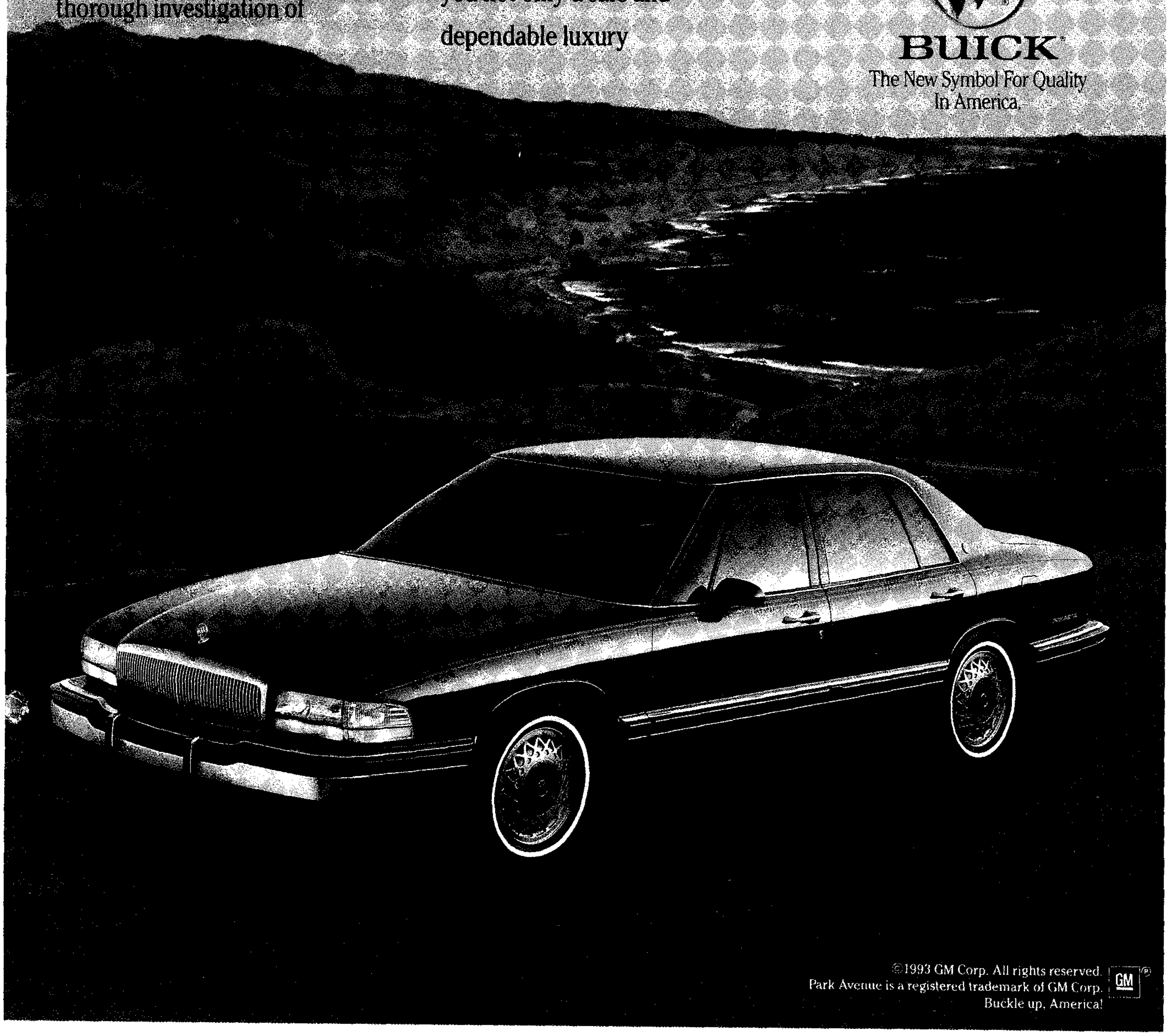
Fact, not fiction.

This finding is based on *Consumers Digest's* thorough investigation of the facts: reliability, fuel economy, performance, braking, styling and overall quality. Facts that reflect Buick's commitment to offer you not only a safe and dependable luxury automobile, but a car that delivers what it promises: quality and value.

An expert opinion.

Don't take our word that Park Avenue is a "Best Buy" among luxury automobiles, take the word of the experts at *Consumers Digest*. Then, stop by a nearby Buick dealer today to test-drive the car the experts are talking about.

BUICK®
The New Symbol For Quality
In America.



©1993 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
Park Avenue is a registered trademark of GM Corp.
Buckle up, America!
GM®

PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOMBAY
SAPPHIRE
Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirit from a 1761 recipe.
1 Litre
Alc.47%/vol.(94°Proof)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
TEANECK, NEW JERSEY
BOMBAY
IMPORTED
ENGLISH GIN
THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ENVISIONED BY MICHAEL GRAVES.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J. ©1992 Michael Graves.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED